



ST. NICHOLAS


ILLUSTRATED

1900

Part Two.

A dense, golden-brown collage of various illustrations. The central figure is a man in a top hat and military-style uniform, holding a large wheel. To his left is a woman in a long, flowing dress. Below her is a cat. To the right of the central figure is a woman in a bonnet and a man in a military uniform. The background features stylized buildings and trees. The entire collage is rendered in a golden-brown color scheme.





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ST. NICHOLAS

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XXVII.

PART II., MAY, 1900, TO OCTOBER, 1900.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXVII.

PART II.

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Theodore Roosevelt

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WHAT WE CAN EXPECT OF THE AMERICAN BOY.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

OF course, what we have a right to expect of the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk, or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of American man of whom America can be really proud.

There are always in life countless tendencies for good and for evil, and each succeeding generation sees some of these tendencies strengthened and some weakened; nor is it by any means always, alas! that the tendencies for evil are weakened and those for good strength-

ened. But during the last few decades there certainly have been some notable changes for good in boy life. The great growth in the love of athletic sports, for instance, while fraught with danger if it becomes one-sided and unhealthy, has beyond all question had an excellent effect in in-reared manliness. Forty or fifty years ago the writer on American morals was sure to deplore the effeminacy and luxury of young Americans who were born of rich parents. The boy who was well off then, especially in the big Eastern cities, lived too luxuriously, took to billiards as his chief innocent recreation, and felt small shame in his inability to take part in rough pastimes and field sports. Nowadays, whatever other faults the son of rich parents may tend to develop, he is at least forced by the opinion of all his associates of his own age to bear himself well in

manly exercises and to develop his body—and therefore, to a certain extent, his character—in the rough sports which call for pluck, endurance, and physical address.

Of course, boys who live under such fortunate conditions that they have to do either a good deal of outdoor work or a good deal of what might be called natural outdoor play, do not need this athletic development. In the Civil War the soldiers who came from the prairie and the backwoods and the rugged farms where stumps still dotted the clearings, and who had learned to ride in their infancy, to shoot as soon as they could handle a rifle, and to camp out whenever they got the chance, were better fitted for military work than any set of mere school or college athletes could possibly be. Moreover, to mis-estimate athletics is equally bad whether their importance is magnified or minimized. The Greeks were famous athletes, and as long as their athletic training had a normal place in their lives, it was a good thing. But it was a very bad thing when they kept up their athletic games while letting the stern qualities of soldiery and statesmanship sink into disuse. Some of the boys who read this paper will certainly sometime read the famous letters of the younger Pliny, a Roman who wrote, with what seems to us a curiously modern touch, in the first century of the present era. His correspondence with the Emperor Trajan is particularly interesting; and not the least noteworthy thing in it is the tone of contempt with which he speaks of the Greek athletic sports, treating them as the diversions of an unwarlike people which it was safe to encourage in order to keep the Greeks from turning into anything formidable. So at one time the Persian kings had to forbid polo, because soldiers neglected their proper duties for the fascinations of the game. To-day, some good critics have asserted that the reverses suffered by the British at the hands of the Boers in South Africa are in part due to the fact that the English officers and soldiers have carried to an unhealthy extreme the sports and pastimes which would be healthy if indulged in with moderation, and have neglected to learn as they should the business of their profession. A soldier needs to know how to shoot and take cover and shift

for himself—not to box or play football. There is, of course, always the risk of thus mistaking means for ends. English fox-hunting is a first-class sport; but one of the most absurd things in real life is to note the bated breath with which certain excellent Englishmen, otherwise of quite healthy minds, speak of this admirable but not over-important pastime. They tend to make it almost as much of a fetish as, in the last century, the French and German nobles made the chase of the stag, when they carried hunting and game-preserving to a point which was ruinous to the national life. Fox-hunting is very good as a pastime, but it is about as poor a business as can be followed by any man of intelligence. Certain writers about it are fond of quoting the anecdote of a fox-hunter who, in the days of the English Civil War, was discovered pursuing his favorite sport just before a great battle between the Cavaliers and the Puritans, and right between their lines as they came together. These writers apparently consider it a merit in this man that when his country was in a death-grapple, instead of taking arms and hurrying to the defense of the cause he believed right, he should placidly have gone about his usual sports. Of course, in reality the chief serious use of fox-hunting is to encourage manliness and vigor, and keep a man so that in time of need he can show himself fit to take part in work or strife for his native land. When a man so far confuses ends and means as to think that fox-hunting, or polo, or football, or whatever else the sport may be, is to be itself taken as the end, instead of as the mere means of preparation to do work that counts when the time arises, when the occasion calls—why, that man had better abandon sport altogether.

No boy can afford to neglect his work, and with a boy work, as a rule, means study. Of course, there are occasionally brilliant successes in life where the man has been worthless as a student when a boy. To take these exceptions as examples would be as unsafe as it would be to advocate blindness because some blind men have won undying honor by triumphing over their physical infirmity and accomplishing great results in the world. I am no advocate of senseless and excessive cramming in studies, but a

boy should work, and should work hard, at his lessons—in the first place, for the sake of what he will learn, and in the next place, for the sake of the effect upon his own character of resolutely settling down to learn it. Shiftlessness, slackness, indifference in studying, are almost certain to mean inability to get on in other walks of life. Of course, as a boy grows older it is a good thing if he can shape his studies in the direction toward which he has a natural bent; but whether he can do this or not, he must put his whole heart into them. I do not believe in mischief-doing in school hours, or in the kind of animal spirits that results in making bad scholars; and I believe that those boys who take part in rough, hard play outside of school will not find any need for horse-play in school. While they study they should study just as hard as they play football in a match game. It is wise to obey the homely old adage, "Work while you work; play while you play."

A boy needs both physical and moral courage. Neither can take the place of the other. When boys become men they will find out that there are some soldiers very brave in the field who have proved timid and worthless as politicians, and some politicians who show an entire readiness to take chances and assume responsibilities in civil affairs, but who lack the fighting edge when opposed to physical danger. In each case, with soldiers and politicians alike, there is but half a virtue. The possession of the courage of the soldier does not excuse the lack of courage in the statesman, and even less does the possession of the courage of the statesman excuse shrinking on the field of battle. Now, this is all just as true of boys. A coward who will take a blow without returning it is a contemptible creature; but, after all, he is hardly as contemptible as the boy who dares not stand up for what he deems right against the sneers of his companions who are themselves wrong. Ridicule is one of the favorite weapons of wickedness, and it is sometimes incomprehensible how good and brave boys will be influenced for evil by the jeers of associates who have no one quality that calls for respect, but who affect to laugh at the very traits which ought to be peculiarly the cause for pride.

There is no need to be a prig. There is no

need for a boy to preach about his own good conduct and virtue. If he does he will make himself offensive and ridiculous. But there is urgent need that he should practise decency; that he should be clean and straight, honest and truthful, gentle and tender, as well as brave. If he can once get to a proper understanding of things, he will have a far more hearty contempt for the boy who has begun a course of feeble dissipation, or who is untruthful, or mean, or dishonest, or cruel, than this boy and his fellows can possibly, in return, feel for him. The very fact that the boy should be manly and able to hold his own, that he should be ashamed to submit to bullying without instant retaliation, should, in return, make him abhor any form of bullying, cruelty, or brutality.

There are two delightful books, Thomas Hughes's "Tom Brown at Rugby," and Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy," which I hope every boy still reads; and I think American boys will always feel more in sympathy with Aldrich's story, because there is in it none of the fagging, and the bullying which goes with fagging, the account of which, and the acceptance of which, always puzzle an American admirer of Tom Brown.

There is the same contrast between two stories of Kipling's. One, called "Captains Courageous," describes in the liveliest way just what a boy should be and do. The hero is painted in the beginning as the spoiled, over-indulged child of wealthy parents, of a type which we do sometimes unfortunately see, and than which there exist few things more objectionable on the face of the broad earth. This boy is afterward thrown on his own resources, amid wholesome surroundings, and is forced to work hard among boys and men who are real boys and real men doing real work. The effect is invaluable. On the other hand, if one wishes to find types of boys to be avoided with utter dislike, one will find them in another story by Kipling, called "Stalky & Co.," a story which ought never to have been written, for there is hardly a single form of meanness which it does not seem to extol, or of school mismanagement which it does not seem to applaud. Bullies do not make brave men; and boys or men of foul life cannot become good citizens, good Ameri-

cans, until they change; and even after the change scars will be left on their souls.

The boy can best become a good man by being a good boy—not a goody-goody boy, but just a plain good boy. I do not mean that he must love only the negative virtues; I mean he must love the positive virtues also. "Good," in the largest sense, should include whatever is fine, straightforward, clean, brave, and manly. The best boys I know—the best men I know—are good at their studies or their business, fearless and stalwart, hated and feared by all that is wicked and depraved, incapable of submitting to wrong-doing, and equally incapable of being aught but tender to the weak and helpless. A healthy-minded boy should feel hearty contempt for the coward, and even more hearty indignation for the boy who bullies girls or small boys, or tortures animals. One prime reason for abhorring cowards is because every good boy should have it in him to thrash the objectionable boy as the need arises.

Of course, the effect that a thoroughly manly, thoroughly straight and upright boy can have upon the companions of his own age, and upon those who are younger, is incalculable. If he is not thoroughly manly, then they will not respect him, and his good qualities will count for but little; while, of course, if he is mean, cruel, or wicked, then his physical strength and force of mind merely make him so much the more objectionable a member of society. He cannot do good work if he is not strong, and does not try with his whole heart and soul to count in any contest; and his strength will be a curse to himself and to every one else if he does not have thorough command over himself and over his own evil passions, and if he does not use his strength on the side of decency, justice, and fair dealing.

In short, in life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is:

Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard!

THE SONG OF THE WORLD.

BY ISABEL BOWMAN FINLEY.

<p>THERE 'S a song that the hammer is singing, A ringing and wholesome song, Of the day's bread won, Of the day's work done, Of a mold well cast In the fiery blast— And never one blow gone wrong.</p>	<p>There 's a song that the sails are singing, A humming and catching song, Of the prow that braves The ravening waves, Of storms outtailed, And of ports safe hailed— And never the helm gone wrong.</p>
<p>There 's a song that the engines are singing, A deep and echoing song, Of the whirring wheel And the burnished steel, From the lightest spring To the mightiest swing— And never a stroke gone wrong.</p>	<p>There 's a song that the world is singing, A resonant, splendid song, Of its work, work, work, With never a shirk, Of its battles won, Of its labors done— And of Right that masters Wrong!</p>



THE ARMS OF AHMED.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

How cool and fresh it was after the glaring heat of the Indian day! The many doors and windows of the bungalow were thrown open to admit the sweetly scented breeze. The white curtains waved softly backward and forward under the deep-roofed veranda. From one of the apartments came a low, crooning sound: Golab, the *ayah*, or nurse, was singing the little one to sleep.

Ahmed, as he glided by, caught a glimpse of the lace-trimmed cradle, and dear little Percy's great blue eyes watching him.

Every one upon the plantation loved Baby Percy, or "Percy Baba," as the natives called him. He was not peaked and cross like most English children living in India, but smiling and rosy as the sky at dawn. But no one, not even the "Mem Sahib" herself, loved little Percy as did Ahmed. He worshiped the very ground upon which the child's tiny feet rested.

But Nurse Golab was a jealous old woman, and would scarcely allow Ahmed to look at her charge. He saw her white-robed figure crouching by the cradle now, and paused, half resolved to run in and touch his lips to the dimpled hand as it lay on the silken coverlet.

The child's bed stood midway in the long room, or, rather, hall; the door at each end was opened wide. From where he stood, Ahmed could see through the opposite doorway, in the distance, a tiny temple, a blue lake, and part of a dark bamboo thicket.

Before the boy could quite make up his mind to brave the *ayah*'s anger, she looked up, and warningly raised her dusky finger. So he went on, his bare feet making no sound on the veranda floor.

Presently he reached a small apartment with a hammock swung in one corner under a shelf decorated with rifles, pistols, a pair of foils, and a cartridge-belt. But none of these possessed the smallest attraction for Ahmed. He was searching for something he had that morning slipped through the window.

"It is mine," he muttered, as his hand

touched the smooth surface of his little fife, a piccolo. "Old Golab had no right to take it from me."

He thrust the small musical instrument under his gown and darted away, fleet-footed as an antelope. Around the corner of the bungalow he hurried; through the garden, past the lotus-covered fountain with an empty water-jar upturned beside it; then, vaulting over a low brick wall, he sped along the rough cart-road leading to the mango-grove. As he came in sight of the ruined temple, he hesitated, for he thought he detected a movement in the dense shadow at the base. It might be the Burra Sahib—the master—and the hunters coming home. That morning they had left the plantation, armed to the teeth, and had gone into the thicket after the great man-eater which had been seen prowling around—the same beast, it was thought, which had seized a child of one of the natives as it lay asleep in the shade near a hut.

Ahmed knew that if the master returned he would be wanted at once; so, seating himself on a fallen tree, he watched the spot.

As he did so he passed his hand caressingly over the polished surface of the piccolo.

"Yes, it is mine," he muttered again. "No one has a right to take it from me; for my Chota Sahib gave it to me when he went away."

Then Ahmed musingly recalled how kind this young Englishman had been to him, and how much pains he had taken to teach him to bring music from the little flute in his hand.

Every one upon the plantation disliked the sound of its high, shrill tones. Even the dogs howled in chorus if he so much as placed it to his lips. So he and his "Chota Sahib," as Ahmed called the young Englishman, used to retire to this very mango-grove and practise together by the hour.

And Ahmed thought no sound could quite equal the beauty of the piccolo's clear notes. One day at lunch (called *tiffin* in India), while he waited at table, a gentleman told a

story of how the effect of various musical sounds had been tried upon the animals in the Zoölogical Gardens in London. He said that while the tones of the violin had been received with signs of pleasure by the four-footed audience, the piccolo was universally detested, even the majestic lion and the fierce

After the young Englishman left India, Ahmed had ventured to try a few notes of his beloved piccolo to amuse his darling Percy; but Golab had snatched it from his hand and hid it. That was two weeks before; and though he had since searched for it everywhere, it was only this morning that Ahmed had discovered its whereabouts. And now that it was once more in his possession, he determined to retain it thereafter.

Ahmed held the piccolo to his lips and tried all its stops softly, as he watched the distant bamboo thicket looming up against the level sky-line.

Nothing was stirring there now, and Ahmed had just time to decide that it was safe to proceed, when—something stole across the cart-road before him, and with a stealthy movement slunk into a field of sugar-cane standing between him and his master's dwelling.

The boy's breath came and went in gasps; for though the glimpse was but momentary, he had recognized the tawny, dark-striped coat of the dreaded tiger, the fearful man-eater.

To save himself was Ahmed's first thought; but instantly he remembered

Bengal tiger being cowed and terrified by its piercing notes.

This story had grieved Ahmed. He was somewhat comforted, however, when his friend and teacher had explained to him that the animals' dislike and fear of the instrument was no doubt caused by the effect of the high and rapid vibrations of sound produced by it on their extremely sensitive organs of hearing.

the bungalow, with not a man about to protect the women and the children; and then suddenly the boy thought of dear, innocent, helpless little Percy lying in his cradle, a tempting morsel for the savage beast.

If Ahmed could only reach the house before the arrival of the crawling creature—in time to close the doors—the tiger might not enter, and the baby might be saved!



"'IT IS MINE,' HE MUTTERED, AS HIS HAND TOUCHED THE SMOOTH SURFACE OF A PICCOLO."



"THE TIGER MOVED BACKWARD A STEP, AS IF ASTONISHED AND TERRIFIED." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

With trembling limbs and chattering teeth, Ahmed skirted the tall, golden stalks of sugarcane, and with a step almost as noiseless as the tiger's own reached the brick wall of the garden. As he prepared to mount it, he saw that the tiger was there before him. It stood by the basin of the fountain upon which the great lotus-blossoms rested, greedily lapping the water. As Ahmed's hand touched the wall, the animal drew in its breath and flattened its fur, as though to reduce its size as far as possible, and crouching to the earth, slunk beneath the heavy foliage.

Instead of scaling the wall, the boy bent low and hurried on until he reached a small iron gate opening into the garden. Nothing obstructed his view of the bungalow, for the flowering shrubs and shade-trees all were on the other side. So he ran on toward the hall where only a few moments ago he had seen little Percy.

On the threshold he stumbled over the prostrate form of Golab the ayah. She lay face downward, too frightened to move.

His eyes took in the interior of the room at one glance, and ever afterward the scene

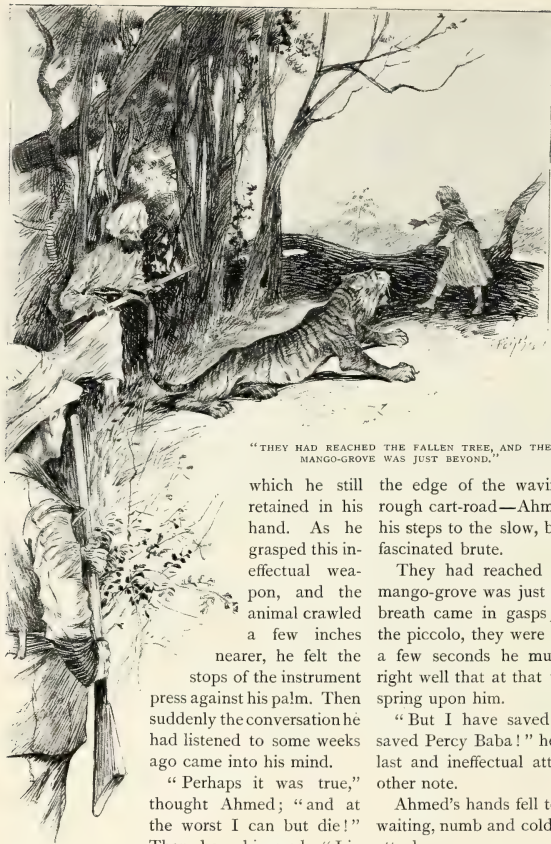
remained impressed upon his memory: the white cradle, the rosy occupant kneeling among the pillows, his hands resting on the rail, and his face, which wore a half-pleased, half-curious expression, turned expectantly toward the opposite door. The open portal framed the evening sky, glowing and golden; and low down on the veranda floor crouched the dark form of the tiger, motionless save for the waving of its tail.

Ahmed was afraid, and he knew he was afraid; but the sight of his idol's danger banished every thought of self, and with that disdain of life which in supreme moments marks the Indian native, he stepped over the body of Golab and planted himself between the baby and the savage beast.

The tiger raised its head, and its eyes glittered with rage; then with lowered head it again seemed to measure the distance that lay between itself and the boy.

"He will strike me from his path and seize my precious one!" thought Ahmed, in horror.

There was no means of defense within reach, and Ahmed dared not stir one inch from his place. He clutched firmly the slender piccolo,



"THEY HAD REACHED THE FALLEN TREE, AND THE MANGO-GROVE WAS JUST BEYOND."

which he still retained in his hand. As he grasped this ineffectual weapon, and the animal crawled a few inches nearer, he felt the stops of the instrument press against his palm. Then suddenly the conversation he had listened to some weeks ago came into his mind.

"Perhaps it was true," thought Ahmed; "and at the worst I can but die!" Then he whispered, "Lie

still, Percy Baba!" and with a swift movement raised the piccolo to his lips.

The first wild notes which came from the instrument were like the shriek of agony. The crouching tiger started erect. Uttering a cry of rage at the next sound, it shook its great head, and the bristling hairs on the sides of its face stood out like brushes. Then it moved backward a step, as if astonished and terrified.

Noting this retreat, Ahmed stepped cautiously

the edge of the waving sugar-cane, over the rough cart-road—Ahmed advancing and timing his steps to the slow, backward crawling of the fascinated brute.

They had reached the fallen tree, and the mango-grove was just beyond. Now Ahmed's breath came in gasps; his lips were glued to the piccolo, they were so dry. He felt that in a few seconds he must pause, and he knew right well that at that moment the tiger would spring upon him.

"But I have saved the little one—I have saved Percy Baba!" he thought, as he made a last and ineffectual attempt to draw forth another note.

Ahmed's hands fell to his sides, and he stood waiting, numb and cold with fear of the coming attack.

The tiger paused in its backward crawl, crouched low, and crept toward the boy again, with quivering haunches, blazing eyes, and bristling hair. Already its hind legs were braced for the spring, when—"Ping! ping! ping!"—three tiny spurts of flame darted from the bushes behind, and the tiger rolled over on its back, limp and lifeless.

The next moment Ahmed was surrounded by the three skilful hunters who had that

forward. Involuntarily his lips and fingers formed the notes of a wild native air. As he glided forward the great man-eating tiger drew ever backward; and so, with his dark eyes fixed on the big glistening orbs of the beast, Ahmed bravely followed, while the piccolo ever wailed and screamed forth the mournful music.

On went the strange pair, neither turning to the right or left, or removing his gaze from the other's eyes; down the gravel walk, out through the gate, along

morning gone in search of the dreaded monster now lying harmless at the feet of the fainting boy.

One of the hunters carried Ahmed home to the bungalow, taking the boy on his back, for Ahmed was for some little time too unstrung to walk.

It was Golab the ayah who, seated upon the floor weeping and wringing her hands in excitement, told the whole story: how she had been singing the baby to rest, and, glancing up, was horrified to see a pair of blazing eyes watching her; how she knew no more until the pic-

colo aroused her. Then she described minutely all that followed the coming of Ahmed.

From that day Ahmed was a privileged character. His piccolo might have been played in every corner of the place. No one — least of all old Golab — ever thought of denying him anything. The poor woman could never do half enough to repay the boy for rescuing her dear little charge from the dreadful man-eating tiger, whose skin now lay under Ahmed's hammock, and whose teeth, strung upon a golden cord, ornamented his breast as a trophy justly won by his courage and presence of mind.

MY GARDEN.

BY ERIC PARKER.



H, in my garden every day

It should be always playtime,
And every bird should have a nest,
And all the world be May-time!

And everywhere would be my own,
And there would grow together
White winter flowers and buttercups,
All in the sunny weather.

The rain should never come by day
To stop the blackbirds' singing;
The wind should only sometimes blow,
To set the bluebells ringing.

The butterflies would let me come
And look quite closely at them,
And birds and rabbits sit quite still
In case I wished to pat them.

And by the walks I 'd watch a brook
Run in and out and under;
And then, could not the flowers do
Without the rain, I wonder?

Oh, in my garden every day
It should be always playtime,
And every bird should have a nest,
And all the world be May-time!

DAUB-O-LINKS.

BY CHARLES LOVE BENJAMIN.

(With Daub-o-link illustrations by Will H. Chandler.)

I FIRST made the acquaintance of the Daub-o-links at the home of an artist friend. Happening in one evening unexpectedly, I found him busily engaged in daubing printers' ink on a piece of window-glass, while his two children hung over the back of his chair in restless expectation, and "wondered" audibly what this Daub-o-link was to be. It turned out to be an owl. I learned the process, and resolved to tell others how the Daub-o-link is made.

I ought to explain first, however, that "vitreographs" is what the artist calls these Daub-o-links when he speaks of them to grown-up people. This is a word (he explains) signifying glass-prints, just as "lithograph" signifies something printed from stone. The artist's children, however, finding "vitreograph" a hard word to remember, and being more familiar with Sr. NICHOLAS's famous Gob-o-links than they are with Greek roots, rechristened their father's vitreographs, and called them "Daub-o-links."

To make Daub-o-links you require a little printing-ink, a small, stiff paint-brush with short bristles, a bit of window-glass, a few wooden toothpicks, an old spoon, a few rags, and some blank sheets of paper.

The printing-ink you can get at any job-printer's or newspaper office for a few cents—five cents' worth would be a great plenty. The

brush will cost about ten cents at a paint-shop, and the window-glass perhaps ten cents more. If you happen to have old photographic negatives about the house, one of these, soaked in

hot water and then scraped clean, will do quite as well. The blank sheets of paper on which the Daub-o-links are printed should be a little larger than the glass, and should be of the variety known as "uncoated" paper. With these materials at hand you are ready to make Daub-o-links.

The easiest way to set to work (supposing you have not the artistic ability to make free-hand Daub-o-links) is to select a picture to copy. Place the plate of glass over the picture to be copied (let us take, for example, the marine view that appears at the end of this article), and with your bristle brush dab a little of the ink thinned with kerosene over the image as seen through the glass plate. Never mind if you do happen to run the ink a little

over the edges of the picture; that can be cleaned up afterward with the linen rag. Be careful, however, to lay the ink firmly, but evenly, on such parts of the picture as appear dark, and to smear it less thickly on the lighter portions. The best plan is to lay the ink thinly



SOUNDING "TAPS."

over the whole picture at first, and then to gradually work up to the solid blacks. Let me say here that pictures that are rich in shadows invariably give the best results when reproduced by the Daub-o-link process.

Having, as an artist would say, "blocked in" your marine, rub the ink thin in the sky part with your finger. Then, with the rag twisted over the handle of your paintbrush, wipe out the moon—in one wipe, if you can. Next put a little more ink on the water, and smooth it straight across with your finger to give the rippled effect. Then add the sheet of white paper, which will enable you to determine with greater accuracy which

moon on the water and the rays from the lighthouse are scratched in (or out) with the toothpick. If these directions have been followed carefully, your picture will now look very well, except where the ink has been smeared over the margin. To clean this away, take the rag between the thumb and forefinger, and draw it straight along the edges of the picture until all superfluous ink is removed. To judge of the result of your work, you should every now and then lift the glass plate carefully from the copy and place it over a



AT THE EDGE OF THE MOOR.



BESIDE THE RIVER.

portions of your copy require more ink, and which should have less.

The finishing touches having been given to your plate, you will be ready to take an impression. This is done by laying a sheet of

blank paper over the inked surface of the glass, covering this with another sheet of paper (or, better yet, with a bit of thin cardboard), and rubbing over the whole surface of the paper with the back of a spoon. Be careful to hold the paper firmly while you rub it, or your impression may be blurred. When you think you have rubbed enough, hold the paper by pressing your fingers firmly along the lower edge, and carefully peel back the upper portion, to see

how the Daub-o-link progresses. If the proof appears pale and indistinct in parts, continue the rubbing a little longer, and with a little more pressure over the portions you wish to bring out more clearly. When the impression is sharp and distinct, you have rubbed enough, and may peel the proof from the plate entirely.

A little practice will make you perfect in the details of the work, and when once you have mastered these you need not spend more than ten minutes in copying a subject that presents no greater difficulties than this marine. It is,

however, quite possible to spend hours on a single picture, and some that I have seen, retouched with India ink, so closely resemble etchings that one has to look twice before he is convinced that they are not expensive proofs from the print-sellers, and really nothing more than aristocratic Daub-o-links.

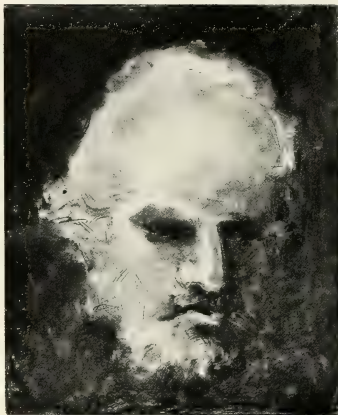
I need hardly point out that, aside from the fun of making them, the Daub-o-links lend themselves very readily to decorative purposes. Menus, tally-cards, and valen-

tines are a few of the many pretty things that can be made by the practised Daub-o-linker.

Brown, red, green, and other colored inks can, of course, be used instead of black, if desired, and I have seen Daub-o-links in which two colors were combined with charming effect. But this was the work of an expert. The beginner will do well to stick to one color (not necessarily black), and, if variety is desired, to vary the tint of the sheet of paper on which the Daub-o-link is printed.

When your impression is taken, a few drops of turpentine and a little brisk rubbing with an old rag will clean the glass plate, which may then be used again.

In using the spoon to take the prints, the thumb is usually put into the bowl and the rounded part is moved with an *even pressure* over every part of the paper. The glass plate should rest upon some firm but not too hard surface that is flat; a



A DAUB-O-LINK PORTRAIT.



THE KITTENS' SUPPER-TIME



A DESERTED HOUSE.

table covered with a cloth does very well. If you have an artistic friend you will do well to apply to him or her for advice in carrying out the directions here given. As in all artistic processes, the result depends upon care and taste in every portion of the work.

It will be well for the young makers of Daub-o-links to remember that printers' ink is fond of traveling, and will not be likely to confine itself to the saucer or other receptacle in which you place it. It will be likely to appear on the young artists' fingers and faces and clothing unless used with much discretion. So put on

some old aprons before you begin, and be sure you confine your picture-making to that part of the house where the ink will do least damage.

Only one good printing can be made from each Daub-o-link; so be very careful to put the paper upon the painted glass without letting it slip. In removing it, also, do not let it slip, or it will make your picture a smudge.

Try very simple pictures at first, until sure you understand the whole process. When the art is learned you will be able to point proudly to really artistic Daub-o-links, and may become in future days a Daub-o-linker of renown.





A MAY-DAY PICNIC IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

THE ENCHANTED ADJUTANT-BIRD.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

ONCE there were two sisters whose father was a powerful magician. They lived in the city of Delhi, and the sisters went every evening beyond the walls to draw water from a well noted for its purity.

Often when they sat by the well after filling the water-jar they would hear the sweep of great wings above, and a solemn adjutant-bird would descend from the sky to drink of the sweet waters.

The elder sister, Maya, did not like the immense bird, and would draw away from him. But the younger sister, Radha, admired his strong beak and smooth feathers. She was fond of magic and had learned from her father much wisdom about all the creatures of the earth. So, as time went on, Radha and the adjutant-bird became friendly; and when Radha had learned the speech of birds, she loved to talk with him about the regions he saw in his flights—of the mighty passes and snow-topped peaks of the Himalayas, of the sandy deserts, the choked jungles, the smooth rivers, the ever-moving throngs in and about the great cities.

One evening it happened that the father of the girls came with Radha to the well, for the elder sister was busy at home. The magician listened to the adjutant-bird's talk, and as he sat near eyed the bird closely.

When the father and daughter were at home again, the magician called Radha into his private study and said:

"My daughter, hast thou ever noticed that on the very top of the adjutant's head there is a lock of black hair?"

"I have seen it," she answered, "but I have thought nothing of it."

"Thou art young in our art," her father said, "but I thought thou knewest enough to understand the meaning of that tuft of hair."

"Nay, father," Radha replied. "Pray lend me your wisdom. What does it mean?"

"This is no adjutant-bird, but a human being changed thus by enchantment. To-morrow in the evening, when thou art at the well, wear this scarf over thine eyes, and on thy return tell me what thou hast seen."

So Radha took the silken veil her father drew from a carved box of cedar, and did not fail to wear it the next time she was at the well.

"Daughter, what didst thou see?" was her father's question on her return.

"O father," she exclaimed, "no sooner was the veil over my eyes than, in the stead of the dear, ugly old adjutant-bird, behold! I saw a young man with hair and eyes raven-black, dressed in cloth of gold, in silks, with jeweled turban, and sword hilted and cased in carved ivory and precious gems that sparkled rainbows! I could not keep from crying aloud in my surprise, and then my sister Maya ran to me, and the young man—the adjutant-bird—flew away. What can it mean?"

"That, daughter, I know not. The bird, no doubt, is an enchanted prince, but why, and how, and by whom thus changed we shall not know until he resumes his true shape—that in which thou sawest him through the veil."

"Can you bring the prince back to his own shape?"

"Yes, daughter," answered the magician; "I see no reason to question that. But, though I shall give thee a little blue vial containing so powerful a fluid that a few drops of it sprinkled upon the feathers of this enchanted bird will be enough to restore to him whatever has been taken from him by enchantment,—so that he will at once resume his true person,—yet thou must first promise me not to use it without the bird's own consent."

"It shall be so," replied Radha; and she added, laughing, "I have no fear that he will not be glad to take back his own shape."

"Very well," said the magician; "to-morrow the vial shall be thine."

Radha was so impatient that the next day seemed long; but at length the sun sank to westward, and she took her way toward the well.

When the adjutant-bird had descended, Rad-

and she slowly lowered her uplifted hand. Then he spoke:

"Maiden," said he, "with all my heart I thank thee. Thou hast meant to do me a kindness; that I know. Yet I cannot say the words thou wouldst hear. I have passed many, many years in my present shape, and I know not



"I HAVE HEARD A THOUSAND MEN WISH TO BE BIRDS, BUT I NEVER HEARD A BIRD WISH HE WAS A MAN."

ha could not wait a moment. She drew forth the little blue vial and held it toward him.

"I have learned of a great mystery," she exclaimed. "Know, O adjutant-bird, that thou art not a fowl of the air, but an enchanted prince. I have but to sprinkle a few drops of this powerful fluid upon thee, and thou wilt again be man. But my father, who is a great magician, has asked a promise of me that, before restoring thee to thy true shape, I will gain thy consent. Say but the words, 'I consent,' then, and behold! thou wilt become a human being!"

She held aloft the blue vial, and, flushed and smiling, awaited the consenting words.

But the bird for a few moments said nothing,

whether I was ever different. I fly through the air above the cities and the rivers and the lands, and I view mankind. I see them at work and at play; I see them in war and in peace; but never have I seen the man—be he laborer or prince—who is so free and so independent as a bird. I am at home in the water, in the air, and on land. I need neither boat, balloon, nor bungalow. I obey no laws. I do not have to study. I need no shield from the sun or shelter from the rain. I have no clothes to buy, no rent to pay, no mending to do. I can go where I like, stay where I please, find a living anywhere. I have heard a thousand men wish to be birds, but I never heard a bird wish he was a man.

"No, Radha. I will not consent to be changed into a man. Suppose I had discovered that thou art an enchanted bird, and suppose I held the vial, wouldst thou consent to become a bird — an eagle, a hawk, a raven, an adjutant-bird?"

"No," Radha answered thoughtfully; "I would not dare to change."

"Nor do I," said the adjutant-bird. "And for fear of the blue vial, I shall now fly far away from this city of Delhi, and its ruins of six or

more other cities that men have destroyed one after another. Good-by, Radha."

So saying, the adjutant-bird rose slowly into the air, and gradually became smaller and smaller, till it joined a flock of its kind over the river Jumna, and was lost to Radha's view.

Radha went sorrowfully home and told her father. He did not seem surprised. Putting the blue vial carefully away, he locked the box that held it, saying only:

"Sensible bird!"

MY PERSIAN KITTEN.

BY JULIE FAY SHIPMAN.

I 've a little Persian kitten—
Such a cunning one, my dears!
Just a bunch of wool and whiskers,
Short snub-nose, and pointed ears;
Sort of buff-and-yellow-colored,
With a big tail like a plume—
Perfect imp of fun and mischief
As he plays about the room.
Such a buffy little, fluffy little, muffy little
kit!

In the morning, just at daylight,
He comes begging for his milk;
Then he washes up sedately
Till his fur is fine as silk;
Then for playtime—all the daytime
He just romps about the house
After string, or spool, or curtain,
Or imaginary mouse.
Such a funny little, sunny, worth-your-money
little kit!

When worn out with play and frolic,
Then he 'll softly toward me creep—
Little kits like you, my dearies,
All must have their beauty-sleep.
Down beside me he will cuddle,
Warm and cozy, like a nest.
Looks just like a ball of worsted?
No; it 's kitty gone to rest.
Such a furry little, purry, never-worry little kit!



PRETTY POLLY PERKINS.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

CHAPTER I.

POLLY.

"POLLY! Polly! Come here this minute," cried a high-pitched, nervous voice; and an anxious-faced woman looked out of the buttery window of a quaint New England farmhouse.

"Where in the name of the people has that child gone, I 'd like to know?" continued the voice. "All those city folks a-comin' at twelve o'clock, and just about fifty things to be done!"

"Here I am, ma," answered a soft voice from a clump of bushes which grew about fifty feet from the buttery door. "I just ran down to give 'Bonny' those apple-parings, and to tell her I loved her dearly."

"Well, I reckon she knows that already, 'cause you tell her so at least fifty times a day; and I know she ain't a mite hungry, for 't ain't half an hour since you just fair filled her up with bread and milk."

"Law sakes!" the woman continued to herself, "what in the world am I goin' to do with that child? She ain't no more like her brothers and sisters than I 'm like — that calf out yonder."

This was quite true. Mrs. Perkins, a most energetic woman, had gone through the forty years of her life without the faintest realization of what she was missing by failing to discover the softer side of existence. Her days were filled with a busy round of work and duties, not one of which must be neglected. Her home was spotless from garret to cellar, and the four children lacked nothing of bodily comforts. Each boy and each girl was scrupulously neat, from gingham sunbonnets and wool caps straight down to home-knit stockings and socks. A string gone from a sunbonnet or a hole in a sock would have been a source of mortification too dreadful to contemplate, and the mother lived in a feverish state of anxiety lest so great a disgrace should some day fall upon her.

To the three older children this state of affairs in the home was quite a matter of course. Their mother had always bustled about, and kept them bustling too, ever since they could toddle, and so they continued to bustle, and never, excepting when sleep came to their rescue, knew what it meant to be perfectly quiet.

Josiah, the eldest, a lad past sixteen, and commonly known as "Josh," was a tall fellow, and his father's right-hand man on the farm.

His sister Ruth, two years his junior, was a veritable housewife, a second edition of her mother, and perfectly satisfied if the loaves of bread turned out of the pans in tempting brown hills, or the currant jelly—in Yankee parlance—"jelled" properly.

Bob, the third child, was thirteen, and certainly had managed to concentrate within himself all the fun which should have been distributed among the entire four. But the two elder children seemed to have missed their share in some way, and little Polly, the youngest of all, did not need the fun to increase her charms.

Polly was ten years old, and that Polly belonged to the Perkins family seemed queer. She seemed like a little wild flower growing among cucumber-vines, turnips, tomatoes, and other necessary garden plants.

She was a small child, most daintily proportioned, with delicately formed features, and her eyes were as big, brown, and soft as those of the little Alderney calf she loved so dearly. Her complexion was like a wild rose, and her mouth as prettily curved as its petals. The hands seemed formed for dainty work only, and the small feet, that danced along so lightly, seemed imprisoned in the stout, "good-wearin'" shoes which covered them.

Altogether, Polly seemed to have been dropped into the wrong home.

As she walked up the path to the buttery door, she made as pretty a picture as one could wish for. The little sunbonnet had fallen from



"MRS. PERKINS SOON HAD HER GUESTS COMFORTABLY ESTABLISHED IN THEIR CHEERY QUARTERS." (SEE PAGE 592.)

her head, and was hanging by its strings, revealing all the pretty brown hair.

"I 'm coming, ma, and I won't be two little minutes redding up the pantry," she said, as she came in the door. "But Bonny is so good, and loves me so, that I just can't leave her alone out there all morning."

"I reckon she 'll keep," said Mrs. Perkins. "And, Polly, I want you to fly around right smart, and get the pantry red up. Land sake! if Mrs. Temple and that delicate leetle creeter should get here before I have their rooms fresh aired, I 'd be just mortified to death!" Away the housewife bustled to air and dust the three bedrooms, which were already as sweet and fresh as sunshine, willing hands, and soap and water could make them.

Meanwhile Polly set about her work of putting in order the pantry, and at once went off into a little world of her own.

"Now, I 'm going to make believe I 'm a princess," she said to herself, "and that all these shiny pans and spoons are solid, solid silver. How I wish," she continued, "that I could find the other leaves of that fairy-book I found in the attic so long ago! It is such a lovely story, and I don't know what became of the princess after the prince found his way into the palace. How nice it must be to be a princess, and have a lovely room, and all sorts of pretty things! I wonder if ma would let me fix up my room and make it pretty? Just as soon as I 've done my work—and I 'll do it extra nice—I 'll ask her." She flew about like the little fairy she was, and soon had the pantry as neat as skilled hands and artistic tastes could make such an every-day affair.

Meantime the footsteps flew about overhead as all was made ready to welcome their city guests.

In the midst of the bustling a bonny face appeared at the door, and Polly said, "Ma, may I come in and put on the frillies?"

"The what?" asked the astonished woman.

"The frillies—just the little fix-ups that I know Mabel would like to see if she is tired by her journey."

"What more can she want to see, I 'd like to know, than a nice clean room?" her mother inquired, turning squarely toward her daughter.

"Why, I think she 'd like some posies, ma, and the things set sort of handy-like, don't you?" said the little maid, and she placed a table, with the lamp upon it, near the old sofa, set the rocking-chair in the sunny window, and then ran out into the garden to gather a bunch of roses and pansies. Returning to the room, she put her posies into a little china vase from the high mantel-shelf, and, after placing them upon the table by the sofa, stood still in the middle of the room to admire the effect, for Mrs. Perkins had now gone about other duties.

"I wonder if ma would let me bring down some of the pretty things in the attic? I 'll ask her," said Polly to herself.

She flew down to the kitchen, where Mrs. Perkins was already busy with her preparations for dinner, and received the permission as soon as her mother was able to take her mind from the dumplings she was making.

"Ma, do you mind if I go up garret and get out some things to fix up my room pretty, and the blue quilt to put in Mabel's room?"

"Blue quilt! Why, 't ain't winter, child! What do they want of a great, heavy quilt like that?"

"No; I know they won't want it to keep warm with, but just to look pretty. Ma, please do!"

"The idea of a quilt bein' pretty! Land sake! who ever heard such nonsense! But go 'long and get your quilt, and let me be, for I 'm clear rushed with this dinner. If them dump-lin's don't turn out light, I just believe I 'll give up!"

"Oh, they 'll be nice, ma; they always are," said the little daughter, who was never known to say anything depressing, but who went through life making bits of sunshine for all about her.

CHAPTER II.

POLLY'S TREASURE-HOUSE.

The garret was a sort of Aladdin's palace to Polly, for here were all the cast-off belongings of at least three generations. It was a very treasure-house of beautiful possessions. Quaint old mahogany stands, dressing-tables, sofas, and chairs were pushed off in dark corners, as too old-fashioned and worn to be of any use in the

present day. Chests of camphor-wood and red cedar contained hangings and wearing apparel that had belonged to grandmothers of previous generations; for the "Perkinses," as their neighbors called them, had lived in Endmeadow since Pilgrim days, and had formerly possessed more of this world's goods than the present branch boasted. But now only a small proportion of his forefathers' wealth remained for Mr. Perkins. True, they lacked no creature comforts, but long years of yielding had exhausted the soil, never too fertile, and the country had grown beyond the little homestead, and the world was so much bigger.

Perhaps Polly inherited the beauty, graces, and artistic tastes of some of the ancestors whose portraits were tucked away behind the dusty old beams, and longed to enjoy the things their more cultivated tastes had delighted in.

Making straight for the old cedar chest, she took from it a pretty blue-and-white quilt, and carried it downstairs, to spread it upon the old sofa. To drape it gracefully was simple work for Polly's artistic little fingers. She was delighted with its appearance, and flew back to the attic to rummage on her own account. And the chest held wonderful treasures—far more wonderful than little Polly guessed, quick as she was to appreciate the beautiful. First she brought to light a curiously woven white bedspread. Then followed a table-cover of silk and silver threads, with funny little balls of silk and silver all around its edge. Next she came upon some quaint old dimity draperies, and was enraptured. "Just the very things," she cried, "if ma will only let me put them up! I won't even ask her, but when I get the room done I'll call her to look at it—and won't she be surprised!" And Polly clapped her hands delightedly. "Now, that's all I want out of you, dear old chest; so good-by till I come again."

For one round hour Polly worked hard, and at the end of that time the little room was transformed into a cozy nest.

"Now I'll run out and find Josh, and he'll put up the nails for my curtains, I guess."

Off danced Polly, and found Josh out in the kitchen-garden weeding peas and beans. He laughed, but came at once.

Kindly Josh soon had the nails driven, and the

curtains were put up by running a stout cord through the valance at the top.

Polly gave a finishing touch by tying them back with pieces of ribbon from among her few stored-away treasures, and then she pronounced all finished, and stood with Josh at the door to admire the effect.

"You're the queerest kid I ever see!" was his characteristic remark.

"Why, don't you like to look at pretty things, Josh?" asked Polly. "I do. It makes me feel sort of happy all over."

When Josh and Polly reached the foot of the stairs, they found Mrs. Perkins in the cleanest of starched print gowns, and Ruth standing beside her in an immaculate blue-and-white-checked gingham.

"You'd just better fly upstairs and make yourself fit to be seen before pa comes back with Mrs. Temple," said Mrs. Perkins to Polly. "Sakes alive! where can he be?" she repeated for the twentieth time. "Seems to me it takes him dretful long. Ruth, run down to the gate and see if he's in sight."

Sedate Ruth went to the gate, and then came hurrying back with the glad news that her father's carryall was just turning in from the cross-roads.

Josh fled precipitately.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW BOARDERS ARRIVE.

OUT bustled Mrs. Perkins to welcome the tired travelers, whose journey from New York had been trying to the delicate little invalid, and a source of considerable anxiety to those who cared for her so tenderly.

Mrs. Temple, a refined woman, upon whose sweet face rested marks of care and sorrow, was warmly greeted by her hostess.

"My land! you must be clear tuckered out and just ready to drop down! There, there! don't try to help that dear child; just let me take her right in my arms and carry her upstairs. She ain't a mite heavy, I know, and not much bigger than Polly, either."

"Oh! I fear it will be too much for your strength," said Mrs. Temple, "and Miss

Wheeler and I can manage very nicely, thank you."

"Please let Mrs. Perkins carry me if she wants to, dear. She looks so strong and well that it makes me feel stronger just to look at her," said Mabel, stretching her arms out to Mrs. Perkins.

"That 's right!" exclaimed the delighted woman. "You come right along with me, and

"Now, you must be well-nigh starved," she said, when she had given the final touch to the rooms, "and I 'll fly straight downstairs and dish up your dinner. Poor little lamb! she 's all tuckered out."

Mabel, in her helpless state, seemed to appeal to the kindly woman as none of her own strong, healthy children could.

Meanwhile, where was little Polly? Although



POLLY BRINGS MABEL HER SUPPER. (SEE PAGE 594.)

in two minutes we 'll have you all settled, just as comfortable as a kitten!"

Upstairs she went, carrying Mabel as easily as if she had been a baby, and followed closely by Mrs. Temple, Miss Wheeler, and Mr. Perkins, carrying bags, wraps, and bundles galore.

Placing the tired child upon the sofa that Polly's dainty touch had made so attractive, Mrs. Perkins bustled about and talked as fast as her tongue would let her. In less time than it takes to tell it, she had her guests comfortably established in their cheery quarters.

not usually shy, she had been suddenly stricken with a sort of stage-fright at sight of the city people to whom she was unaccustomed. She had remained in her room during all the hubbub of their arrival. But now peace-loving Polly ventured forth and crept noiselessly downstairs to the dining-room. From her window she had noted all that had happened, and had seen Mabel carried into the house, at which sight the soft brown eyes had filled with tears of quick sympathy.

"Oh, how sorry I am!" she said to herself.

"Ma said she was not strong, but she did n't say she could n't walk a bit!"

While Polly's generous little heart is planning unselfish deeds, let us take a moment to tell something of the object of her generous thoughts.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple's home was in New York City, on one of the prettiest of its West Side streets, only a short distance from the Seventy-second Street entrance to Central Park. It lacked nothing that ample means could provide or wise affection suggest. Mabel, their only child, a dainty little creature of twelve summers, was a very fortunate child, for her father and mother had few pursuits in which she was not included. All their outings were shared with her, and not the least pleasant of these was wheeling. Many a pleasant morning found them in the park, and many turned to look at the sweet-faced mother, the handsome father, and the bonny little maid as they spun gaily by, laughing and talking together.

But one bright morning the laughter was turned to tears, for just at the head of the Mall a runaway horse dashed upon them, and before a breath could be drawn it plunged into the little party. Mr. and Mrs. Temple escaped unhurt, save for a few scratches, but poor little Mabel lay motionless against the stonework which formed the entrance to the stairs leading down to the fountain.

For days and weeks her fate hung in the balance, and at last, when they dared to believe she was to be spared to them, it was only to learn she might never be able to walk again.

It is hard to realize what this meant to Mr. and Mrs. Temple. The famous physician who attended her could give little promise of her entire recovery, but said that he hoped a great deal from her strong constitution and perfect health.

During the long and trying winter the poor little invalid experienced many a weary hour, and in the spring the doctor ordered her away to the country. After much consultation, End-meadow was chosen, a quaint little New England hamlet far enough removed from cities to be well out of their bustle and progress, and yet not so far from New York as to render it

impossible for Mr. Temple to run out for his Sunday visits.

Through friends, the Temples learned of the Perkins's cozy farm and the many comforts it could give them.

The sweet June days found them established in their comfortable quarters, with kind Mrs. Perkins to hover and fuss about them like one over-careful hen with a numerous and strangely assorted brood of chickens.

The year had seemed a discouraging one to those who had watched Mabel so closely, but nature, that gentle and efficient nurse, had been busy all these months, and her two best remedies, youth and a strong constitution, had been working a wonderful change, too subtle to be noticed by mortal eyes. The sunny little Mabel was gradually regaining her strength, but so very, very slowly that those about her scarcely realized it.

It is not often that one finds between mother and child such good-comradeship as existed between Mabel and her mother. Perhaps the secret lay in the fact that Mrs. Temple never forgot how the world looks "when life is young," and consequently entered fully into Mabel's pleasures and plans. Mabel's young face, with its fair, soft skin, was thoughtful beyond her years. Her especial beauty was her hair. It was rich in its gold and like spun silk in its softness, and fell about her face and shoulders in soft, curling masses. The great, dark-brown eyes, shaded by their long, beautiful lashes, could sparkle with merry laughter, but at times had a questioning look as if asking something she but dimly comprehended.

CHAPTER IV.

POLLY'S INTRODUCTION.

"Is my dear little daughter too tired to be carried down to her chair?" asked Mrs. Temple, awhile later, when the room had been settled and she and Miss Wheeler were about to obey the summons to dinner.

"I am afraid so," answered Mabel. "If you don't mind, I'll just stay here where I can rest on this pretty couch until you have finished your dinner, and then I can have mine."

"Indeed, you shall have yours at once!" broke in Miss Wheeler, "for I shall bring it to you myself."

"Dear Miss Wheeler, you are always thinking of me!" answered Mabel. "Sometimes I think I don't want to grow strong for a long time, because if I do you will have to go away, and then I don't know what I *shall* do."

"Do you know," said mama, quickly, "I have decided that we can't possibly let Miss Wheeler leave us for a long, long time, but must keep her with us even after you are quite well and strong; for, you see, she has been able to know only the invalid Mabel, and we want her to know something of the bright little girl you soon will be again."

At the foot of the broad, winding stairs they met Mrs. Perkins, who led the way to the dining-room, where the "Perkineses" were assembled in force. Mr. Perkins, a quiet, undemonstrative man, sat at the foot of the table, ready to serve the steaming New England chicken stew, which, with its great, flaky white dumplings, had caused poor Mrs. Perkins so much unnecessary anxiety.

"Here we be, pa!" cried Mrs. Perkins, as she hurried to her seat at the head of the table, "and so hungry I dare say there won't be a mite of dinner wasted. Mrs. Temple," she continued, "these be my boys and girls, and you 'll find their pa and ma pretty well favored by 'em — all but Polly; she 's just Polly."

"A little sweet P, and I 'm very glad my seat is to be next to the little flower," said Mrs. Temple, with a smile that went straight to Polly's little heart; for it was just such words and cheery smiles that the little life had lacked.

"I 'm so sorry Mabel felt too tired to come downstairs," she continued, "but if you will let Miss Wheeler have a tray, she will carry some of this delicious chicken up to her at once."

In about two minutes good Mrs. Perkins had all ready; but just as Miss Wheeler was about to leave the dining-room, Polly plucked up courage to ask:

"Mrs. Temple, if you don't mind, could I — may I take up the tray to Mabel?"

"You, dear! Are n't you too small to manage that large tray and such a load of good things? I 'm afraid it will be almost too heavy."

"Oh, no, it won't; I can do it; please let me; I 'd love to!" said Polly, all in one eager breath.

"I 'll have it fixed in two minutes," said kind Miss Wheeler. "You carry the glass of milk, lest it should spill, and bring your own as well, and you and Mabel shall dine together. You can make believe you are lunching with a friend, and have great fun." And away went Miss Wheeler, who was never at a loss to find a happy solution to a question concerning little people.

"Make believe" — how Polly's heart bounded at the words! All her short life she had been living in a land of make-believe, herself the sole inhabitant.

"Ting-a-ling-ling-ling! Is Miss Temple at home?" asked Miss Wheeler, as she pretended to ring a door-bell at Mabel's door.

"I think she is," answered a happy voice from within, for Mabel was used to the make-believe pranks.

"Miss Polly Perkins has come to lunch with you, and has brought along the luncheon. I hope you won't consider it an unusual thing to do, but knowing you had just arrived, she feared you might not have your house settled yet, or your cook might have missed the train, or the butcher-boy had taken your order to the wrong house. Oh, dear me! so many things might happen, you know; and I do assure you, Miss Perkins has a most superior cook, and she has brought you a very good proof of it."

And chatting gaily in order to put the children at their ease, Miss Wheeler arranged the contents of the tray temptingly upon the table beside the couch, placed a chair for Polly, and announced, with a deep curtsy: "Ladies, your luncheon is served."

Mabel laughed and entered into the spirit of the fun at once, but Polly looked mystified.

"Are we truly to have our dinner together up here, and make believe we 're big folks?" she asked, as if such frivolities upon such a serious occasion were not to be countenanced.

"To be sure you are," cried Miss Wheeler. "Play you are Persian princesses or Japanese empresses, if you want to, and I 'll be — well, I guess I 'll be Bridget, if Persian princesses or Japanese empresses have Bridgets." And she slipped away to the dining-room.

Upstairs all progressed most delightfully.

Mabel soon put little Polly at her ease, and in five minutes they were talking eagerly.

"Oh, I know I'm going to be so happy here!" said Mabel; "for as soon as I am rested, Miss Wheeler will take me out under the trees, and fix me comfortably on the grass, and then you can bring your pets to see me. Have you some? Tell me about them, please."

"Well, first and best of all is Bonny, the little calf. She is so sweet and loves me dearly."

Then Polly told Mabel many funny stories about the calf, and soon Mabel's laugh rang out as of old, and Mrs. Temple, down in the dining-room, smiled in sympathy.

"That's just what she needs," said Miss Wheeler, "and it will work wonders."

"Tell me some more," begged Mabel, and Polly chatted on, enjoying Mabel's friendship as she had never enjoyed anything before.

"Pa says all the live creatures on the farm are my pets. Old 'Roaney'—that's the horse that brought you over—loves me, and I take a piece of bread to him and 'Lady Grey' every morning. Roaney is cross to almost everybody, but he loves me, and never snaps at me.

"Lady Grey is so big and fat that she can't go as fast as Roaney, and if he is harnessed to the carryall when she is harnessed to the farm-wagon, she whinnies as long as he's in sight."

"Do you ever drive yourself?" asked Mabel.

"Land, no!" exclaimed Polly. "I don't know a thing about driving. Can you drive?"

(To be continued.)

"I used to ride horseback with dear daddy, and drive, too; but I don't think I could now. I can't sit up straight very long."

"I'm so sorry you were hurt," was the sympathetic reply, "and perhaps you will grow all strong again out here, and we can have such good times together. Now," said Polly, hopping up when they had talked till they were talked out, "I must carry this tray downstairs to ma, and help do up the dishes."

Carrying the tray downstairs, and placing it on the kitchen table, which shone as white as energetic hands could scrub it, she rolled up her sleeves, and proceeded to tidy up, like the little housewife she was.

Ruth, at another table, was deftly rolling out flaky pastry and shaping custard-pies.

"Oh, Ruth," burst out the delighted Polly, "she's just as nice as she can be, and I'm not a mite afraid of her."

"Why should you be afraid?" asked serene Ruth. "She is a poor little sick girl, and needs to be taken good care of. That's all there is about it."

"Oh, well," answered Polly, "she is so different from us, I thought maybe she would n't like our ways. She is going to ask Miss Wheeler to take her out under the trees just as soon as she is rested, and I am going to show her Bonny, 'Nero,' and 'Biddy,' and everything." And Polly skipped about as gaily as a cricket.

A POET'S KINDNESS.

BY KLYDA RICHARDSON STEEGE.

THE nursery was bright and cheerful, and the two children were happy as they listened to a kind voice reading to them. Every day the same old favorites were told or read to the little listeners, who were never tired, but always asked for more. The stories were all about fairies and elves, or boys and girls who had distinguished themselves, or brave soldiers and noble heroes. And the poems were everything

in the world from Mother Goose to Shakspeare. But the greatest favorite of all the verses were those which told about Barbara Frietchie. You surely know them, and how when she, though old and gray and feeble, refused to take down her flag, and said as the soldiers marched through Frederickstown:

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag."

And then how General Stonewall Jackson whom our country is justly proud. They talked treated her, and how her flag waved the whole very often of Mr. Whittier, and at last one of day long over the heads of the passing soldiers, them evolved, with great labor, from her child-

Amherst
4th Mo. 20th 1877.

My dear young friend
I thank thee
for thy little letter & the
ingenious Word Enigma,
which is certainly very
nicely done.

I am very glad
thou & thy brother liked
Barbara Fritchie. I
send thee a piece of one
of her dresses, given me by
Miss Dorothea Dix the
lady who has done so

THE LETTER FROM WHITTIER.

not one of whom uttered a word against it, or its brave defender.

In the old nursery, the children loved this poem, and through it the author, one of the greatest and best of men, as well as a poet of

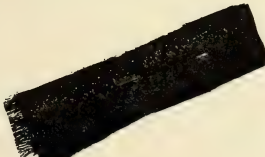
ish brain, a little verse, modeled probably on those in the Riddle-box of St. NICHOLAS, a "cross-word enigma." It was of little value, no doubt, but she was a small child. The answer to the enigma was the Quaker poet's name;

and so, writing a timid little letter, the child inclosed this first literary attempt and mailed it to Mr. Whittier.

who always did care about her own schemes rather too much for her own happiness.

At last, one morning, the postman brought a

much good in visiting
hospitals and prisons.
With every good wish
for thee I am thy friend
John G. Whittier



Then, followed several days of suspense and anxious waiting. "Would Mr. Whittier think it *very* strange that she had written, and would he call her very foolish?" It was strange how much she cared, but she was the kind of child

letter for this little girl. Written in violet ink on thin paper, this is what it said:

AMESBURY, 4th mo. 20th, 1877.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:

I thank thee for thy little letter & the ingenious Word Enigma, which is certainly very nicely done.

I am very glad thee & thy brother like Barbara Frietchie. I send thee a piece of one of her dresses, given me by Miss Dorothea Dix the lady who has done so much good in visiting hospitals and prisons.

With every good wish for thee I am thy friend,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The good poet never knew how great was the pleasure he gave to one little heart that day; she has the letter still, and the piece of silk from Barbara Frietchie's dress is pinned to the sheet of note-paper with the same pin John Greenleaf Whittier's kind hand placed there. The illustrations are from the very letter.

In the letter you notice the mention of Miss Dorothea Dix. Perhaps, some day, if you have not yet done so, you will read about her and learn of her wonderful life and what she accomplished for poor prisoners and insane people, not in America only, but in many other countries. Mr. Whittier, who himself was al-

ways trying to relieve the oppressed and to help people in trouble, was her dear friend, and once, toward the end of her busy life, when she had sent him some words of appreciation, he wrote to her, "Compared with such a life as thine, my own seems poor and inadequate." He was modest, you see, as well as great.

The little child who wrote the letter to the poet once saw and spoke with this honored friend of his. She remembers the gentle hand on her brown curls, and the soft voice. Now, as then, there are always associated in her mind, Barbara Frietchie, who would not give up her flag, John Greenleaf Whittier, who wrote the poem, and in the midst of his many more important affairs took time to please a child, and Miss Dix, the noble woman who sacrificed comfort, and home, and health, to relieve, as far as she was able the suffering of the world.

HE AND SHE.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

"Now, where are you going so fast, little maid?

Now, where are you going so soon?"

"I'm going to be a great Queen, sir," she said,

"In the Land of the Silver Spoon!

I'm tired of spelling, of chickens, of bees;

I'm tired of sewing a seam;

So I'm going forever to do as I please,

And eat only peaches and cream!"

"And where are *you* going, my fine little man?

And where are *you* going so fast?"

"Out on the sea, just as quick as I can,

To stand at the front of a mast!

I'm tired of seven times four, sir," quoth he,

"And lessons are useless and old;

An Admiral Pirate I'm going to be,

With a vessel of purple and gold!"

Then passed the folk busily early and late,

Till daylight grew red in the west,

And the queer bent man by the old toll-gate

Sat him down on a stump to rest.

When up the long highway there suddenly sped

Two wanderers, hastening near;

And one—he was hanging a sorrowful head;
And one—she was sobbing with fear.

“Now, whither art coming, my dear little maid?

Now, whither art coming?” quoth he.

“Oh, straight home to bed, sir,” she sobbingly said,

“And to get some nice porridge and tea!



“NOW, WHERE ARE YOU GOING SO FAST, LITTLE MAID?”

For the road to the Fairy Tale Spoon, sir, I ween,
It is harder than ever I'll tell,
And—would you believe it?—*there is n't a queen*
Who does n't know just how to spell!”

“And whither art coming, my fine little man?”

That funny old man spake he.

“Oh, I'm going right home,” said the traveler sad,

“To study a book on the sea!

Of purple and gold I have found not a speck,
But toilers with rope and with oar—

And there is n't an admiral walking a deck

Who does n't know seven times four!”

WATCHES FOR CAKES.

BY CLARENCE LUDLOW BROWNELL.

WHEN Pokan no Kade was a youngster his particular playmate was Mutsu Hito, the present Emperor of Japan.

Mutsu and Kade had many likes in common, and dislikes, too; but they were generous lads, and had never been known to quarrel. Difference in rank had not come between them, and each one was devoted to the other, as two chums should be. One of their common likes was cakes. There was much discussion about the palace whether Kade or the Son of the Immortals ate this sweet of the pastry-maker with the keener relish. Certainly it was a joyous sight to see either of them a-munching, and when they munched together, as they often did on the bank of the lotus-pond in the palace garden, even the fiercest of the guardsmen would begin to purr.

But one day there was no cake. The Son of the Immortals had had a pain that morning, and the thirteen court physicians, after consultation, had told the grand marshal of the household about this pain. The grand marshal told the chamberlain, who told the keeper of the royal purse, who told the imperial provider, who told the grand high caterer, who told the dispenser of the sacred pastry, that cake was the cause of the ache. Eleven minutes later there was no cake to be found in the royal palace.

When Mutsu told the noble guardian to whose charge he had been committed for the day that he desired cake, that functionary bowed low, and told the officer next in rank that the Son of the Immortals wished for cake. This officer, in turn, bowed to the ground, and then repeated the royal wish to an officer still lower, and so it went on; but cake did not appear.

"Chin no Kwashi doko ka?" cried Mutsu—which, being interpreted, means "Where is my cake?" The noble guardian bowed low, and said to the officer below him, "The Son of the

Immortal Ones has deigned to say, 'Where is my cake?'" These words also were repeated, and many others, petulant, wrathful, and beseeching; but that which was longed for did not come.

The palace and the grounds about echoed with the voices of officers and servants of many grades, who were as the links of a chain, beginning at the feet of the Son of the Immortals and ending nowhere—at least, not in the cake pantry. The air was full of the word "cake," but the *thing* cake came not in sight.

While all this was going on, Pokan no Kade sat on a pile of sand near the great man of the palace, playing with a half-dozen watches which his imperial chum had given to him the day before. Watches, or *toki*, as Mutsu had called them, were new things in Japan then, especially repeaters, and all six of these were repeaters.

Kade had great fun with them, ringing their bells, and laying them like stepping-stones about a dainty garden such as all Japanese children can lay out in miniature so prettily. Once he built a castle, and planted the watches in two piles on the very top, just as the gold dolphins are put on the castle of Nagoya.

He was so busy with his play that for a long time he did not hear the many voices saying "cake." But finally, when an inadvertent kick had upset his castle, and he was looking about for something else to do, he heard the cries, and soon found out their meaning.

Thrusting the watches into his sleeve,—which was large enough to hold more playthings than the pockets of a whole suit of clothes such as an American boy wears,—he ran to the royal kitchen; but of course there was no cake there, nor would the cooks make any, though Kade begged never so hard.

"I 'll get some, anyhow," he said to himself. "A watch is as pretty as a cake. I know where there 's an old woman with a houseful

of cakes. She just sits and looks at them all day. I'll go to see her."

So Kade slipped out unseen and went to the cake-shop, where he laid the six watches on the floor near where the old woman sat, and,

picking up six of the prettiest cakes, put them in his sleeves, and scampered back to the palace.

That night the thirteen court physicians held another consultation.



THE MUSICAL LION.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

Said the Lion: "On music I dote,
But something is wrong with my throat.
When I practise a scale,
The listeners quail,
And flee at the very first note!"

A Gourd Fiddle.



BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

PART I.

HE was the sole, orphaned remainder of a long line of fiddlers. I do not know upon what

instrument his remote ancestor may have played for some savage mid-African chief's wild revel or fantastic pagan rite; but from the time his people were brought, slaves, to this country, the men of the family had been masters of the violin, able to earn, from music-loving owners, special indulgence by the stroke of the bow, the cry of the strings.

They had belonged to the Fithian family ever since anybody could remember, and, grandfather, father, and son, from generation to generation, they had furnished the plantation fiddlers. Not only that, but they had been sent for on state occasions to play at the "great house," when there were guests and merrymakings.

Little Orphy's grandfather, Adonis, had gone to Paris with his young master—that was in the time of Colonel Steptoe Fithian, and the family was very wealthy then—and had studied the violin under good teachers. It is true that he was never able to make much sense out of the little black dots and lines, the crotchets and quavers, and rests and ties, and many other things with long, hard names, which, he was told, went to make up the music in the "chune-books." However, if his teacher would only play over the most difficult arias, Adonis could give them back to him like an echo, and rendered with a soft, pleasing coloring of his own.

But the time of valets and Parisian sojournings for the young Fithians was long past. Indeed, there had been no young Fithians these twenty years. The old, home-staying line, white and black, had declined together. It was long since there had been only the old mistress—very old—and Miss Patrice at the great house; and of the army of negroes who had borne the name, there was left to wait upon the two ladies only little Orpheus, without father or mother, kith or kin.

Mortgages had been, for years, eating up the big plantation, and the greedy, lawless Mississippi had been gnawing away its best fields, as a rude boy might take bites at a sugar-cake.

It seemed to Orphy that all the good things had happened before he was born and none were left for his times. He had lived his twelve years on the ruinous old plantation, and he had been Miss Patrice's house-boy for three years when the old mistress died.

Miss Patrice was his godmother. He had a fine, sweet, boy's soprano, and she taught him to sing the chants and anthems in the service of the little church where he was baptized.

She let him play on the old colonel's fine violin, and he was to have it for his own when he was twenty-one, or, if she were to die before that time, it was to be left to him in her will.

Miss Patrice was a good musician. To teach the child with her voice new airs for his violin, and, when he had learned them, to accompany him on her piano, was the solace of many lonely days to the gentle, faded little lady.

When she went away to a great Northern city, for the operation that was to save her life or end it, she parted from Orpheus very sadly.

He was to tend the house just as when she was there—to watch the hens' nests, sell all the eggs he could in the village, and give the money to Aunt Nutty, the cook.

She trusted him, too, to see that the little church altar had its Saturday supply of fresh flowers, a duty she had not failed to perform weekly for fifteen years; and she wished, if the operation should be unsuccessful, that he might sing "Lead, Kindly Light" at her funeral.

Orpheus considered that the worst which could happen to a boy had happened when Miss Patrice went away, and left him with nobody except grim, sour Aunt Nutty, who was not a Fithian negro at all, but only a hired cook. But when those strangers who held the various mortgages on the place had foreclosed them, when the house was full of curious, loud-talking people, examining, pricing, buying, and packing the precious old Fithian possessions, and there was nobody to speak for his ownership of the colonel's violin,—when Miss Patrice was brought home, indeed, to lie in the Fithian burying-ground, and he had to see her hastily put by with a mere ordinary service, and nobody even knew of him, or that he was to have sung "Lead, Kindly Light" over the face of his last friend,—then he knew—the poor, forlorn little shadow, slipping silently in to sit in a back pew—that truly the worst had come to him.

The great house, vacant and stripped, had

been locked and boarded and nailed up at every possible entrance by its new owners, since, in that impoverished village, there was nobody to rent such a mansion. Aunt Nutty, failing, for the same reason, to find a place, had gone ten miles up the river to stay with her son Garland.

Orpheus, without any relative in the world to whom he could go, felt that when your home was broken up, and every one who belonged to it was dead or gone away, when the earth had opened and swallowed all your present life, its belongings and its possibilities, why, you went

away somewhere, quite far — and there was a place there for you.

The great, strong, muddy stream which runs swiftly past these little river towns and the big plantations, showing its superiority to and contempt for the puny plans of humankind by every toss of its swirling,

tawny mane, and the big boats it bears upward and downward upon its mighty breast, furnish the romance, the song and legend of the dwellers upon its banks, and weave themselves, finally, into most of the affairs of their lives.

So when Orphy first began to dream of going away, it was to the river, of course, that his thoughts turned.

All day he went about his task of collecting his small possessions, and bidding good-by to the different localities of the old place and that painfully new grave in the burial-plot, singing hopefully, almost joyously:



"THE BIG MISSISSIPPI RIVER FLOATING PALACES NEVER STOP AT SPARTANBURG."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Oh, de *Clindyburg* am a mighty fahn boat,
 An' a mighty fahn cap'n, too;
 An' he sets up yendeh on de haycane-deck,
 An' keeps his eye on de crew.
 Oh, Loozy-anner, I 's boun' ter leave dis town;
 Take my duds an' tote 'em on my back, when de
Clindyburg comes down."

Then, with his little bundle, he waited patiently, day and night, upon the village landing for the advent of a certain small, dingy stern-wheel boat upon which he had a friend in the person of a good-natured deck-hand, of whom he was sure he could beg a ride — up or down; it did not matter which, so it was away.

The big Mississippi River floating palaces never stop at Spartanburg. They churn the whole river into little waves that slap the levee insultingly as the great boats steam contemptuously past.

"Um-umph!" exclaimed Orpheus, regarding their magnificence through ecstatically narrowed eyes. "I betcher thass er fahn place whey them boats comes fum. I betcher iss boun' ter be er fahn place whey they 's a-goin' at."

"Whut dat ter you, how fahn dey is?" sneered Aunt Melie's boy, who was always asleep-on the levee, or kicking his idle heels against it, while he "feeshed" or watched the steamers. "Reck'n somebod' gwine mek you er gif' outen some o' dat ar fahnness?"

"I 's 'bleege' ter b'lieve," murmured Orpheus, more in reflection than in reply, "dat whey dey comes fum an' whey dey goes at, dey 's plenty wuyck for er lakly house-boy, dest er-shinin' up de brasses an' 'poligisin' de silbeh."

And so it happened that, some days later, there walked in among the negro cabins of a big commercially managed plantation, thirty miles below Spartanburg, a timid and anxious-looking little yellow boy, asking in a shy and unaccustomed manner for "er jawb."

It was cotton-picking time, when everything that could work was pressed into service. There were no questions as to his qualifications and antecedents. He was asked if he could pick cotton; he answered that he "reck'ned so," — he "nev' tried," — received a basket, and was sent with a gang into the field.

Cotton-picking is hard, back-breaking work, and Orpheus had been literally, as the negro

phrase runs, "raised a pet." He had never labored all day in the burning sun, slept in a hut on a pallet, and fared upon corn-pone, side-meat, and the greens called collards. He had never lived or associated with common negroes — field-hands.

The gibes of the rough, coarse, cotton-picking boys at his slowness and incompetence angered him. He thought how they would not be permitted to touch with their awkward horny hands the work he could do so skilfully; and it was only the diplomacy of that blood which is inferior and has been enslaved that made him remain silent when they laughed at him, and stick doggedly to his work.

He found some relief in turning his back upon his detractors and muttering to himself: "Miss Patrice 'ould n' had none sich ez you gap-mouf, splay-foot, tah-baby, fiel'-han' niggahs foh a house-boy. She 'ould n' 'a had one o' you in huh dahnin'-room. She 'ould n' 'a let you step yo' foot on huh po'ch."

One morning Uncle Mose, who was picking in the row next Orpheus, asked him if he had seen the visitor at the great house.

Orphy had noticed him, — a slender, clean-shaven young man with glasses and rather long hair, going about among the negroes up at the cabins, asking them some questions and writing their answers down in a little book he carried, — and Orphy said so.

Uncle Mose was old and garrulous, fonder of talking than of working. "He 's er-gittin' up er bain," he said, leaning on his basket.

"Er whut?" queried Orphy, absently, picking away industriously.

"W'y, er bain, ter play music," replied Uncle Mose. "He got 'im up one hyer las' ye'r, an' tuck hit ter de Worl's Fa'r."

At the word "music" Orphy was all alert. "Boys 'at c'd play de fiddle?" he asked anxiously.

"Er-r-r-uh-h!" answered Uncle Mose, rather contemptuously, "singin' niggahs, an' banjer-pickin' niggahs, an' fiddlin' niggahs, an' whut nut. I don' have no truck wid sich trash mos'ly."

"Did he take 'em somewhuz on de big boat?" asked Orphy, breathlessly.

Uncle Mose brightened at his interest.

"Well, yas," he admitted, mollified; "he tuck 'em, an' he gun 'em good wagers whilst dey 's wid 'im — an' dey' rashions."

"Is he gittin' mo' now t' take on de boat?"

tossed from side to side of his uncomfortable pallet among the snoring field-hands, and his mind ran the gamut of every scheme or plan by which he might get a violin to play in the



"'WHUT Y' GOT DAR?' LITTLE MITCH CALLED OUT, AS HE CAME IN SIGHT." (SEE PAGE 607.)

"Yas," answered Uncle Mose, with a discouraged and discouraging shake of the head; "but I boun' y' he don' tek a-minny dish yer time. Boys ez no 'count now. W'y, in my day an' time"—and he embarked upon a long story which lasted to the end of that row and turned the next.

But Orphy heard none of it; his head was too full to allow any new ideas to come in by way of his ears. Somebody wanted boys that played the fiddle—some white person who would take them away and give them a chance to live "like folks." Oh, if he only had the colonel's violin!

He fancied himself, washed clean and with his hair neatly combed as he had been taught, making his bow as he used to do, tucking the colonel's violin under his chin, playing his very best, and being found acceptable.

For hours that night his tired little body

band, for that he must get the violin in order to join the band he never thought to doubt.

No money had been offered him, and he was too ignorant of such matters to know that his wages, such as they were, waited for him at the office. He had not a friend on the plantation to whom he felt he could go. Indeed, his gentlemanly ways, and evident shrinking from the coarser features of this life, had singled him out as an object of bullying by the worse element of his fellow-workers.

Toward morning a soothing thought dropped down upon his worry, and sent him off contentedly to sleep. He remembered a curious-looking object which used to hang upon the wall of the cabin at home. It was a fiddle, and it could be played upon. His father had made it out of a gourd.

It was the first instrument he was allowed to play, and he knew its every peg and joint,

and just how the stretched sheepskin was held over the front, and the well-seasoned bit of bois d'arc or bow-wood let into the neck. Oh, he was sure he could make one like it, if Aunt Cindy, the laundress, would give him one of her big soap-gourds, and somebody would let him have the skin, and somebody else lend him a bow and strings, for he had a sharp knife, and there was plenty of bois d'arc down near the swamp! And on this slender footing of hope he fell happily asleep.

PART II.

THINGS looked much more gloomy in the morning. Aunt Cindy was one of the church-going negroes who considered fiddling and dancing deadly sins. The thought of asking for one of her cherished soap-gourds to make a fiddle sent chills down Orphy's back.

Big Mitch, the plantation fiddler, was the only one who had strings or bow, and his eldest boy, Little Mitch — nearly six feet tall, and head and shoulders above his wizened black father — was one of Orphy's chief enemies and tormentors. But, in the face of it all, the boy persisted.

"Yaller boy," said Aunt Cindy, accusingly, when he humbly pleaded for the gourd, and stated for what use it was wanted, "how you luhn ter play de fiddle?"

Orphy mumbled something, in a conciliatory tone, about "allers knowed — pappy showed me, an' Miss Patrice she teachted me."

"Don' y' try wuk off none dat talk on me," snorted Aunt Cindy, contemptuously. "Y' pappy! Y' Miss P'trice! I knows how no-'count niggah trash luhns de fiddle,— an' you knows, too,—s'posin' y' really kin play hit."

"How does dey l'arn?" said Orpheus, with very round eyes.

"Dar, now," replied Aunt Cindy, expanding into a mollified grin, "I knowed li'l' boy lak you had n' been er-mixin' an' er-mommuxin' wid no sich — I knowed y' could n' play none. W'y, honey, dey jes practyzez on er Sunday,— on de good Lawd's day, w'en He say nobod' sha'n' wuk,— an' de Ol' Boy whuls in an' he'ps 'em. Yas! 'S trufe! 'N' ef he don' come de fus' time, er-tryin' ter show 'em de chunes, an' de

quirly-gigs, dey crosses dey foots (dat 's a shore black chawm) an' scrapes de bow er few, an he comes er-floppin'!"

Orphy's evident horror over these statements was exceedingly flattering to the old woman, who was coming to expect that her wisdom would be laughed at by the rising generation.

"Dar, now," she said, "go 'long, an' don' try tellin' me sich tales 'bout mekin' fiddles, an' playin' fiddles. I gwine give y' de bes' gode I got, 'ca'se you 's a nice li'l' gemman ter he'p me w'en I axes y'." And she did.

Orpheus worked on his fiddle at night, after the picking was over, leaving himself scarcely time to eat or sleep. He cut away the front of his gourd with the greatest care, fearing to crack the frail shell and spoil the tone of his instrument.

Meantime he had snared a rabbit, tried to cure its skin, found it too tender, and been reduced to trading his one silk handkerchief to Yellow Bob, the plantation butcher, for a bit of soft-tanned sheepskin to stretch over the opening.

The bois d'arc was found, neck and pegs shaped and in place, and he had come to the despairing point where he was ready for the strings and bow, when the foreman asked him kindly, one evening, if he knew that he could get money, or an order on the store, for the wages due him above his board.

He found that the store kept strings, and the storekeeper was willing to order a bow for him. It seemed no hardship to Orphy to do without the clothing he needed for the sake of these things he longed for.

When the curious, mandolin-shaped instrument was complete, when he had, with infinite patience and skill, brought the strings into tune, drawn his bow across them, and heard the tunes answer his call,—somewhat queer and "throaty," but real tunes,—such bliss rolled over Orphy's soul as nobody who merely *buys* a violin will ever know.

In the ardors of his work he had almost forgotten the object of it. He had been so long getting ready that the young man had made what he called his first trial, and had gone on now to another plantation, some miles below, before Orphy's home-made fiddle was done.

They said he was coming back, as he had done the year before, for a final trial, and to take away with him the boys whom he selected.

Orphy did n't believe he was coming again. Little Mitch said so, but then, Little Mitch always had things wrong. And Orphy scarcely cared whether he came or not. He had little hope of acceptance. So much fun had been made of his plan of fiddle-building that he was growing very doubtful about showing the fiddle to anybody, and the joy of its companionship was so great as to dwarf any minor misfortunes.

He was very shy of subjecting his new and dear companion to the indignity of being laughed at. "Yo' des lak ol' mis' use ter say 'bout Miss Patrice, honey," he would whisper, as he laid his chin lovingly against the sheepskin front; "y' ain' rightly purty, but you 's *mighty* sweet."

When his one holiday came, he usually carried his treasure, carefully wrapped, to a little grove down near the swamp, where people seldom passed, because it had the reputation of being "snaky." There, perched in the crotch of a water-oak, he would croon to his fiddle, and his fiddle would answer in familiar accents, all the long, warm Sunday afternoons. "Ain' no snek gwine tek de trubbl' climbin' att'er sich er bone ez me!" he would chuckle gleefully, as he settled himself for hours of uninterrupted enjoyment.

But one day some of the more friendly boys surprised him there, and while he was proudly playing at their request, Little Mitch, his tall form decked in a suit of Sunday clothes, and with shoes on his big feet, happened past.

His appearance of astonishment at the fiddle and the fiddler was so natural that no one would have guessed that one of his friends, who knew he was "layin' fer dat yaller boy," had run to call him.

"Whut y' got dar?" he called out, as he came in sight.

"Fiddle," replied Orphy, ceasing to play.

"Fiddle?"—drawing nearer, and reaching out his hand for the instrument. "Look ter me consid'ble lak er soap-gode."

Orphy scrambled to the ground, and held his beloved fiddle behind him.

"Le' me see her," said his tormentor, sternly.

Orphy retreated, and held the fiddle, ready for flight or fight at the slightest demonstration threatening it. He had been tenderly brought up, and had never been in a fight in his life, but at this danger to his fiddle, he felt something rising in his heart which entirely overshadowed his natural fear of Little Mitch.

But Mitch made no warlike demonstration whatever. Instead, he threw himself back with a roar of laughter which made poor Orphy's ears tingle.

"Whoopee!" he howled. "Looky dat, now! Dat w'at dish yer boy name er fiddle. Oh, my lan'! 'F dass put un'neath er daw-step f'r er hoodoo, hit 'd put er change on de bigges' man in Bayou pa'ish"—and so on with uncouth grimaces and bellows of mirth, till Orphy, consumed with mortification, began wrapping up his pet for departure.

As his victim seemed about to escape, Mitch stopped short in the middle of a guffaw. "Mek 'er play," he commanded.

Sullenly, and on the verge of tears, of which he was desperately ashamed, Orphy complied. At the first sound Mitch fell, apparently, into a great state of astonishment.

"Gre't day in de maw'nin'!" he cried in pretended surprise. "Dish yer boy got er po' li'l cat fas'n' up in dat ar gode!"

Orphy lowered his fiddle angrily, and began again to wrap it up; but Mitch had picked up a stone.

"Po' li'l cat," he said, advancing. "Kitty kitty, kitty! I gwine bus' dat gode an' let de po' li'l cat out."

At the word poor Orphy leaped as though stung. Dropping his fiddle behind him, he sprang blindly at Little Mitch, and, using his bare hands, fought with such passion and fury as he had never known before.

Little Mitch was, after all, only a big, cowardly bully, and resistance was the last thing he expected. The stone dropped, grazing his own shin, and bringing a yap of pain, and he turned his entire attention to ridding himself of his small assailant, who seemed, like an angry cat, all teeth and claws.

The next thing Orphy knew, he was sitting on the ground, somewhat jarred and shaken, but otherwise unhurt, holding his beloved fiddle;

and Little Mitch, at an extremely respectful distance, was wiping blood from his face on the cuff of his shirt, and muttering, "Nee' n' ter mek sich er fuss 'bout er joke! Nobod' ain' gwine troubl' you an' y' ol' gode fiddle."

After that Orphy knew that his fiddle was marked for destruction. He hid it during the daytime, when he was at his picking, with all the cunning of which he was master, and slept with it clutched fast every night.

The night the young man with the glasses—who had returned in spite of the fact that Little Mitch had said he would, and whose name, as Orphy had learned, was Professor Josef Blum—gathered the boys in the big shed to make a final examination and choice, Orphy made himself as neat as possible, and took his fiddle in his hand with many misgivings.

Since the fight, it and its owner had become, mainly through Little Mitch's agency, objects of much ridicule on the plantation, and Orphy shrank sensitively from taking it where it would excite further contempt.

Yet there was always a chance, and he tuned it and brushed it free from dust, polishing its bulging sides till they shone again.

As he neared the open, lighted doorway of the big shed, he caught sight of Little Mitch within, and his heart failed him.

Little Mitch was one of those whom Uncle Mose called the "banjer-pickin' niggahs." His father had vainly tried to teach him the violin; but he had a smooth, powerful bass voice, which it was hoped would recommend him.

The thought of taking his poor fiddle in to face Mitch's scornful laughter, and the possible amusement and derision of the white people, was too much for Orphy. He looked about for a hiding-place, and, laying the fiddle in behind some cotton-baskets by the shed wall, tucked the old cloth over it as a mother would tuck the covers over a little child, whispering to it: "I ain' gwine tek you in dar ter be made fun er. Nev' you min', honey; I loves you, ef nobod' else don'!"

When in his examination Professor Blum came to Orpheus, he put his large white hand under the boy's chin, and turned his eager, plaintive little yellow face up to the light. "Well, young man," he said, in his pleasant

voice, with its slight foreign accent, "what can you do?"

"I c'n sing er right fa'r soprano, suh," answered Orphy, modestly.

"What 's that?" said the professor, struck by the boy's use of the proper and technical word.

But there came a snicker from the bench where Little Mitch sat among those culled out for a second trial, and Mitch, overblown with a sense of importance at being among the chosen, called out:

"He play de fiddle. He got one whut he brung erlong an' lef' outside."

"Is that so?" said the professor. "Why don't you bring it in?"

"Yas," breathed Orphy, shifting from one foot to the other in an agony of embarrassment; "but I heap rutheh try ter sing foh y', suh. Hit ain' rightly er fiddle. Hit 's er—hit 's er—"

"Hit 's er ol' gode fiddle," supplemented Mitch, in malicious enjoyment of his misery.

"A goat fiddle?" queried the young professor. "And what is that?"

At the roar of laughter which shook the benches on which the negroes sat, and even found an echo among the white folks from the great house, who had come down to see the fun, and were curiously watching this little scene, Orphy wished the earth might open for him.

"Hit 's er gode fiddle," he said faintly.

"A goad fiddle?" asked the puzzled professor, thinking of those long sticks used to prod oxen. "Go and get it, and play for us, that we may see what it is."

Orphy looked appealingly around the room. Was there no help? His glance fell upon Little Mitch, leering triumphantly, and the hot tears of mortification dried in his eyes.

He would show them, he thought, that he was a Fithian, that he had had better raising than these corn-field darkies. It was no sin to make a fiddle for yourself out of a gourd—if you could not do any better. He turned and marched out of the room like a soldier, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

But once outside, with the fiddle in his hands, the temptation not to return was strong. The professor, he could see through the win-

dow, was busy with another boy. Should he go back to be laughed at by everybody there? little turns and embellishments of his own



"ORPHEUS BEGAN UPON THE ODD, UNCERTAIN QUAVERS OF 'SHORTENING-BREAD.'"

Nobody who cannot remember it can realize how agonizing to a child is the thought of being an object of universal ridicule.

The longing to run away into the cool, friendly dark, just to take his despised fiddle and run on and on till he reached the river, and could go away to a new place, was hardly to be resisted.

But he conquered it. Fiddle in hand, he returned as he had gone, without looking at any one, and so preoccupied with the effort he was making that he failed to see the professor's outstretched hand or to hear his request to see the instrument.

Tucking its bulge into the angle of his shoulder, he tuned it, and began upon the odd, uncertain quavers of "Shortening-bread."

Once he played the quaint little melody

worked upon it; then, the third time through, he added his fresh young voice:

"I so glad de ol' hog dead —
Mammy gwine mek some shawtnin'-bread.
Oh, mammy's baby loves shawtnin',
Oh, mammy's baby loves shawtnin'-bread."

When he had finished, the professor again stretched out his hand, and Orphy put the fiddle in it.

"Well," said the professor, "this is great! Where did you get it? Why, it's home-made! Who made it?"

"I did," said Orphy, relieved, but still somewhat apprehensive of the inevitable laugh he thought must follow.

"Oh, no," said the professor, "how could you have made it? Who showed you how?"

"Nobod' did n'," said Orphy. "My paw had one like hit; he made hit — er my gran' paw did, I dunno which. It 's de fus' kin' er fiddle I played on; but I c'n play er heap bettah on dat kin'," looking wistfully at the table, where he now saw the professor's violin lying.

"I don't want you to play better," exclaimed the professor, enthusiastically. "I want you to play this. Don't you see what a card this will be for me?" he asked, turning to Colonel Murchison, the proprietor of the plantation. "Here is the plantation musician and the plantation instrument! It will be the greatest attraction of my chorus in England and Germany. I will make him a soloist," he was going on enthusiastically, when Colonel Murchison's energetic signals caused him to halt and consult that gentleman aside for several minutes. During their conversation one of the young ladies from the great house handed Orpheus the violin, with an encouraging word, and he began an anthem of Bach's which he had often played in the little church at home.

The professor wheeled upon him at the sound. "What 's this?" he said. "Classic music? Can you read notes?"

"No, suh. Dass er chune Miss Patrice taught me faw ter play in de chu'ch. I knows er heap er dem chunes. She use ter play 'em on huh pianny, er sing 'em, 'n' I 'd ketch 'em." And tears stood in his eyes at the remembrance of those good days.

"See here," said the professor, speaking evidently upon a sudden impulse, and with a quick, piercing look at the boy's face. "The colonel, here, says I ought not to tell you that you 'll be valuable to me — you know what that word 'valuable' means, don't you?"

Orphy nodded a bewildered nod.

"Well, he says if I give you an idea that I want you pretty bad, you 'll be running off and trying to hire to some one else. Will you?"

The professor had judged his boy aright. Tears, of which he was too happy to be ashamed, ran down Orphy's cheeks as he answered stoutly; "No, suh. Dey ain' none er de Fithians tricky dat way in tradin'! I 's mighty glad that somebody wants me."

The young professor heard the homesick boy's heart speak in that last sentence, and he patted him kindly on the shoulder.

"Well, now," he said, "that 's all right. Somebody wants you now. You sha'n't lose by it. I 'll pay you more than I can afford to pay such boys as those" — with a not too flattering wave of his hand toward the bench where Little Mitch and his fellows sat, open-mouthed and astounded. "I can pay you more, because you 're worth more."

"Yes, suh," said Orphy, respectfully; "I 'll try ter be."

It was the one fling he permitted himself at his dumfounded and vanquished adversaries, and, delivered with demure meekness, it told in a little snicker from the benches where their elders sat, and a smile on the faces of the "white folks."

"You see," said the professor to his host, when he was leaving some days later, and Orphy, new dressed from top to toe, the happy possessor of a violin finer even than the colonel's, was going with him, out into a life bright with possibilities — "you see, nobody with a heart in him could cheat that little chap. He 's so faithful and so trusting, and he tries so hard to please."

"Certainly," said the colonel, "you ought to give him what is justly due him; but I know negro nature better than you, and I say better not make too much of him."

"Well," said the professor, seriously, as was his way, "I can afford to give him enough to pay good teachers to carry on his musical education, and to let him lay by a little, month by month, to give him his start when he is a man. There 's no telling what he may attain. I find he is a hereditary musician; and, for my part, I had rather come of a musical line than a noble line."

The colonel smiled indulgently. "He 'll sell you out to the first man who offers him more," he said.

"That he never will," replied the professor; "and as for keeping him in the dark about what he is worth to me, I could n't do it, if I would. He 's bound to take well abroad, and he 's bound to know it, and with such a boy I 'll take my chances on the result."

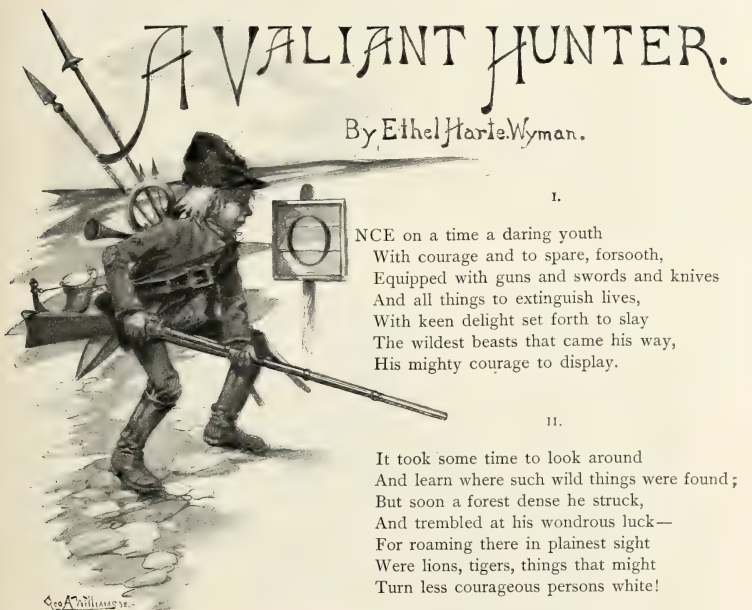
Little Mitch had finally to be dropped from the chorus. He proved too thick-headed to take any instruction.

As the boys waited on the landing—Orphy pinching himself surreptitiously now and then to be sure it was not an all-too-blissful dream—for the big boat which was to take them all to “Noo ’Leans,” they could see Little Mitch in

the cotton-field below, his tall form bent over, as he pretended to be too busy picking to notice them.

Out of the abundance of his joy and satisfaction Orphy found time to be sorry for him.

“’Pears lak I jes’ could n’ go back ter dat ar,” he muttered reflectively. “Well, suh! I reck’n hit about all he ’s fitten fer.”



I.

NCE on a time a daring youth
With courage and to spare, forsooth,
Equipped with guns and swords and knives
And all things to extinguish lives,
With keen delight set forth to slay
The wildest beasts that came his way,
His mighty courage to display.

II.

It took some time to look around
And learn where such wild things were found;
But soon a forest dense he struck,
And trembled at his wondrous luck—
For roaming there in plainest sight
Were lions, tigers, things that might
Turn less courageous persons white!

IV.

Selecting soon the tallest tree,
He climbed aloft, that he might see
The better how and where to aim
And make the most of this wild game;
For e'en in hunting there 's an art,
And much depends on how you start,
And on the action of the heart.

At length he chose his loudest gun,
All eager to begin the fun;
And aiming with unerring eye,
He shouted: “Art prepared to die?
(I see you 're slightly taken in,
And ah! what fame for me to win!)
So if you 're ready, I 'll begin.”

V.

He pulled the trigger. *Biff, bang, bing!*
Should have resounded from the thing.
Big guns and little, none would do—
When tried, they all proved empty, too;
For though the hunter was the kind
Whose equal would be hard to find,
He 'd left his cartridges behind.

VI.

So next he tried his knives and spears,
His arrows, javelins, and shears;
But all went whizzing through the air,
And not so much as harmed a hair.
The wild beasts, curious to see
What type of hunter this might be,
Drew up and circled round the tree.

VII.

The hunter, when he glanced beneath
On those imposing rows of teeth,
Climbed up a higher branch or two

To lend enchantment to the view.
He smiled to see the savage thirst
The beasts all showed to get him first,
As with one roar their fury burst.

VIII.

Now, when they could not slay the man,
To slay each other they began;
And in the fury of the fray
Their passions carried them away
Perhaps a half a mile or so—
Until the hunter thought, you know,
How clever it would be to go.

IX.

For knives and things in trees and grass
Don't aid a hunter much, alas!
Besides, he felt his fame too great
To waste on beasts so second-rate.
He fled; and all who heard agreed,
For valor, courage, skill, and speed,
There ne'er had been so great a deed.





THE LITTLE BIRD THAT TELLS.

BY MARY WHITE.

I saw him from the station
As I waited in the rain,
This morning, for the coming
Of the elevated train.

He cocked his head upon one side,—
This funny little bird,—
And this is what I heard him say
(Or what I thought I heard):

“A common English sparrow ’s what
You think me, I suppose!
If so, you ’re much mistaken;
I ’m a bird that no one knows!

“My specialty is secrets;
I hear them everywhere—
On crowded streets, on boats, in parks,
From wires up in the air.

“I quickly fly and carry them
To where some gossip dwells.
In short, my dear, you see in me
‘The Little Bird that Tells!’”

My train came in just then, and hid
The little scamp from view;
But I have pondered what he said,
And pass it on to you.

So if you ’re telling secrets
To your cronies, and should spy
A sparrow hopping on the path,
Or on a tree near by,

Pray whisper low in Clara’s ear,
And lower still in Nell’s;
For what if he should prove to be
“The Little Bird that Tells”?



DRAWN BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

A MAY-TIME GROUP IN HOLLAND.

SAVED BY A MISTAKE.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.



HEN father moved his family to Arizona to take up a quarter-section of land under the Homestead Act, I was just old

phlox, and all of my favorites. We 'll plant them around the house, and make a bit of New England right here."

"I 'll help you, too, mother," I said, beginning to catch a little of her enthusiasm.

"Yes; but you must have something to tend yourself," she replied — "something that you miss the most. What is it?"

I thought a moment. My mind ran swiftly back over past pleasures, and I conjured up pictures of the trout-stream on the farm, the old mill-pond where we always went swimming in summer, the old grove of chestnut-trees on the lower edge of the farm, the squirrel's nest in the woods, the barn-yard animals, my pet chickens, and — and —

I stopped thinking, and answered quickly, with a radiant smile on my lips:

"My pigeons, of course, mother."

"Well, then, pigeons you shall have here," she replied. "I 'm going to send to mother for the flower-seeds, and I 'll have her ship you out a pair of fantail pigeons. You can build a house for them, and I 'll make a garden for the seeds."

That is how we transferred a bit of New England to Arizona. In due time the seeds and pigeons arrived. While mother cultivated her plants, and made the house and garden smile with green foliage and flowers that took away half our homesickness, I watched and tended my pigeons with all the enthusiasm of past days.

In time we gradually reversed the former conclusions of all our discussions. Instead of regretting the past, we contrasted our new home more favorably with our old, and found contentment therein.

My brothers and sisters grew in years, and helped to make our happiness more complete. In five years I was so in love with our Arizona

enough to enjoy the novelty of the change at first, and to be terribly homesick for our New England streams and woods as soon as the newness of our surroundings wore off.

My young brothers and sisters were at too tender an age to appreciate the sensations I and, as I discovered later, my mother experienced. I suppose that father was too busy with his work to feel lonesome or homesick; at all events, he never gave expression to any such feelings in our hearing.

But mother and I talked much about the dear old New England days and friends, and in this communion we found relief for our feelings. One day, after an unusually protracted conversation about the past scenes in our life, she said abruptly:

"We ought not to regret what we have left behind, Harry, and it is wrong for us to be encouraging this homesick sentiment. This is our future home, and we must make it as pleasant as our old one."

"That 's impossible, mother," I rejoined, not at all entering into the spirit of her proposal.

"Nothing is impossible, Harry," she said sweetly. "And to show you that this is not, I 'm going to begin right away to create a change."

I listened to her in astonishment, and waited for her to proceed.

"I think I miss the flowers that I used to raise in our garden more than anything else," she said, "and I 'm going to send for seeds of mother's poppies, nasturtiums, mignonette,

life that I would not exchange it for any dream of the past.

But the pigeons which had contributed so much to my early happiness became a source of wonder and pride to all the settlers in that lonely region. From a single pair they increased

the flocks at various times by importations from the East, and we were ever on the lookout for others.

In the summer of 1873 I learned that some of the officers at Fort Defiance had received a new breed of pigeons from the East, and that



"WE MUST REACH THE MOUNTAINS," I SAID TO BOB, AS WE SPURRED ON OUR HORSES."

to several hundred, until we had to kill some of them every year to keep their numbers within reasonable limits. I became an expert in pigeon-raising, and studied all of their habits and ailments with the enthusiasm of an expert.

Bob, my brother, always helped me in the work of tending them, and we spent many pleasant hours watching the great flocks of fantails and tumblers. I had added new birds to

they were going to raise them as pets at the fort. When I heard of this, I said to Bob:

"I'm going to take a dozen of our fantails and tumblers to the fort and see if we can't make an exchange. I understand they have some pouters among the lot, and I'd dearly like to get hold of some of that breed."

"All right," Bob responded. "I'll go with you."

The distance to the fort was about thirty

miles, and we had to make the trip on horse-back. We decided to start early one morning, and to return the following day at noon if we could make an exchange in that time.

We took the pigeons in a large wicker basket, which we could sling over the saddle. Bob was about eighteen then, and I twenty-one, and we had become so accustomed to the life upon the plains that we never felt fear. We carried our rifles with us, and thus armed we felt secure from any danger.

Father warned us when we left that reports had been passing around that the Apaches were getting troublesome again, and said it would be wise for us to travel only in the daytime, and not to pitch a camp or to pass a night on the plains.

We knew enough about the Indians to appreciate what this meant, and we were especially cautious. And, indeed, we reached the fort without mishap or accident of any kind. The pigeons were all that we expected they would be, and we were so anxious to obtain the new strain that I fear we made a poor bargain.

At any rate, we gave six fine pairs for a couple of rather quiet-looking birds of a silvery blue color. Nevertheless, we prized these so highly that we carried the basket most of the way home in our hands, in order to save the birds as much jolting as possible.

About fifteen miles from home we had to pass between a large grove of cottonwood-trees on the banks of a small stream of water and the Mogollon Mountains. As our horses approached the stream, where we intended to give them a drink, a certain uneasiness in their actions disquieted us.

"I don't like the looks of things near the woods," I said to Bob. "Remember what father said about the Indians; and the soldiers at the fort confirmed it. I think we'll push on without watering the horses."

Bob was not so experienced in Indian ways as I was, and he readily yielded to my authority. We turned our horses away from the grove of trees, and started to skirt along the edge of the mountains.

We had not proceeded far before a wild yell behind us confirmed our worst fears. I had heard that yell before, and it sent the blood

tingling through my veins. It was the unmistakable war-cry of the Apache Indians.

"We must reach the mountains," I said to Bob, as we spurred on our horses. "I know a defile there that can be held by us for hours against the whole tribe of Apaches."

Bob said never a word, but his white face indicated how conscious he was of our danger. The Indians sent a few stray bullets after us, which showed their intentions; but we were too far away for them to do much harm.

Our little ponies galloped across the plains like the wind, and we gained the protection of the rocks without accident.

"When I give the word, dismount and follow me," I cried.

Bob answered, "All right."

A few more yards of furious galloping, and then I shouted:

"Now jump!"

We both alighted on the hard rocks at the same time, and gave our horses their liberty. Then I led the way up to a high platform on the rocks, where we could command a view of the whole defile, and yet not expose ourselves to bullets from below or above. It was a rocky hiding-place that I had discovered one day when looking for eagles' nests.

I clung to the basket containing our pigeons, determined not to give them up until the last. This impeded my progress, so that my brother said:

"Why don't you drop the basket?"

I made no reply, but continued to climb over the rough rocks. Bob reached the hiding-place ahead of me, and the Indians were so close that before I could reach any shelter one of their bullets came whizzing along and struck something.

I did not have time to investigate just then, but tumbled myself over the huge rock, and then both of us returned the fire in rapid succession. This soon drove the Indians to shelter, and for the time we were safe.

"I believe that first bullet struck the basket," I said, when everything was quiet again.

I opened it and looked in, and my heart gave a wild thump. One of the precious birds was dead, with the bullet buried in its plump little body. The other one was so frightened

that it cowered in the corner like a wounded dove.

"I almost wish that bullet had struck me in stead!" I said bitterly, lifting the limp body from the basket.

But we were in too serious a situation to give much attention to the pigeons. The Indians were encamped below, just beyond the range of our bullets. We were safe from them until darkness settled over the land; then we should be at their mercy.

It was early in the afternoon, and it was very unlikely that any white men would happen along our way before morning. By that time we should be killed or captured.

The Indians kept up a spasmodic shooting, just to make us appreciate the fact that we were cornered.

"What can we do?" Bob asked finally, turning to me with an appealing look.

"We can't do anything but wait," I replied.

"When it gets dark the Indians will crawl up here and dislodge us. We have one chance in a hundred of climbing up higher and hiding away from them until morning."

"But they will shoot us down then as soon as daylight," Bob replied gloomily.

"Very likely."

"Mother and father will never know what has become of us," he added, a moment later, while the tears stood in his eyes. "If we could only leave a message behind so they could get it, I could die easier."

This thought had occurred to me.

"I'll write one on my handkerchief," I said, "and maybe they will find it on the rocks."

I made ink of gunpowder melted in my mouth, and then, with a split twig, I wrote a few words on a bit of the white handkerchief, telling of our misfortune and probable fate.

When I had finished, Bob said, with a sudden light in his eyes:

"Why not tie the handkerchief to the pigeon's leg and set him free? Somebody will find him some day, and read our message."

"A splendid idea, Bob!" I exclaimed.

As our hours seemed numbered, I thought it time to set the pigeon free, and after tying the bit of handkerchief to one leg so it would not interfere with its wings, I threw the bird into the

air. For a moment it seemed dazed, and circled around our heads. Then it made straight for the cottonwood-trees. It reached the grove in safety and disappeared.

"I wish it had gone the other way, toward our home," Bob said regretfully.

It was late in the afternoon then. The sun dropped slowly down the western horizon. The dusk of twilight was soon followed by a mantle of darkness that covered everything.

"We must move now," I said to Bob. "The Indians will be crawling up here, and if they find us they will kill us at once. We may be able to hide, in the darkness."

With difficulty we scrambled noiselessly up to a higher shelf of rocks, and then waited patiently. The occasional dropping of a pebble or stone indicated that the Indians also were moving.

Two hours must have passed, and then a wild yell below startled us. The Indians had reached our former hiding-place, and their yell showed chagrin and disappointment.

"They will spread out now all over the rocks," I said. "But we have the advantage. They will never know at what moment to expect to meet us. We can strike the first blow."

How anxiously we waited, the next hour or two! We hardly dared breathe. Crouching behind the rocks, we waited and listened.

The moon came up, and threw so bright a light upon the scene that we could occasionally catch the glimpse of a black head bobbing about among the rocks.

We were getting tired, hungry, and desperate, when a sudden noise on the rocks above us attracted our attention. Several Indians stood up there, talking and gesticulating. Their forms were outlined against the heavens so distinctly that we could have shot them without trouble.

For some time we could not understand the reason of their incautious conversation. Then a rumble that seemed to grow louder every minute attracted my attention. Glancing down upon the prairie, I caught sight of a black patch far away that seemed to be moving steadily toward us.

It was a body of horsemen dashing madly across the plains in the direction of the mountains. Were these more Indians? or—I could hardly believe my senses! The clear, welcome

bugle-call of the Fort Defiance cavalry suddenly smote the still night air. We both gave a jump, and nearly exposed our hiding-place to the Indians.

The Apaches were now satisfied that the horsemen were soldiers, and they suddenly disappeared from the rocks like shadows. Bob and I rose up above the rocks and shouted ourselves hoarse. No prisoner of war ever welcomed liberty more heartily than we welcomed the soldiers that night.

We clambered down the mountains, and while part of the company tried to hunt up the Indians, the others escorted us back to our home.

"But how did you happen to know of our danger?" I asked the officer in command, as we trotted along in the moonlight.

"We came in response to your message," he replied.

"What — on the handkerchief?" I asked.

"Yes, of course. Did n't you send the message to us by the pigeon you had with you?"

"I tied it to one of his legs, but I had no idea he would carry it to anybody so soon."

"No? Well, he did, and you may say you owe your life to a mistake."

"How so?"

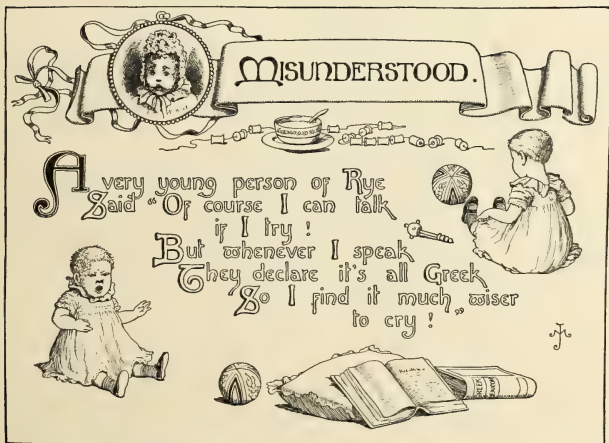
"Why, the pigeons you took with you to-day were not pouter-pigeons at all, but carrier-pigeons. They were sent out here by the government for experiment, and, through the mistake of one of the soldiers, you got them instead of your pouters."

"Then the pigeon returned straight to the fort?"

"Yes, as straight as a bee-line."

Can it be wondered at that after that Bob and I became more enthusiastic over pigeons than ever? We not only studied and loved them more, but we established a regular line of communication between the fort and our home.

After our story reached Washington, the Assistant Secretary of War sent out half a dozen more homing-pigeons, with orders to give us some of the birds that had saved our lives.



A LITTLE AMERICAN GIRL AT COURT.*

BY LOUISE BRADFORD VARNUM.

THE President of the United States had appointed a new American representative at the court of Elbstadt-Saxhausen, and in the course of a few weeks the minister arrived in the old German city, bringing with him his wife and two daughters. Belle, the eldest, was nineteen, and "out" in society; and Marjorie, the heroine of my story, was but five years old.

Marjorie was a pretty child, with big brown eyes, a merry little mouth, and a tangle of golden hair, that stood out like a halo about her head, and cost Babette, her nurse, an infinite amount of trouble and patience to keep it in order. Babette was a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked German girl, and from the first moment of her entrance into this American household she devoted herself especially to Marjorie. Marjorie was a well-behaved little girl, usually, but rather heedless. She received much good advice from her mother on her heedless ways—advice that was needed. She often replied: "I do try to remember what you say, mama, but it won't *stay* remembered!"

The American legation, or house and office of the American minister, was situated in a beautiful shady street called the Königstrasse. Down the whole length of the avenue ran a broad strip of turf, adorned at intervals with beds of brilliant flowers; and just in front of the legation this widened into a little park, in the center of which was a fountain playing day and night. Throughout the summer it cooled the air about it, and pleased the ear and eye with the plash and sparkle of the falling water.

The house in which Marjorie lived was in a large garden with winding walks, flower-beds, fountains, shady trees overarching the smooth-shaven lawns, and a broad graveled drive leading under the porte-cochère up to the great front door, over which hung the arms of the United States.

Marjorie and Babette spent a happy summer wandering in the garden, or resting beneath the

trees, when Babette would bring out an unfinished blue woolen stocking—she was never without her knitting—and work diligently, while she told Marjorie wonderful German tales—fairy stories, or stories of the war which cost the Fatherland so many noble lives. But, of all things, Marjorie loved best to hear of the King and Queen of that country; and Babette never wearied of dilating upon the reported magnificence of her sovereign—his many palaces, carriages, horses, and his rich robes of state.

Marjorie had seen one of the palaces, the one which the King inhabited in the winter; but its external appearance certainly did not promise such delights as Babette assured her existed within, could one but pass its somewhat forbidding portals. If Babette's stories were true, however, no king in fairyland ever lived in greater state and splendor than did his Majesty of Elbstadt.

The long summer days passed all too quickly to Marjorie, and then came autumn, bringing with it renewed life and activity to the old town, which had hitherto seemed so sleepy and dull. The King and court returned from the palace on the river; the streets and parks were gay with gorgeous equipages and brilliant uniforms; and at last, one night, Marjorie had the delight of seeing her father, mother, and sister attired for the first ball at the court. The festivities of the winter had begun.

"Tell me all about it to-morrow," were her last words, as her parents descended the steps to the carriage. "I want to know how the King was dressed, and the Queen, too; and what they said, and everything! Please don't forget!"

Many were the questions she asked on the following day—questions which her mother and sister could not answer, having been too much occupied at the ball to notice the details for which Marjorie's soul longed.

"Well, I wish I could go to court and see

* See note on page 662.

the King for myself!" she exclaimed somewhat impatiently in her disappointment.

"You must wait until you are grown before you can go to court, little girl," replied her sis-

"Yes, really," replied Belle; and away went Marjorie on dancing feet to impart the joyful news to her faithful friend Babette.

At length the appointed time arrived, and



"IN FRONT OF THE FIRE WAS AN OLD GENTLEMAN, FAST ASLEEP, WITH A SILK HANDKERCHIEF OVER HIS HEAD." (SEE PAGE 624.)

ter; "but I will take you to the gardens this afternoon, and I think we shall see the King there."

"Oh, you darling!" exclaimed Marjorie, all sunshine again at the prospect. "Will you really take me to see him to-day?"

kind, and was smiling at the people along the way. Marjorie noticed him but little, however, in her anxiety to watch for the King.

"I suppose that is the in-rider," she said to herself; "and now surely the King will come." But no other carriage followed, and the groups

Marjorie set off with her sister in a state of blissful expectation. But once in the gardens, she walked demurely enough as they took their way toward the lake in the most frequented part of the esplanade. As they approached the drive which encircled the sheet of water, a rider on a black horse came rapidly galloping toward them. The pedestrians ran to the edge of the walk, crying, "*Der König kommt!*" ("The King is coming!")

"Ah, we are just in time," said Belle. "And now, Marjorie, you shall see the King; for here he comes!"

Marjorie opened her eyes to the widest extent as she gazed at the man on the black horse.

"Is *that* the King?" she asked, with a shade of disappointment in her tone.

"Oh, no," replied her sister; "that is the outrider."

Then Marjorie saw four black horses, ridden by gay postilions, which came at a smart trot down the drive, drawing a great coach the front of which was of glass; the harness was shining with gold, and the royal arms were emblazoned upon the panel of the door. At the back stood two tall footmen in powdered wigs and cocked hats, with much gold lace upon their gray liveries. Inside sat an old gentleman, who looked pleasant and

of promenaders resumed their course about the lake.

"Now, dear," said Belle, as they walked on, "at last you have seen the King!"

"Why, no, I have n't!" said Marjorie, with tears in her voice. "First there was the out-rider, and then there was the in-rider, and that was all!"

Belle laughed heartily; but catching a glimpse of the woebegone little face under the broad hat at her side, she stooped down and said:

"Why, darling, *that* was the King in the carriage. I thought you understood."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" Marjorie grumbled, "I'm *so* disappointed! I never looked at *him* at all! Why was n't he dressed like a king? Where was his spiky crown and his specter?" (By which she meant scepter.) "All the fairy-story kings dress so that you know them the minute you see their pictures; and I thought he would have on his robes, at least, or just his crown! Do you suppose he had his spiky crown on under his hat, sister Belle?"

Her sister laughed again, and said that she did not think the real kings wore their crowns in the street, and that even at the ball he had been attired only in an officer's uniform. But nothing comforted Marjorie for this great disappointment, and it was only by promising to take her again to the gardens, in the hope of seeing his Majesty, that she was induced to restrain her tears on the way home.

But most childhood's sorrows are not long-lived, and on the following day Marjorie had regained her usual cheerfulness, and she learned with delight that her mother would permit her to accompany her sister to the old court church, where Belle had made an appointment to meet her music-master, and under his direction to practise for an hour upon the great organ.

Babette also was to go, to take care of Marjorie while the elder sister was occupied with her lesson; and together the three walked through the streets of the old town until they came to the great church, which stood near the bank of the river.

The King's palace was close by the church, being separated from it only by a narrow street, and yet connected with it, too, for an inclosed passageway, or bridge, extended from the second

story of the palace to the gallery of the church, so that the royal family might attend the services without descending to the street and mounting the stairs again to reach their *Loge*, or box, where they sat overlooking priest and people, more as if in a theater than in a church.

Herr Mayer was the King's organist, and, as a special mark of favor, he allowed his best pupils to take an occasional lesson upon that wonderful organ, which, although it was built so many years ago, is still considered one of the finest in Europe. He met our little party at the door, greeting his pupil with a profound bow, and then led the way into the church and up a steep and winding stair to the organ-loft. It seemed very dark and gloomy in the church, after the brilliant sunshine of the streets, for the only light came from two candles, one at each side of the organ, which shed their feeble rays upon the keys, leaving the rest of the gallery darker by contrast.

Belle seated herself upon the high wooden bench before the organ, and placed her fingers on the worn and yellow keys, and her feet on the pedals.

"Blow, Johann!" roared Herr Mayer; and the invisible Johann began to blow the organ, and the young girl to play, while Marjorie stood enraptured to hear the wonderful tones peal out through the old church, and along the lofty arches, under the touch of those soft white hands.

Herr Mayer remained standing near, waving his hand, and saying from time to time: "More slower, *mein Fräulein*—zo! 't is better." Or, "More loudly! yet *more* loudlier! Ah, dat is vell! Now zoft again—zo quiet, *zo-o* shtill, it shall be like a zigh!" And then Herr Mayer would sigh, as if at some tender thought awakened in his sentimental breast.

After looking and listening for a few moments, Marjorie strolled with Babette along the gallery of the church, her eyes gradually becoming accustomed to the subdued light which fell through the painted windows. There were many pictures of saints and angels upon the walls, and she plied Babette with questions about them, until at last they reached the farther end of the gallery, just overlooking the high altar, and were stopped by the partition-

wall which inclosed the King's Loge. There was a door in this wall, but in front of it a sentry was slowly pacing, carrying his rifle, and looking very much bored.

At sight of Babette he grinned delightedly, and gave her a nod, accompanied by a suppressed "*Guten Tag*"—for a sentry is not permitted to speak when on duty; and then Marjorie recognized him as "Cook's son Hans," whom she had often seen in the kitchen when he came to visit his mother.

No one being at hand to see, or to report him to his superior officer, Hans and Babette soon fell into conversation; and then Babette sat down on one of the gallery benches, and the soldier walked up and down the narrow aisle behind her, talking to her as he walked, and sometimes stopping to say a few words in a lower tone as she looked up at him over her shoulder.

Seeing them both so busy, Marjorie speedily pushed her investigations as far as the door leading into the royal box.

On the floor stood a basket containing tools, of which she did not know the use; but it took only an instant for her sharp little eyes to discover that the lock of the door had been removed. No doubt it was for the purpose of preventing intrusion during the repairs that the sentry had been stationed in the gallery of the church; but Marjorie never stopped to reason about the matter. She pushed the door. To her delight, it yielded; and in another moment she stood within the King's Loge, and immediately began a minute examination of all that it contained.

The furniture consisted of large gilt arm-chairs, upholstered in crimson velvet, on the backs of which were emblazoned the arms of Elbstadt-Saxhausen. On a velvet shelf under the window there were several large prayer-books and hymnals, all with the royal arms in gold upon their covers; and upon the floor were soft kneeling-benches for the royal knees.

Marjorie seated herself in the largest of the arm-chairs, and then in each of the others in succession.

"I feel like Little Golden-hair," she said. "I wonder if, the next time the King comes to church, he will say, '*Who's been sitting in my*

chair?' like the Big Bear? Oh, I do wish he would come in now!"

As Marjorie continued her voyage of discovery, she saw at the back of the box a velvet curtain, trimmed like the rest of the hangings with gold fringe, and upon raising a corner of this, she found that it concealed a door. She laboriously turned the knob, opened the door, and entered the corridor connecting the church with the palace.

A slight sound near at hand causing Marjorie to turn her head, she saw the door at the palace end of the corridor open, and a man entered, dressed as a workman, carrying in his hand a basket of tools, similar to that which she had seen in the church. He set his basket on the floor, and, kneeling beside it, took up a screw-driver, with which he began to loosen the screws holding the lock of the door in place.

"All the locks seem to be out of order to-day," thought Marjorie. "I'll go and talk to the man while he works. It will be much better than trying to amuse myself."

Accordingly she approached the workman, and was about to enter into conversation with him when the man, dropping his tools, rose to his feet, and, pulling off his cap, said, with a low bow:

"Your humble servant, little Princess! Allow me to open the door for your Royal Highness!" And suiting the action to the word, he opened the door; and Marjorie, without hesitation, passed through the doorway, and actually stood in the great hall of the palace.

If you were to ask her what she saw, she could give but a confused account of paintings, statues, marble pillars, and waving palms; for she paused but a moment to glance about her.

"Sister Belle said I could n't go to court until I was grown; but I'm in the King's palace now, and I'm going to see the King if I can," was her thought. Away she sped on nimble feet, her steps falling noiselessly on the thick carpet, down the hall, around a corner, when, bump! she fell against an unexpected door. The door flew open, and in rolled Marjorie upon the parquet floor.

She was a little frightened, but not hurt, and picking herself up, she stood still and listened. The room was empty. A hasty glance con-

vinced her that it was used as a library or reading-room, for on both sides of it were great bookcases filled with large volumes, and a table in the center of it was strewn thickly with pamphlets and loaded with books of every size.

Between the bookcases on one side hung a silken curtain; and having been fortunate thus far in her discoveries, she drew it aside, and stood spellbound by the scene before her. Was it fairyland? At first she really thought so. For where, except in fairyland, could one find such a bower of roses? Roses everywhere! — white, pink, yellow, crimson, growing in masses and clusters upon light arched trellises, through which one might look up to the blue sky above, while about this airy structure hovered birds and butterflies of such wondrous colors as she had never imagined birds and butterflies to be. On a spray near her rested a beautiful bright creature with wings half spread, ready for flight.

Marjorie cautiously stretched out her hand to touch it, and uttered an exclamation of surprise on finding bird and spray to be painted upon the wall.

Yes, roses, birds, sky, and all were but an imitation of nature, but so skilfully done as to deceive, at first sight, a more experienced eye than Marjorie's.

Marjorie walked as in a dream of delight through this scene of enchantment. She studied the strange figures upon the screen, and on passing behind it to see what the other side

had to offer, she found that it concealed a white-and-gold fireplace, where a fire was burning on the hearth — which certainly was not what one would expect to find in a rose bower.

Marjorie did not give much attention to this,



"A YOUNG OFFICER DRESSED IN THE UNIFORM OF THE KING'S GUARD ENTERED."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

however, for she was startled and somewhat dismayed to see sitting in front of the fire in a great arm-chair an old gentleman, fast asleep, with a silk handkerchief over his head. She gazed at him in silent surprise, when suddenly she sneezed twice, very loud: "Atchoo! Atchoo!"

The old gentleman jumped as if he had received an electric shock, sat upright, pulling the handkerchief from his head, and stared at

Marjorie in great amazement and with evident consternation.

For a moment I believe he thought she was part of a dream; he rubbed his eyes as if he could not trust his sight; and then, realizing that the little visitor was made of flesh and blood, he smiled ("the kindest, dearest smile," she said afterward), and asked in a pleasant voice: "Little girl, where did you come from?"

Marjorie hurriedly explained her presence in the palace, and told the story of her entering from the church.

"But how did it happen that the doors were unfastened?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Well, I think," explained Marjorie, "that the locks are out of order, and the workman is mending them. He thought I was a princess." At this she laughed. "And when he opened the door for me, it just popped into my head to go and see the King, and so I came. Do you think I can see him, please?"

"Why do you wish to see the King, my child?"

"Oh, because papa and mama and sister Belle go to court, and they have told me how good he is, and how kind to the poor, and ever so many other splendid things. Can you tell me where he is, please?"

"My child, who is your papa? If he comes to our court, I should know him."

"My papa is the American minister," answered Marjorie, proudly.

"Ah, so! Well, my little girl, we must let your friends know where you are, for they will be troubled."

"Oh, but please, *please* don't send me away before I've seen the King," pleaded Marjorie. "I've wanted to see him *so* long"—with a sigh.

"Why, my little one, *I* am the King."

To say that Marjorie was not disappointed at this unlooked-for announcement would be anything but the truth. Her ideas of royal state had received a severe shock. But after looking at him fixedly for a moment, she slowly remarked, in what she supposed to be the proper form of address:

"Well, O King, I *never* was so astonished in all my life; but I'm so glad to see you, I really can't spress myself."

The old King laughed heartily at this frank

avowal, as well as at the wording of it, and taking the little girl upon his knee, he talked to her for a while, answering most kindly and patiently her many questions, each question beginning or ending "O King," according to her idea of the proper manner of speaking to one of his exalted rank. In the Old Testament stories the courtiers, in speaking to the King, always began, "O King, live forever!" and the Bible, of course, was right.

"O King, this is *such* a lovely room," she said. "Can you walk right out into that beautiful garden?"

The old King explained that the garden was but a picture, as were the roses and birds. "Oh," said Marjorie, in astonishment, "I thought it was a truly garden. I can hardly believe it is only pretend!"

"I spend much time here," he continued, "for although I am an old man, I am still fond of birds and flowers—and children," he added, with a smile. "But we must send word to your friends, my dear." So saying, he touched a silver bell on the table, and a man in black appeared in the doorway, making a low bow as he entered. "Tell Herr von Rabensheim I desire to speak with him."

The attendant bowed again and retired, and immediately a young officer dressed in the uniform of the King's guard entered the Rose Bower. His blue eyes opened in surprise when they fell upon the little runaway, for he knew her well, having been a frequent visitor at the American legation, and had always made a pet of the little girl, often telling her delightful tales of his young brothers and sisters, and of their life at his father's castle of Rabensheim.

Marjorie's surprise was equally great, and running toward her friend, she was about to enter into an explanation of her presence in the King's private apartment when he checked her by a motion of his hand, for the King was speaking:

"Max, the little one says she left her friends in the church. See that some one goes to inform them that she is in safe hands."

"I will go myself, sire," said the young man, and, clicking his heels together, he bowed and left the apartment, but soon returned, saying that the church was empty, the little girl's sister

and maid having thought, no doubt, that she had wandered from the building into the street.

"We must send her home at once. They will be anxious. Thou shalt take her, Max." And ringing the silver bell again, the King said to the attendant who appeared: "My carriage

The sentries saluted them as they drove off, crack! went the whips, and they were soon bowling along the streets toward home.

"I feel as if it would turn into a pumpkin, like Cinderella's carriage," Marjorie said to herself; but the kind eyes of her companion reas-



MARJORIE RETURNS IN THE ROYAL CARRIAGE.

immediately." And when its arrival was announced, he stooped and kissed the little girl, saying: "God keep thee, my child!"

Marjorie flung her arms around his neck, and giving him a hearty kiss, said:

"Good-by, you dear, *dear* King! I've had such a beautiful visit!"

"And so have I," said his Majesty. "Tell your mama that you have made an old man very happy, and that he hopes for the pleasure of another visit from his little friend."

Max took Marjorie's hand in his, and together they passed down the great staircase, between rows of palms and statues, to the door of the palace, before which stood the King's own carriage. The four horses, postilions, and footmen were there; only the outrider was wanting; but to make up for this, "there were two in-riders," as Marjorie said.

sured her, and settling herself upon the soft cushions, she told him, in reply to his many questions, the story of her visit.

In the meantime, the household in the Königstrasse was in a state of agitation. When Belle returned from her lesson, followed by the weeping Babette, and told the sorrowful tale of Marjorie's disappearance, for which Babette could offer no explanation, though she knew it was in some way due to her carelessness, Marjorie's mother burst into tears, and sank down upon the sofa, giving herself up to the most horrible forebodings regarding the fate of the missing child. Papa, leaving her to the care of her daughter and the frightened maid, seized his hat, and hastened to the police-station to send out a description of the lost little girl. Poor Belle tried to reassure her mother, but walked the floor, saying to herself: "I should

not have taken her unless I was able to watch her! I am sure we shall never see her again!" So great was their anxiety and distress that the clattering of hoofs and rolling of wheels on the drive fell unheeded upon their ears, and it was only the sound of little feet on the steps, and a merry little voice in the hall, which assured them that the truant had returned.

The door was flung open, and in rushed the impetuous Marjorie, eager to recount her adventures. But she stopped short on the threshold, appalled by the melancholy scene before her: mama, sister Belle, and Babette with red eyes and unmistakable signs of distress visible on their countenances! What could it mean?

"Dear mama," she exclaimed, "what *is* the matter? Why do you all look so sad?"

But now no one looked sad. With one accord they flew toward the little girl, all talking at once, and all so eager to welcome her they could scarcely wait to take her in turn.

"You'll pull me to pieces," she said. "Why are you all so glad to see me?"

"Why are we glad?" exclaimed her mama, laughing and crying and kissing her all at once. "Why should we not be glad to welcome back our lost little girl?"

"Lost!" exclaimed Marjorie. "Did you think I was lost? I would n't be so foolish! I was n't lost—I've been to court!"

THE YOUNG PEARL-FISHER.

BY JAMES KNAPP REEVE.

SOME years ago a pearl-fishery of considerable importance existed along the Great Miami River, in Ohio. The principal point at which the industry was followed was near the little village of Waynesville, a few miles above Cincinnati. For a number of years many people thereabouts made a regular occupation of gathering the pearl-oysters and opening them in hope of finding the gems. Many pearls were found for a time, but gradually they became fewer and fewer, until finally it did not pay to spend time in the search.

Fred Allen, like every good healthy boy, wanted a great many things; but as his father was dead, and his mother had no more money than was needed to keep her little family in comfort, requiring careful economy even to do this, many of his wants had to go unsatisfied unless he could himself supply them.

But as Fred grew older there was one thing that he came to want very much, but which seemed to be wholly out of his reach. This was to go to college. Many an anxious consultation did he have with his mother about it,

but these always resulted in the same conclusion,—in which his own good sense forced him to join,—that it clearly could not be afforded.

At last Fred remembered the stories he had heard of the pearls found along the Miami.

"Pearls have been found here," he said, "and why may they not be again?"

He kept turning the matter over in his mind, until the thought had taken such strong hold of him that he went down to talk with Mr. Simpson, the old jeweler, about pearls—not telling him, however, of the idea, that already was half formed, of turning pearl-hunter himself.

Mr. Simpson had been in the village a long time, and as this was right in the line of his business, he had naturally come to know more about the pearls than any one else. In his safe was a case of the river pearls which he had kept for himself; these were mainly of little commercial value, so he had preferred to keep them rather than sell them for the slight sums that could have been obtained. These he brought out to show to Fred, and explained to him how they had been formed.

"Sometimes," he said, "a minute particle of some foreign substance gets inside the shell. Some people think it is a grain of sand; but I have noticed that most of the shells that contain pearls have a small hole bored in them—the work of a parasite. Perhaps instead of a grain of sand it is the egg which the parasite deposits there. At any rate, it is something that irritates the oyster, a good deal as a pea would trouble you if it should get in your shoe. As the oyster is not able to expel the particle, it forces it as far toward the edge of the shell as possible, and then covers it with a smooth excretion called nacre. As this hardens, successive coats are applied, and so the pearl grows, layer by layer. It is a good many years now since any of much value have been brought in. When it was discovered there were pearls here, people became wild, and were in the river day and night gathering the oysters. They destroyed old and young, and did it so thoroughly that few were left to breed."

"But don't you think, sir, that there may be some good pearls in the river yet?"

Fred asked this question so earnestly that the jeweler smiled, beginning at last to understand the boy's interest in the subject.

"That is quite possible," he said; "but the chance of finding them would be so small that it would hardly pay for the time. Better go on with your studies, my boy, and put your spare hours in at your books," he added kindly.

"That is just what I want to do, sir," answered Fred. Then he thanked Mr. Simpson for showing him the pearls, and went away to think it all over.

Not far from Fred's home was a high bluff, known as Fort Ancient, said to have been one of the strongholds of that old race whom, for want of a better name, we call the "Mound-builders." There had been, from time to time, a good deal of speculation as to what might be found by digging into this hill, and finally the Smithsonian Institution at Washington sent out a young scientist to make a thorough examination of it. Fred took great interest in this work, and was so bright and intelligent that he soon attracted Mr. Warren's attention.

"I believe there is something down in here that I want," the latter said to Fred, one day,

as they were walking together about the fort. "It may be a tomb, for I think these mounds were all burial-places. If so, it would be a great thing to open it, and show our findings at the Exposition in Paris."

Not long after this Mr. Warren put a force of men at work, cutting into the side of the mound, and in the course of time they came, as he had predicted, upon some tombs. These were many feet below the surface, solidly built of heavy slabs of stone, and ranged side by side in a long row. In each narrow compartment a warrior had been laid to rest; in some of the tombs were accoutrements of the chase—copper arrow-heads, stone axes, and other curious relics. But what interested Mr. Warren and especially Fred more than all else were some pearls found in what seemed to be the tomb of the chief, the estimation in which they had been held being thus indicated. Their satisfaction, however, was short-lived, for the pearls crumbled and fell into dust after being exposed to the air for a few hours.

"This is too bad," said Mr. Warren. "These pearls would have helped me prove another pet theory."

"What is that, sir?" asked Fred.

"You have been down to the mouth of the river?" said the scientist, questioningly. "There"—as Fred nodded in reply—"you have seen the big shell-heaps on the banks. Wise men have puzzled over these for a long time, trying to determine if the people who lived here hundreds of years ago ate these fresh-water oysters, and then took the trouble to put the shells all in one place. But I have always thought they were after the pearls; and what we found here makes me think so still more."

They talked about this for a long time, and of all that was really known about the gems found there; and Fred confided to Mr. Warren his plan for the summer, and told him why he wanted so badly to find some pearls.

"I don't believe it will pay, Fred," said the scientist, thoughtfully; "but I will tell you what you might do. The chances are slim of finding anything of much value, but doubtless there are a good many small pearls that could be had if one would put in steady, hard work at the business. These would not bring much if sold

in the ordinary way, but I would like a collection from this river to put in our exhibit. I do not care if they are not of much intrinsic value, and even imperfect ones would be of use for my purpose. If you would like to undertake this we could pay you pretty well for the work."

Fred's eyes fairly shone at the chance thus offered him — not alone because of the money he should make, but because he felt that he was being intrusted with important work. He felt it an honor to be employed in any work for the great Smithsonian — an institution for which he had come to have the highest respect.

He was not long in beginning. He simply took off his shoes and stockings, and rolled his trousers as high as they would go, and was ready for business. With a bag slung across his shoulder, in which to put the oysters as they were gathered, he waded out into the river, and felt about with his bare feet for the shells. Whenever one was discovered there was a plunge of the right arm and shoulder, and sometimes of the curly head, too, when the water was deep, and then he would come up dripping and laughing, and transfer the prize to his bag. When it was filled he would wade to shore, and, sitting down on the bank, search carefully for pearls.

At first it was good sport, for the weather was warm and the cool water of the river was not unpleasant. But when he had worked steadily for two days, and had found nothing at all, the work began to get rather monotonous. But the third day brought better success; for at night he had two small pearly globes, and a shell, besides, to which was attached a curiously shaped pearly formation. These he took to Mr. Warren in great glee.

"They are just what I want," said the scientist. "The one on the shell shows clearly how they are formed; and these others are not too valuable to sacrifice in the cause of knowledge. Let us go down to Mr. Simpson's and borrow some of his tools so we can take a good look at them."

At Mr. Simpson's shop they placed one of the pearls in a small vise and with a very fine jeweler's saw cut it evenly in halves.

"See how it has been formed, layer by layer, like an onion. Each of these layers shows a

successive coating of nacre. If we knew how long it required for one coat to harden before another could be applied, we might tell how long it took the oyster to make the pearl. It would be like counting the rings of a tree."

Fred kept on steadily at his task all through the vacation, although in time it began to be pretty tiresome work. By September he had a collection that far surpassed his anticipations. He had found, too, a few pearls of some value, and when Mr. Warren paid for his work, he added what he thought these might be worth.

The check was more money than Fred had ever owned before. Yet at the last he was very loath to part with the pearls.

Mr. Warren saw his look of regret.

"Ah, Fred," he said kindly, "this is as I hoped it would be. You have learned to care for something besides their money value."

"Indeed I have, sir," was the frank answer; "and if it were not for college, I think I would ask you to take the money back, and let me keep the pearls."

"It does seem too bad to make you lose either. I have been thinking so for some time, and I have thought out a plan that I hope will suit you. These things — yours, and all that I have been gathering here — must go to Washington to be classified and arranged. Next spring they will go to Paris, to the great fair. Some one must be there for six months to take care of them." He stopped smilingly, and waited for Fred to speak.

"Oh, do you think I might do it?" asked the lad, eagerly.

"Yes; I will see that you may. Now stay here this winter, and study hard, and read some books I shall send you. After Paris, I think you will see your way clear for college."

Then he shook hands heartily with Fred, and started for Washington.

Do you care to know anything further?

Well, then, if you visit the wonderful Exposition this year, and meet Mr. Warren of the Smithsonian Institute display, he will, perhaps, speak to you about Fred. And if he does, he will say, among other things: "I am sure he has in him the making of a great scientist."

If you ask why, he will smile and say: "In the first place, he is n't afraid of work!"

JOSEY AND THE CHIPMUNK.

BY SYDNEY REID.

[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE ROYAL TIGERS.

THE travelers were much surprised, as they passed by the country of the elephants, to find a band of the principal inhabitants coming out to meet them with banners and music.



THE OFFICIAL ELEPHANT WHO READ THE ADDRESS.

One of the elephants, in a fine costume, began to read an address; but when he saw the chipmunk he screamed: "Oh, hold him! Hold him! Don't let him fly at me!"

Some of the attendants talked to him for a time, and he grew calmer. "I thought at first that he was a mouse," he said.

"But why are you so much afraid of mice?" Josey asked.

"They are dreadful creatures," said the elephant. "One of them came near robbing me of my kingdom a few years ago."

"Then you must tell me all about it," said the little girl. "We are traveling in order to learn."

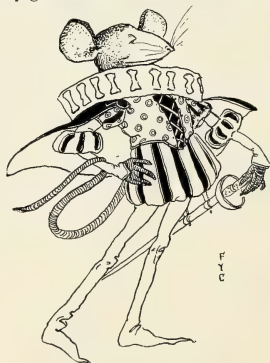
So the elephant told Josey that once a mouse warrior arrived in their country, and terrified all the elephants so that he was about to make

himself king—for elephants, as is well known, dread mice; the boldest and most warlike of them will not dare to contend with a mouse. Therefore, when the mouse appeared, he sauntered down the main avenue to the palace and into the throne-room. On all sides the guards fled at sight of him. The king started up from the throne, and the mouse jumped upon it, and stood as upright as a grenadier.

Just as the mouse was about to declare himself the monarch of the whole country,—no one daring to oppose him,—a little boy and girl entered the room and looked about them with astonishment. When they perceived the mouse the whole matter was explained, and the boy actually laughed, and then started forward with great boldness and attacked the tyrant. The mouse, which was so fierce with the elephants, now showed itself as great a coward as it was a bully, for it jumped down and ran away even faster than the courtiers had run. The little boy pursued it clear of the palace grounds.

The elephant then addressed the brave young stranger:

"Speak, youth, and claim what reward you will; my gratitude knows no bounds."



THE MOUSE WHO WOULD BE KING.

"I am a prince," said the boy. "I am Damar, son of King Gawar, who was dethroned by the wicked Baruck three years ago. I was sent to the hut of a poor fisherman, who treated me like a son, and this is his daughter Zella who is with me. Now I am resolved to fight for my rights."

"Brave and noble youth!" exclaimed the king. "On one condition, I and my whole army will join your forces."

"What is the condition?" asked the boy.

"That you will defend all my kingdom against mice whenever the necessity may arise."

With hearty good will the boy gave the promise, and the next day the allied forces

set out, one of the great lords of the palace carrying the little boy and girl. The king's army, consisting of thousands of fierce elephants, spread across the plain. They made such a dust that King Baruck, standing on the city wall, could not see what was advancing. He only heard the voice of the little boy summoning him to surrender. But, instead of surrendering, he called all his fighting-men, and began hurling javelins, darts, and great stones from the wall. The darts enraged the elephants to such an extent that they rushed against the wall and threw it down. Baruck fled howling, and his queen followed him. The brave young prince released his father and mother from prison, and

by the aid of the elephants they were restored to all their honor and dignity.

Far from despising his son's feeling for the little fisher-girl, the good king was happy in their affection, and she was made a great princess, while her father was created Grand Fishmonger Extraordinary to the palace. Prince Damar made himself such a terror to mice that none dared invade the territory of his big friends, while these repelled all other foes, and thus secured peace and due respect among nations.

While the elephant told the story, Josey could not help remarking how well the baby ele-

phants behaved. They sat perfectly still, and did not interrupt once, and they did not fidget and turn and twist, as some small people whom we all know do when they are listening to stories.

The travelers were invited to visit the country of the elephants, but they politely refused, as they preferred to visit the royal tigers.

The travelers found the tiger king lying on his side in front of his den, opening and closing his claws in a lazy sort of way, as if he was trying to feel that he was alive. Josey had heard that he was good-natured after dinner, and as he had just finished, she was not at all afraid.

The little girl spoke to him, telling him how



"I AM A PRINCE," SAID THE BOY.



"HER FATHER BECAME FISHMONGER EXTRAORDINARY."

far she had come, and why she wanted to see his country. He said that he was quite pleased to see Josey, and let her stroke his head. He sniffed at Ethel, and did not seem to know what to make of her, and when he saw the chipmunk, he laughed and said that Josey's companion looked like a little tiger with his stripes put on the wrong way. This made the chipmunk angry, and he replied that his stripes were on the right way, while the tiger was wearing bars, and looked as if he were in a cage.

While they were arguing about this matter the queen and prince of the tigers entered the den.

The queen was going to give the tiger prince his dinner, but he was continually grumbling. Every now and then the travelers could hear him saying, "Oh, I don't like those old things, and I *won't* eat them!" Then his mother could be heard begging him to be good and eat what was set before him. The travelers and the tiger king tried to talk about the countries that Josey had seen and the countries that she was going to see, but the sharp voice of the little tiger kept interrupting all the time.

This went on for a long time, the noise growing louder and louder. Josey noticed that the tiger king was beginning to look cross. At last he suddenly bounded to his feet and ran into the den with a terrible growl. Then they could hear the tiger king saying:

"You don't like those old things and won't eat them, eh? We'll see about that. You'll go to bed without any supper now!"

The royal tiger spoke in such a dreadful tone that Josey ran away. She had not run far when she saw a most beautiful deer with brown sides and white spots on them. The deer knelt down, and they sprang on his back. Just at that time the royal tiger came out of his den again. He was in a rage. When he saw that the travelers were going, he gave a loud roar and rushed at them with his mouth wide open. The deer made one bound, and then away and away they went, so fast that the trees flew past them like birds. At last they came to the fence, and with one great bound the deer cleared it. The tiger had to stay on the other side, but they did not feel safe till they had gone away into the woods.

When the deer stopped running, they found that they were in the deer's country — an open place in the woods. It was covered with soft green grasses and mosses. There were ever so many beautiful deer there, and they all came forward to bid them welcome.

The chipmunk's teeth were chattering at first. When he was able to speak he said:

"I'd like to know what that impudent tiger meant! I've a great mind to go back and ask him."

"No; don't quarrel," said Josey.

The deer were very kind, especially the one that had carried them out of the tigers' country.



THE ROYAL BENGAL TIGER.

The deer gave the travelers a fine supper of fruits and roots, and they finished up with a moss-pudding. It was growing quite dark, so they were shown to their room, which had walls of young trees that grew closely together, and a very thick carpet of soft moss.

The deer showed the travelers about their



"AWAY AND AWAY THEY WENT."

country on the morning after their arrival. It was filled with pleasant woods and bright little lakes, and the deer said that they would be very happy if the tigers would only leave them alone.

"Can't you fight them?" asked the chipmunk.

"We could," said the deer, "if our legs would only wait. But when the tigers come our legs get frightened and run away with us."

"But you are big and strong and have horns," said the chipmunk. "If I had a pair of horns like that I'd like to see a tiger give me any of his nonsense! Tiger, indeed! I'd soon show him!"

"We are big and strong," said the deer, "and I'm sure that we could beat the tigers if we could only wait for them. Our hearts and our heads are all right, and when the tigers come in our country we make up our minds to fight to the last drop of blood. But the tigers have such a way! Oh, my! They come crawling through the grass with such nasty expressions on their faces, and they say such awful things in such awful voices; and the first

thing we know, our legs get all full of trembles, and away they go and carry us off!"

"Of course," said the chipmunk. "That's because you don't drill. You never can be soldiers unless you drill. Did you ever hear of Tommy Toddles?"

"No, we never did."

"Well, then, I'll have to sing you the song about him, for it tells just how he was drilled."

TOMMY TODDLES.

When Tommy Toddles went to war he'd stamp his foot and scream
Because the colonel would not give him sponge-cake and ice-cream;
And at the morning bugle-call he'd try to hide his head—
They had to pull the blankets off to get him out of bed;
And when they all began to shoot it made his comrades scoff
To see him throw his rifle down, afraid it might go off.
He would n't do his sentry turn; it filled him with affright—
A-thinking that some horrid thing might catch him in the night.

CHORUS.

"Then order arms! shoulder arms! forward by the right!

Double quick! get there, men! Now we're in for fight!

Skirmishers by left deploy! Ready, aim, and fire!"
It takes a lot of drill to make a soldier.

They drilled poor Tommy Toddles, and they marched him to and fro;

They made him keep his stomach in, and hold his head just so,

And set his heels together, with his shoulders nice and square,

Or lift his feet and step out with a military air;
And keep his quarters neat—for no good soldier's ever slack;

Do just as he was told at once and never argue back.
The things the sergeant said to him were not at all polite,

Unless he had his rifle and his buttons very bright.

CHORUS.

"Oh, if we only had some one to drill us, we could beat the tigers easily," said the deer.

"I'll drill you," said the chipmunk. "I'll drill you. You must do exactly as I say. That's the way to be a soldier."

He formed the deer in long lines, and, sitting up on Josey's shoulder, gave them orders:

"Battalion, attention! By the right, dress! Order humps! Shoulder humps! Present humps! Shoulder humps! As you were!"

The chipmunk gave orders just like a West Point man—stern, sharp, the first words of each command all run together, and the last word pouncing out as if it was going to bite somebody. Instead of saying "Shoulder arms!" he said "Shoulder humps!" because he had noticed that that was the way the real officers did it. It sounded more fierce than the other way.

After drilling them a long time to teach them how to stand in a straight line, and how to hold their horns, the chipmunk led them on a march.

He gave them a long march, and showed them how to spread out and do skirmishing. But they did not like that much. They said that they felt braver, somehow, when they were all together. So he gave the orders:

"Battalion, attention! Form squares! Prepare to receive—tiger-r-r-r-r-r-s!"

No sooner did the chipmunk say "tigers" than the deer all ran off like the wind, leaving the travelers alone. The chipmunk shouted at them to come back, but they were so frightened that they ran miles and miles before they could make their legs stop. Josey had hard work to find them.

"You're a nice lot of soldiers!" said the chipmunk, when he got them together again. "How do you ever expect to fight tigers, if you run like that at their very name?"

"It was n't the name!" said the deer. "It was the fierce way that you said it. Oh, it came out with such a jump, as if it was going to eat us all! Our legs could not stand it, and they ran away."

"It was n't your fault, I'm sure!" said Josey. "Maybe I could say it so gently that your legs would not be afraid."

So the deer were formed into squares again, and Josey said, "Prepare to receive ti-i-i-i-gers!" very gently. The deer's legs trembled a great deal, but did not run away, and that was thought to be a fine beginning.

After dinner the chipmunk made the biggest of the deer a colonel; and the two next biggest, majors; and the ten next biggest, captains. Then he formed them into squares again, and when they had been well drilled, gave the order:

"Prepare to receive tiger-r-r-r-r-r-s!"

At this command away went all the deer once more, faster than ever, and they ran farther. The chipmunk was very angry, and gave them a great scolding.

"Well," said one of the smallest of the deer, "it was a mistake to make the *big* deer officers. They can run the fastest, so of course they want to run. Now, if you made officers of the smallest deer, they would stand and try to get behind the others."

The chipmunk thought that was a very good idea. So he changed all the officers and put small deer in command. Then he tried them again with "Prepare to receive tiger-r-r-r-r-r-s!" Away and away they went. But this time the officers were behind, trying to make them stop.

When the chipmunk came up with them again he was too angry to speak at first, and they said: "It's no use trying that any more. It is n't the tigers we're afraid of; it's the dreadful tone of voice that you use."

"Well," said the chipmunk, "I did not notice that the tiger's voice is so very gentle."

The deer had no answer to make, and the chipmunk, who felt sorry for them, went on:

"I wish that I could stay with you till you beat the tigers, but we are travelers with a long way to go."

The last thing the travelers saw of them, they were digging post-holes and planting posts with great energy. But Josey never heard that they killed all the tigers.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BAD BOY, AND THE SEALS' COUNTRY.

THEY went on and on, and at length they came to a place where a little boy was sitting on a bank and dabbling his feet in a puddle of water. He had no hat on his head, and his hair was all tossed up, and he wore only one suspender. He looked up when they came near and said:

"Hallo!"

"It is n't polite to say 'Hallo!' like that," said Josey.

"Well, whatever you choose to call it," said



JOSEY MEETS THE NAUGHTY BOY.

"I thought I 'd like to be a hero. Don't they have good times? How much do they get a month?"

"What a question! Heroes are not hired. They do things for the honor of it, and sometimes the people they are working for don't like them at all."

"Then I don't want to be a hero. Maybe I 'd sooner be a bandit. I 'd just go about with a knife and a gun and look fierce. Would n't that be nice? That would be fun, would n't it? I thought first that I 'd go and kill Indians, but somebody said that the President won't let them be killed any more, somehow—or maybe he wants to save all the rest for the museum."

the boy. "It 's all the same to me. Have you anything to eat?"

Josey had a basket of lovely moss-pudding that the deer had given her when she was leaving them. She handed this to the boy.

"Are you hungry?" asked Josey.

"Yes," said the boy; "I 'm very hungry."

"Well, then, why don't you go home?"

"I wish I was home," said the boy; "but it is so much trouble to have to walk."

"How did you come here?"

"Oh, I was tired of being at home all the time, and my mother wants me to be President. But I don't see no fun in that, and I ain't a-goin' to do it—"

"Oh, dear! dear! dear! Please don't say it like that. Say, 'I don't think I 'd like to be President, so I will not.'"

"Any way you like," said the boy. "It 's all the same. I 've made up my mind that I 'm not goin' to be no President, so I 've run away from home."

"Why, what do you want to be?"

that it would be better for you if you went home to your mother, and tried to be good like George Washington?" asked Josey.

"Oh, you are just like my ma," said the boy, scornfully. "She always wants me to be nice. She 's at me to shine my shoes till I wish I did n't have any feet, and to wash my face and



"I 'D SOONER BE A BANDIT."

hands till I wish I did n't have any face and hands, and to comb my hair till I get so mad that I wish I had n't any head at all."

Just at this time there was a sound of shouting far off in the road. Josey and the chipmunk turned to see what it was. They saw an



ONE OF THE INDIANS THE NAUGHTY BOY WAS AFTER.

old man running toward them. He had his sleeves rolled up, and a stick in his hand, and large boots on his feet, and a short beard. He seemed angry about something. When he came up to where they were standing, he shouted out: "Where 's that lazy, good-for-nothing boy?"

Josey thought that this might mean the boy that they had been talking to, and turned to look for him. He was not to be seen anywhere, though they looked high and low.

"Oh!" said the little girl, "he's gone away."

"He has, eh!" said the old man, rolling his sleeves up still more. "Well, he'll wish himself away farther than ever when I catch him again! He's gone and left the ax sticking in the woodpile, and there 's no wood cut."

Then the old man ran on, and the little girl and the chipmunk continued their journey.

"That ought to be a warning," said the chipmunk, after a time.

"Yes, it ought," said Josey.

"That was a very bad boy, but I can't help feeling sorry for him," said the chipmunk.

After this strange adventure with the naughty, careless little boy, Josey and the chipmunk went on and on and on till they came to the country of the seals.

The travelers found the seals on the sea-

shore. Their homes had a beautiful floor of black and polished rock; but the place was quite wet, because the waves dashed up very high and threw spray about.

There were so many of the seals that it would have taken days and days to count them. One of them said to Josey:

"What are you doing here?"

"We have come to see your country. We are visiting all the countries," said Josey.

The seals had a long talk, and at last made up their minds to take the travelers into their country. So one of the biggest took Josey and the chipmunk and Ethel on his back, and, hopping down to the water, plunged in with a great splash. All the other seals followed.

They shot under the water almost as swiftly as a flash of light. The travelers thought that it was like flying, only that the water all about them was pleasanter than air; it was so full of sunshine, and made everything in it sparkle.



"WHERE 'S THAT LAZY, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING BOY?"

The seals took them to a beautiful red-and-white palace under the sea. While they were admiring the grand rooms, they noticed that all the white part was alive, and made up of little creatures each about the size of a large rain-drop, and of a color between snow and rain. These were shaped something like orange-seeds, and from their tops thread-like arms kept waving and working about.

"Oh, look at the coral insects!" said Josey.

The creatures all stopped working at once.

"Insects, indeed!" they said. "Don't you know that we're true polyyps, and *animals*?"

"I beg your pardon," said Josey. "I did not mean to offend you. Won't you please tell me what you are doing?"

"We're building islands and continents, so that the work of the world may go on."

"That must take you a great time. Don't you ever grow tired?"

"No. They say that many hands make light work, and you see that each of us has many hands. We keep working away, and never think about the time at all. But if we do grow tired or frightened, or want a holiday, each of us has a house into which he can go. It is all his own, and no one else can come there."

"Now, if you will come along into the great hall," said the seal, "we will show you something that may please you better than anything you have ever seen anywhere. We're having a beauty show there."

The walls of the great hall sparkled with lights, and patches of sea-anemones, bright and many-colored, were used as decorations.

Along the sides of the hall all the seals were sitting on their tails, watching a procession of fish that was moving by. The travelers took their stand with the seals, and watched, too.

The fish all had on their very best suits. Their shapes were strange, but their clothing was beautiful. No humming-bird or fairy going to a ball ever looked finer. Everything they wore seemed to be quite new, and at first Josey did not know what to say for admiration.

Some wore the brightest, gayest colors, such as the parrots and humming-birds put on on Sundays. Others wore dresses as delicate as moonbeams and the shadows that moonlight makes among the leaves. At first you might think they had no colors, but if you looked deep, deep into them, you saw that they were clothed from head to foot with flashing jewels.

Josey could n't, for the life of her, tell which of these fish was the most beautiful. Each one that came near seemed to be that, till another took its place.

"It must be hard to know who has won the prizes," she said.

"Yes," answered the old seal to whom she

spoke. "It is always very hard, and I think it is going to be worse than ever this time. Look over there."

Josey looked and saw another procession coming. It was made up of the ugliest-looking creatures she had ever seen in all her life. There was the toad-fish, a mud-colored fellow with horns and goggle-eyes, and a great, fierce face like one of the ugliest masks at a carnival, only much worse. And there was the cat-fish,—every one knows what an ugly-looking fellow he is; and there was the dreadful sea-lizard sort of thing that is called a salamander. Behind them came outlandish crabs and lobsters, an octopus or two, and some sea-horses.

"Say!" said the toad-fish, swaggering up, "when are they going to give out those beauty prizes? I'm tired of going round and round and round. If those old judges have n't made up their minds yet, they're either asleep or else they don't know beauty when they see it."

"You may be right about that," said the old seal; "but there is so much beauty to choose from that it seemed to me to be a hard matter to decide."

"Not at all," said the toad-fish, conceitedly. "There was only one in it for the first prize."

"Who? Who? Who's the winner?"

"Why," said the salamander, looking serious and nodding at the toad-fish, "as this gentleman said, there is only one who has any claim at all."

"Who? Who? Who?" cried all the other ugly ones, elbowing each other to get in front of him.

"That is myself," said the salamander, with a contented smile.

"What?" shouted all the others, in chorus—"give a prize and then insist that you have won it yourself?"

"Why not, when I really am the most beautiful?"

"Oh, look at him! Listen to him!" shouted the cat-fish.

The salamander made a dash at the cat-fish, the cat-fish jumped for him, and the toad-fish shouted, "Eat the judges!"

"Jump on my back," said the old seal. "There's going to be trouble here. There always is at these beauty shows."

The travelers did as he told them, and shot away from the hall, while the noise of a great battle went on behind them. At the door they found a sea-horse crying.

"I would have won the first prize for beauty," he said, "but they would not let me compete. They said it was not a horse show!"

The travelers had been with the fishes and seals a long time, and had seen a great many strange things, and now they had to go on. So they bade good-by to the seals, and went into the next country, and that was the place where Topsy Turvy Town was situated.

CHAPTER XVI.

TOPSY TURVY TOWN, AND HOME AGAIN!

If you should want to go to Topsy Turvy Town yourself, without passing through all the other towns and countries, you can find it quite easily. Go and look into some little lake in the woods in Indian-summer time, when all is still. If you look down in the water you will see the town lying beneath your feet. Everything is upside down in it. You can see the blue sky ever so far down, and the trees with their tops downward and their roots upward. And you can see the people going along on their heads. But there is no use trying to enter Topsy Turvy Town from the top. If you want to see it well, and meet its people, you must come in from underneath, as Josey and the chipmunk did.



"THEY SAID IT WAS NOT A HORSE SHOW!"

When they got near to the town they began to feel very funny, and their feet kept tripping and throwing them on their noses. They tried to turn back, but something kept pulling them on, and their feet kept tripping and stumbling more and more.

Soon the chipmunk turned over on his back and went sailing along like a piece of bark going down a rapid stream.

"Oh," said Josey, "give me your little paw. This is awful, but we must keep together."

No sooner had she caught the chipmunk's

paw than she found herself going along on her head in a very strange manner.

At first the travelers were much frightened at the way things were happening, but after a time they got over the fright, and began to talk to the people who were going along beside them.

One was an old gentleman who carried a gold-headed cane fastened to one of his feet.



"LOOK INTO SOME LITTLE LAKE."

"Oh, dear!" said Josey to this man, "what makes everything go like this?"

"With gravitation attraction mixed is."

Josey thought that that did not sound like very good sense, but she said nothing. The old gentleman continued:

"To you seem very queer it must. Upside down everything here is."

"Why, what they say is all upside down!" said Josey to herself. When she tried to speak aloud she found that she could not help talking in the same manner as the people did.

"Your ideas out might fall should think I," said she.

"True is that. Fall out they do sometimes, and to pieces broken are."

Topsy Turvy Town was a very queer place to look at. Josey thought that it was the queerest she had ever seen.

When they got to the middle of the town they saw a great number of people moving about on their heads in a hurry; they were flying from place to place in a sort of dancing way, and singing this song:

Supposing a king should make a decree —
Supposing! oh, supposing! —
That sea should be land and land should be sea!
Supposing! oh, supposing!
Supposing the runner of Santa Claus' sleigh
Caught fast in the snow and the deer ran away —
Supposing! oh, supposing, oh!

The travelers were very glad when they shot out of Topsy Turvy Town, and they were

not at all sorry when, very unexpectedly, they once more found themselves in Josey's own home.

Josey did not know where she was till she alighted in her own garden on the grassy bank under the tree, with nothing to show that she had come so far. And she heard her mother's voice calling, and so she got up and ran to the house.

"Mercy, child!" said her mother, "where have you been? Your eyes are shining as if you had seen wonders. Where have you been? We were looking for you all over the house."

Josey looked up and smiled, and her mother stooped down and kissed her. "Your cheeks are just like roses," she said. "I am sure you have been to some wonderful place."

But Josey only smiled again. She had seen and heard so much that it made her silent for the time, and it was not till afterward that she told her mother all about her long journey.

THE END.



"I AM SURE YOU HAVE BEEN TO SOME WONDERFUL PLACE," SAID JOSEY'S MOTHER.



BOOKS AND READING



W.H.M.

WHEN Edison was a boy he made up his mind to read every book in a town library, taking them in order as they stood on the shelves. Even Edison's perseverance was unequal to the task. But many boys and girls are reading in quite as senseless a fashion. As, last month, there was a word of warning for the "book scorcher," perhaps it will be well to devote a paragraph to the "omnivorous reader."

The "omnivorous reader" is usually young; for as he grows older he becomes wiser. He is likely to be lazy, or he would find something active to do during at least some of the time he gives to reading. He is likely to read much trash, since good reading ought to require thinking, and no thinking reader is likely to be "omnivorous."

After all, reading is living at second hand, and living is the first business of life.

IN response to the request of the editors, a number of our readers have written to this department making suggestions for improving the List of One Hundred Books published in the March number. We should like to print all the letters in full, but must be satisfied to quote from the correspondence a few of the most helpful criticisms.

One friend, who writes from Washington, D. C., thinks that it is wiser for young readers to wait till they grow up before reading such books as "Don Quixote," "Gulliver's Travels," and "Westward Ho!" which, in her opinion, lose something of their charm when presented in editions prepared for younger readers. We recognize the force of this suggestion, and agree that it would be best, for all reasons, if children knew nothing of many classic works until they could be read just as the authors wrote them. But, unfortunately, it too often happens that as boys and girls grow up and assume the burdens of maturity, they do not find time to read widely; they read for amusement, and, feeling that there is no leisure to cover the field of

literature at all completely, they make no attempt to test the better books. So it happens that unless the knowledge that the best books are also the most interesting is gained in childhood the busier grown-up years allow no time to make this discovery. Good editing of the classics is not easy, but few will deny that well-edited versions of them all may be found. For a first reading — a "tasting" of a book — there is little lost by editing.

THE same correspondent thinks our list should include the "Young Mountaineers," by Miss Murfree ("Charles Egbert Craddock"), and names also "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer," as to which there seems to be a difference of opinion among our readers, while Verne's "Journey to the North Pole" seems to her preferable to "Around the World in Eighty Days."

FROM New Haven, Connecticut, comes a letter asserting that Abbott's "Franconia Stories" please children best, and praising "Child Life," the collection of poems edited by Whittier, and "A Song of Life," by Margaret Morley. The writer also expresses her approval of "Castle Blair" — the book so highly praised by Ruskin.

FROM Illinois comes a budget of suggestions that is very welcome. Here are some of them: "A Book of Verses for Children," by Edward Verrall Lucas, is highly recommended as the most complete and interesting of such collections. Burroughs's "Pepacton" might well be replaced by "Birds and Bees, and Other Studies in Nature," the latter being "of wider range, besides including some of the best selections from 'Pepacton.'" Mrs. Ewing's "Jan of the Windmill" and "We and the World" should be added, or substituted for some of hers named.

The same correspondent names these good books as candidates for the list: "Nelly's Silver Mine," Helen Jackson; "Juan and Juanita,"

F. C. Baylor; "Fanciful Tales," F. R. Stockton; "A-hunting of the Deer," C. D. Warner; "A New England Girlhood," Lucy Larcom; Franklin's "Autobiography" (edited for children); "Twice-told Tales," Hawthorne.

FROM Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, comes an able plea by a good friend to St. NICHOLAS against "The Child's History of England," by Dickens, and it seems to us that some of the objections are well founded.

THE same correspondent names, as good editions for children: For Browning, "The Boys' Browning," and the edition in the "Riverside Literature Series." Good editions of Longfellow, Lowell, and Tennyson are in the "Riverside School Series," and "Pilgrim's Progress" is also in the same series. For "Don Quixote" she recommends those issued by Ginn & Co. and by Macmillan & Co., the latter being illustrated.

AN independent critic, a mother who reads aloud to her children, votes for Dickens's "Christmas Carol" and "Great Expectations" as against "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Nicholas Nickleby." She strongly recommends the stories of New England life by Mary P. Wells Smith. Of "The Golden Age," "Lord Fauntleroy," and "Captain January," she says they are "about children for grown people." As to editions, she names Rolfe's "Select Poems of Browning," the Century edition of "Pilgrim's Progress," and Henry van Dyke's "Poetry of Tennyson." The same friend incloses some most helpful lists of books — which we hope to use at a future time.

ANOTHER friend, writing from Worcester, Massachusetts, names as good editions, besides those already named by others: "Æsop's Fables," Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; A. Quiller-Couch's "Historical Plays of Shakspeare"; Sidney Lanier's "Faerie Queene" and "Canterbury Tales"; Ginn & Co.'s "Gulliver" and "Arabian Nights."

She speaks approvingly of Andrew Lang's "Fairy Books," Whittier's "Child Life," Lang, Leaf, and Meyer's "Iliad," and Palmer's "Ody-

sey"—both prose translations. She would, among others, add to our list "Ten Weeks with a Circus," by Otis, and Mrs. Wesselhoeft's series of animal stories.

THIS correspondent makes a strong plea for the early reading of history by children, saying:

Children well grounded in history are seldom, if ever, priggish—their world is too wide and too real for that; such great things have been going on, such heroic struggles, such splendid sacrifices, the young reader gets a sense of values which can never afterward be lost.

We quote the sentiment with hearty approval; for while our list of books is not meant to include books of information, it must not be thought that we believe in excluding such books from children's libraries! We prefer to confine our list to books that have no necessary connection with school-work.

THERE is so much published nowadays that it is hardly necessary to warn any reader that he cannot hope to save every interesting item he may find. Saving "scraps" soon becomes burdensome unless there is a wise limit fixed. Yet every reader—even the youngest—sees, in newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, or catalogues, bits of information worth preserving. If one is to collect clippings, a system of some sort is a necessity; but for the every-day reader it will be found sufficient to slip such fragments of knowledge into a book relating to the subject—a book you will be likely to consult when the subject again presents itself. For instance, if you find a list of an author's works arranged as they should be read, cut it out and put it inside the cover of Volume I. of that writer's works.

DID it ever occur to you that books and ships are alike? Lord Bacon once said: "If the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other!"

K. R. S.



April Showers Bring May Flowers

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW.



"Among the changing months May stands confessed
The sweetest, and in fairest colors dressed."

"Then, lads and lasses all, be gay,
For this is Nature's holiday."

AT THE BEE-KEEPER'S IN SWARMING-TIME.

LET us imagine ourselves at a farm-house far back in the country, where honey-bees are kept and cared for by the old-fashioned method. It is a pleasant forenoon in the latter part of May.

The barefooted boy that Whittier told us about rushes across the yard from the old apple-tree under which he and his friends have been playing, dashes into the house, breathless in his eager excitement, and loudly shouts:

"Mother, mother, the bees are swarming!"

Now, just why he should be in such a haste is not easily explained; probably the boy himself could not tell; but true it is that the swarming of the bees causes the boy and all others to rush around as no-

thing else would do but an alarm that the house or barn was on fire.

The mother needs no second summons. She drops the work in hand, rushes out, and, shading her eyes with one hand, takes a hasty look at the cloud of bees hovering over and around one side of the old apple-tree, and excitedly exclaims:

"Yes, Ned; they're swarming, sure enough! You must run to the barn-lot corn-field, and call father and John."

And away goes Ned, with his playmates trying in vain to keep up with him.

Mother goes back into the kitchen, and makes a mixture of vinegar, molasses, and water, with which she is soon scrubbing the inside of an empty hive, to "make the new home sweet and clean for the bees."

The cloud of bees in the air settles lower and seems smaller as a cluster begins to form on one of the lower limbs of the tree.

By this time Farmer Rood and his "hired man" John have arrived. He first spreads on the ground a sheet that Ned has brought from the house. A small stone is placed on each corner to keep it smooth and flat. John brings the hive from the back of the house, where it has been turned bottom upward toward the sun to "dry out a little."

It must be just right—not completely dried out, and yet not wet. A rail from the neighboring fence holds the hive in a slanting posi-



PHOTO BY E. A. STERLING.

SWARM OF BEES ON A
MAPLE LIMB.



QUEEN.



WORKER.



DRONE.

thing else would do but an alarm that the house or barn was on fire.

The mother needs no second summons. She

tion so that the raised open edge is directly under the cluster.

When all is ready the farmer advances with one of the poles used in propping up the clothes-line in the back yard, and the rest go back a short distance. There is a minute or two of breathless suspense, and then he hits the limb with the pole, and turns and runs.

This is the signal for all to run in various directions. The cluster falls in a solid mass, but almost immediately about half the bees rise into the air, making a cloud of bees all the way from the hive to the limb, on which some settle. A few go in the hive, but often nearly all get back on the limb, and the process of knocking the limb and running away may be repeated several times. If the bees like the hive, fewer go back to the limb each time, and finally the few on the limb leave of their own accord and go on to the hive with the others.

"Wall, that 's a rather handsome swarm, and airy in the season," says Farmer Rood; "so they will have lots o' time to fill the hive with honey. Old sayin 's putty true :

A swarm o' bees in May
Is worth a load o' hay.
A swarm o' bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon.
But a swarm o' bees in July
Is not worth a fly!"

But the real fun for Ned and his playmates, "a regular Fourth of July," comes in when the bees do not like the hive and want a home in some hollow tree in the forest.

Suddenly all leave the hive and limb, and form, cloud-like, in the branches and above the tree again.

"They 're going off!" some one shouts, and this is the signal for a perfect pandemonium of

noises, and for once the young folks are encouraged to make as much noise as possible. The farmer runs for his gun to fire a charge of powder near the swarm; John brings the string of big, old-fashioned sleigh-bells from the woodshed; mother appears with a "looking-glass" or bright tin pan to flash the sunlight upon the swarm; Ned pounds on an old wash-boiler;



"FARMER ROOD HITS THE LIMB WITH THE POLE."

Will blows the tin dinner-horn; and Susie throws handfuls of sand and bits of turf with clinging soil into the air.

All is in accord with the belief that the more unpleasant their trip is made, the more the air is in motion (so the hum of the queen cannot be heard, it is claimed) the greater probability that the bees will abandon it and return to the hive.

Sometimes these attempts are successful, and the bees again form in a cluster in another place, perhaps on the limb of another maple-tree, and are finally induced to make their home in the same hive, or another, as is usually tried. But if noises do not stop them, the cloud moves slowly off. They do not fly high in the air, but go faster and faster, till even running will not keep up to them.

Perhaps they will go down through the orchard, with old and young folks in eager pursuit, and then rise in the air when they come to the woods, and then away they go out of

sight, perhaps several miles to their home in a hollow tree.

You will find many interesting things about the honey-bee in the chapter, "An Idyl of the Honey-bee," in "Pepacton," by John Burroughs. Modern methods of bee-keeping have



RAISING A FANDEMONIUM TO PREVENT A SWARM OF BEES
FROM GOING AWAY.

done away with the old-fashioned scenes, but in some parts of the country the antiquated processes are still followed.

THE PLANETS IN MAY.

VENUS may be seen brilliantly shining in the southwestern sky for three or four hours after sunset. It is so brilliant that it may be seen in the daytime without a telescope. Ask some one who knows astronomy to tell you about this bright star and teach you where to look for it in the daytime or twilight.

Often when Venus is especially bright, people who have not learned what it is decide that it must be an "electric balloon"!

Another planet, Jupiter (which we call the "giant planet"), rises during the evening, and may be seen in the southeastern sky soon after twilight has faded. Saturn rises about two hours after Jupiter, and not far from the same place. It cannot be well seen until about midnight.

THE SPRING MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

A WONDERFUL thing is happening now. A winged army hundreds of miles long is moving north right over our heads. It travels under cover of the night, so that, unless we listen for the calls of the regiments, or turn our telescopes to the moon and see them, as black specks, crossing its bright face, or else go to a lighthouse tower and watch for them to come to the light, we will know nothing about the advance of the main army.

But when we go early to the fields and woods, we get exciting hints of what is happening in the dark. Squads of feathered soldiers, not there the evening before, surprise us at every turn. Some of them are stopping only for the day to get food and rest to enable them to go on their journey again at night; but some of them have come to stay, for they have got back to their old homes where they built their nests last year.

It is so exciting to feel the country all filling up again with life and song, so good to see our old friends back, and to discover new ones with them, that we want to ask each bird a hundred questions. Where did this army start from? How did the leaders know the way home? How did they travel the thousands of miles they had to? It makes us want to know everything there is to know about this wonderful movement of the birds, called migration.

A great many of the birds are coming back from Central America, some as far as from southern Brazil in South America. The question is, How do they travel so far without getting lost? There are no railroads or steamship lines for them, but they have roads that serve them just as well. Some of them follow the coast-lines north, and others keep near to the great ranges of mountains and river valleys that run generally northward and southward.

They fly so high — from one to three miles above the earth — that they can see as well as we could from a balloon or a mountain-top; better than we could, for their eyes are sharper than ours. They can see probably a hundred miles all about. Then the old birds lead the way for the young to follow, and as the army probably straggles along for hundreds of miles, the birds are always within hearing of each other, so they are not very likely to get lost.

From the 1st to the 20th of May most of the birds come back to the Middle Eastern States, and you will need to go out every day and keep a sharp lookout not to miss any of them. Be sure to keep lists telling when each bird is first seen, when next seen, when it becomes common, and when it is last seen, if it nests farther north. If it nests in your neighborhood, tell when it begins nesting, when it begins brooding, when the eggs hatch, and when the young leave the nest. You can get regular

"TINKLE OF SILVER BELLS IN THE GRASS."

WHAT beautiful music is that we hear down in the meadow! We cannot describe it. It thrills us with its glad, rollicking holiday spirit. We may fancy, with Burroughs, that we hear the



NEST OF THE BOBOLINKS.

music of silver bells, or that our charming bobolink, delighted with his Northern home, is exclaiming, in mingled laughter and song:

"Ha! ha! ha! I must have my fun, Miss Silver Thimble, Thimble, Thimble, if I break every heart in the meadow. See, see, see!"

The poet Bryant says:

Robert O'lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink.



THE NORTHERN BOBOLINK BECOMES IN LATE SUMMER THE "RICE-BIRD" OR "REED-BIRD" OF THE SOUTH.

"migration" blanks from the Biological Survey, Department of Agriculture, Washington.

Your lists will grow more valuable every year for comparison, for, unless the weather prevents, the birds come back on almost the same days of the month. Last spring a bird man in Washington, after looking at his lists, said to his wife, "The house-wren that built here last year is due to-morrow." The next morning, sure enough, there their little friend was, climbing around, looking into all the nesting-boxes of the year before! FLORENCE MERRIAM BAILEY.

To keep systematic records will deepen your interest and add to your pleasure and knowledge. Tell us what new bird acquaintances you make this year.

And Wilson Flagg says:

Now they rise and now they fly;
They cross and turn, and in and out, and down the
middle and wheel about
With a "Phew, shew, Wadolincon; listen to me,
Bobolincon."

We call him, here in the North, a "bobolink," but the scientist calls him *Dolichonyx*

oryzivorus. He comes to us in the month of May. With his high spirits, and his delirious, tinkling song, he will be the maddest, merriest, and perhaps the most enjoyable bird of the spring and early summer. He will rear his four or five birdlings in a nest hidden in the grass. But the desire for foreign travel will seize him in the last part of the summer, and he will leave us for the South. He evidently cares little for scenery, for he travels in the night. He will change his name on his journey, stopping for a little as the "reed-bird" in Delaware, where many of his brothers have fallen before the gun of the sportsman. Farther south he will fly to the Carolinas, where, as the "rice-bird," he has fed himself almost to bursting on the wild rice and oats. Dissatisfied still, farther south he will fly in search of a climate to suit his fancy. Then he will spend the winter in the West Indies, living under the name of the "butter-bird," or perhaps he will turn west and reach Central America. Before spring he may fly still farther south into South America, and may perhaps take an ocean voyage, as is claimed by some ornithologists, across six hundred miles of the Pacific Ocean to the Pacific islands. In his travels he has assumed a variety of fancy names: "May-bird," "meadow-bird," "American ortolan"; even the uncomplimentary name of "skunk-blackbird" is sometimes applied to him on account of his brilliant suit of white and black. This is worn only by the father bird in his visit to his Northern haunts. In the fall and winter his suit is like the mother bird, which is dull yellow-brown, with dark dashes on wings and tail.

PUFFBALLS ON AN OLD STUMP.

SHARP-EYED girls and boys have found much that is interesting in the fields and woods, even when Jack Frost seemed to be trying his best to catch everything living, and especially the plants. In our first trips to the woods in the last of March or in April, before there is much of new growth to be noticed, we have given the more careful attention to some things that are likely to be unnoticed among the many attractions later in the season.

On an old stump here we have found some puffballs. This kind is one of the most com-

mon found growing on wood. The learned grown-up folks call it *Lycoperdon pyriforme*, but plain "puffball" is shorter, and means more to us, so we will continue to call it that. Now, puffballs are not such rare things, especially to country young folks, and yet there are

some things about them which they may not yet have found out.

Pinch the puffball, as most girls and all boys do whenever they find



THE PUFFBALLS.

them, and out comes a small cloud of yellowish-brown dust, like a puff of smoke; for this reason we call them puffballs, or, in some parts of the country, smokeballs. Is the plant displeased with this treatment? It certainly should not be, as one of its chief aims in life has been to produce this dust, and its greatest desire is to have it scattered far and wide. If you had not helped it, it would have had to wait for the wind to do it. Let us look at this dust with the mi-



THE STUMP ON WHICH THE PUFFBALLS GROW.

croscope, and we find it is made up of a great number of minute round bodies mixed with some fine brown threads. The botanist calls these bodies "spores." They are expected to do for these lowly plants the same work that seeds do for the flowering plants—that is, the forming of new plants. But if these myr-

iads of spores all grew to mature plants, the woods would be filled with puffballs. So few of these little spores, however, ever find their way into favorable places and conditions for growing that only a small number ever succeed in becoming full-grown puffballs; thus the mother plant, whose chief work in life is to leave a good supply of puffballs when she is gone, has provided another means of growing them. If you will examine closely the soil or rotten wood on which the plant is growing, you will find some fine white threads. These are able to withstand the bites of Jack Frost, and when the conditions are favorable they grow and produce new plants. These are only a few of the interesting things connected with the lives of these humble plants, as you will find by examining and watching them closely. The winter and the early spring woods furnish many other interesting plants related to our puffballs. The under sides of old logs are favorite resorts of many of them, and Mother Nature is ever ready to reveal her beauties and secrets to young or old who inquire of her diligently.

C. L. SHEAR.

ONE OF NATURE'S LITTLE JOKES.

IN the life of our commonest plants and animals there is much well worth careful attention. Some plants do not live what we might call an ordinary life, distinct to themselves, for they are like actors, mimicking some other plants or animals or surroundings, either for protection or to secure food. Such special traits we shall observe from time to time

In nature are some things not only interesting but laughable — ludicrous in the extreme, as if nature were playing a joke for no purpose except "the fun of the thing."

Among the most noticeable of these (perhaps we will call it the clown of a fancied nature show) is the chrysalis of the Harvester butterfly, its very odd markings looking decidedly like a monkey's face. The eggs of this butterfly are laid on the leaves of alder-bushes, among the aphids, or plant-lice, which the larvæ eat. Thus living on animal food, they are carnivorous, as it is called.

The larvæ of a few other butterflies (espe-

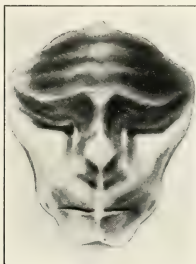
cially those belonging to the same family) have been known to turn cannibal and eat their brothers and sisters in times of famine, but this Harvester larva is the only one truly carnivorous among our own butterflies.

Here comes in a strange fact. Our Har-

vester has a relative in Africa and another in India. Both of these also live on aphids, and their chrysalides similarly resemble monkey-faces.

The scientists call our Harvester *Feniseca tarquinius*, and think there is no purpose whatever in the mimicry — that it is only "a curious

coincidence." Of course there is no thought of joking on nature's part; but we find it amusing, and may regard it as one of "nature's little jokes" every time we see it.



DRAWING OF ENLARGED VIEW OF
CHRYSALIS OF HARVESTER
BUTTERFLY.

AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

ON May 28 the moon will get between us and the sun, shutting off a part of the light; but it is not big enough to hide the sun wholly from all the earth. A large strip of our country, from southern Louisiana to the Atlantic coast at Norfolk, Virginia, is called the line of totality. Here the sun is entirely covered a little over a minute at about nine o'clock in the forenoon. The strip across the country where the sun is seen entirely covered is about thirty-five miles wide. Many astronomers and others interested, from all parts of the country, will go to different places within that strip to see this eclipse. European astronomers will observe it in the strip lying in Spain, Portugal, and Africa.

This is the first solar eclipse for thirty-one years in which the line of totality has passed through any part of the United States east of the Mississippi River. The eclipse of 1878 was total in some parts of the West. People in California, however, saw two total eclipses of the sun, one in 1880 and one in 1889.

LETTERS FROM YOUNG NATURALISTS.



DOING GREAT THINGS.

WHAT are you going to be and to do when you are grown up?

Most young folks build "air-castles" — look into the future with pleasant imaginings of becoming fa-

mous, doing much good, filling some place of influence, or doing some heroic act. Such ambitions are praiseworthy, but don't forget that you need not wait till you are grown up in order to make a beginning. At home, in the school-room, or on the playground, you may do good and live to some purpose. The best way to prepare for the future is to be and to do *now*. With good health, and the ability to think and to see, you are already rich. You will never acquire anything really more precious than these. And then, as to great deeds, here is what Ruskin said: "The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to *see* something, and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see."

Why may not every ST. NICHOLAS girl and boy cherish the ambition to be one of the few who can really *see*? Perhaps you are one of the many who can think, and will tell us why Ruskin, and others, regard it as so rare an accomplishment to see.

Some of our letters from young naturalists show that they not only like to write, but can think and *see*, and tell clearly what they see.

This letter is answered on page 647.

GATHERING WILD FLOWERS AND FERNS.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I am an ardent lover of nature, when I was visiting in the White Mountains last summer, I walked through many a field and wood

for the purpose of finding some new curiosities. And my wish was gratified, for each time I found something of particular interest. I pressed a great many different kinds of wild flowers and mounted them, but they seemed to lose some of their original color each time, though I was very careful of them. Will you be kind enough to tell me what I may do to prevent this? I also found over twenty different kinds of ferns, some of which were very beautiful.

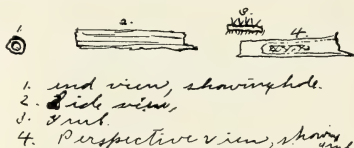
Your sincere friend, RUTH F. ELIOT.

Do not confine your searching to "curiosities" in the sense of freaks or rare things of nature. Older nature students sometimes make that mistake. Of course you wish to see the "wonderful" and "interesting" things; but remember that the commonest things in nature are beautiful "curiosities," and worth the most careful attention. It is pleasant to find new things — to make new acquaintances; but, after all, it is most profitable and enjoyable to know old friends better, and to strengthen old friendships. The daisy, the butterfly, the robin, and other common things should mean more and more to each of us as the years go by.

LARVA IN A PIECE OF WOOD.

CARBONDALE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I recently found in a shallow part of a lake a hollow piece of wood, about an inch and a half long and two eighths of an inch in diameter, con-



taining a grub about half of an inch long. I was much interested in the little animal, and send you a drawing and description of it.

Your reader, KENDALL MORSE.

This is evidently the larva of some insect, but the description will apply about equally well to at least three or four orders. I suspect that it is one of the larger caddis-flies, possibly the *Neuronia*, which was described in the February number, and is not uncommon in New York and Pennsylvania. To identify accurately I must have the specimen, for there are some differences that cannot easily be observed, and are even more difficult of description.

"BECAUSE I WANT TO KNOW."

IN the sitting-room a little girl is playing with a pile of alphabet-blocks. She holds up one and says: "What letter is that? I want to learn to read, so I can read books for myself."

And so we help her gladly, knowing how much she will enjoy books when she is older.

Now she has to say, "Please read to me." And then we gladly read some book for the youngest folks, perhaps the "Mother Goose" or the

"Kitty" book—and she is happy and quiet. And you and I know what a wealth of books there are for her to read as she grows older.

On the table near is a little pile of specimens and some letters from the girls and boys. And each is a "want to know" about a letter in the alphabet of the wonderfully interesting book of nature. How gladly many will help all those who want to read this marvelous book, that is a source of lifelong pleasure to its readers.

"Why, he can't read!" How we pity one who does not know how to read! But if we were to speak of reading the "book of nature," we can sorrowfully say that many men and women have not been taught to read this most fascinating of all books. We should learn to read nature's alphabet as well as the alphabet of man's invention.

PRESERVING COLOR OF PRESSED FLOWERS.

[See letter from Ruth F. Eliot, printed on the preceding page.]

THE more rapid the drying, the better the color and appearance of the pressed flowers. The best press to use is one made of wire or of latticework such as the one carried by the boy in the foreground of the picture of "Young Naturalists on a Collecting Trip," in the March

number. This is light and very easy to take into the field. In place of the usual drying-sheets, or with them, slate-colored cotton wadding, to be obtained at dry-goods stores, may be used. Hang the press back of the stove or in some other very warm place. The heat assists in rapid drying, which results in preserving the color as much as possible. Change the cotton often, except with plants of delicate texture, which are likely to become wrinkled if moved before they are dry. Too much pressure may destroy both form and color.

LIKES ST. NICHOLAS AND GEOLOGY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to become a member of the St. Nicholas League. I am interested in nature and science. Mr. Bigelow visited this town last year, taking all the children over the hills and in the marshes. I would like to ask how sandstone is formed and about petrified forests in Arizona. Long may the ST. NICHOLAS continue to be published!

MORTON E. NOURSE.

Sandstone is rock made from sand that was originally deposited by water in beds, and later, through a long period of time, has become cemented together. A very interesting account of the petrified forests of Arizona was published in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1891.

HOW THE IVY CLINGS TO THE WALL.

TORONTO, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Canadian girl. I go to school and am in the fourth junior division. My brother took you for four years, and now I am taking you. I am a great lover of nature and have read several nature books.

In the question department I wish to ask, What makes the ivy cling to the wall? Hoping to see this letter published, I remain,

Your admiring reader,

GLADYS GURNEY.

The poison- or three-leaved ivy climbs by numerous little aerial rootlets, that is, little roots that grow in the air just as others grow underground, which attach themselves to the wall or the bark of a tree. The American ivy or Virginia creeper sometimes has a few of these roots, but usually depends on tendrils, a slender part of the plant that shortens by coiling in a spiral. At the end of each of the tendrils of this ivy, and also those of the very ornamental Japanese ivy, there are about six small branches. At the end of each branch there is a firmly flattened portion, called a disk, by which it clings to the stone.



"The buttercup is on the hill,
The violet on the lea,
And dandelions everywhere
That nod to welcome me.

"There 's blossom now in lane and wood,
There 's song in field and tree,
While little boats nod on the bay,
And all do welcome me."

MARCH buffets us about, lays a rude hand upon us, and seems to say: "Go home; I have work to do, and you are in my way!" April's welcome is a treacherous one, or, at best, uncertain. But May—well, even if she does mislead us now and then, and give us a dash of cool water where she promised us only sunshine, she brings us so much else to pay for it all that we forgive her, and love her with love that never grows older or colder while life endures.

That the young verse-makers love this season is shown by the number of poems received, both for this and for last month. More than ever before,—more than twice as many,—while the average of excellence is very high. In fact, over fifty per cent. more contributions of all classes were received this month, and the increase of League membership has been much greater than during any month preceding. What more can we ask or expect?—even though there are still a few contributors who forget their ages and

parent's indorsement; and these things have destroyed the chances of a prize more than once, as much to our regret as to the sender's.

It is pleasant to note that some of those who have perseveringly contributed something every month are beginning to win prizes. That is the way to win—to try, try again. It is the only way. If there comes no encouragement whatever, after several trials, it may be because you have undertaken something unsuited to you. If

you have written five stories, for instance, and not obtained even honorable mention, suppose you try a poem, or a drawing, or a photograph, or a puzzle, or puzzle-answers. There are many ways to obtain recognition through perseverance and conscientious effort. We cannot all have genius, but we can all have industry and perseverance, and in the long run the difference between these and genius is said to be

hardly noticeable. Remember this, and that the value of faithful effort is worth more to us than the winning of a gold or silver badge.



"MY SOUTHERN SCHOOL IN WINTER." BY DOROTHY COWPERTHWAIT. (GOLD BADGE.)

TO NEW READERS. The St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers.

To any reader of the magazine, or to any one desiring to become such, a League membership badge and an instruction leaflet will be mailed free upon receipt of a written application, accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

Every boy and girl should be a reader of "St. Nicholas," and every reader of "St. Nicholas" should be a member of the St. Nicholas League.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 5.

As was the case last month, we have felt justified in awarding some additional gold and silver badges in this competition. The average of excellence in prose composition is not so high as in verse, drawing, and puzzle-making. Perhaps really fine prose is, after all, the most difficult form of artistic expression. Or is it that the new generation is born with an ear for numbers and an eye for form?

POEM. "A Day in the Woods."

Gold badge, Margaret D. Gardiner (age 16), 29 Elk Street, Albany, New York.

Silver badges, Lorraine Roosevelt (age 13), Eden Hotel, Rome, Italy, and Kate Strouse (age 13), Rockville, Indiana.

PROSE. "One Day at School."

Gold badge, Etta Stein (age 14), Jewish Orphan Asylum, Cleveland, Ohio.

Silver badge, Knight Rector (age 13), San Saba, Texas.

DRAWING. "A Winter Evening."

Gold badges, Reinhold Palenske (age 15), 890 Hayne Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and Alfred P. Hanchett, Jr. (age 16), 120 Fourth Street, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Silver badges, Nelsie Rockwood (age 13), 1319 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Indiana, and Stuart B. Wilkins (age 15), 24 Middle Street, Gloucester, Massachusetts.

PHOTOGRAPH. "My School in Winter."

Gold badge, Dorothy Cowperthwait (age 11), 62 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Silver badge, J. Parsons Greenleaf (age 11), Rydex Corners, New York.

PUZZLE. The answer to contain the name of some flower that blooms in May.

Gold badge, Edith M. Thompson (age 15), 101 West Eighty-fifth Street, New York City.

Silver badges, Frances Richardson (age 12), St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and H. Burlew Smith (age 17), Blawensburg, Nova Scotia.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best and neatest and most complete set of answers to February puzzles.

Gold badge, Eleanor Felton (age 13), 6399 Woodbine Avenue, Overbrook, Pennsylvania.

Silver badge, Weston O'B. Harding (age 13), 142 North Broadway, Baltimore, Maryland.

SPECIAL BADGES.

As usual, our little folks have sent some remarkable contributions, and, in addition to the "wild animal" prize, we are awarding some silver badges for work of unusual excellence done by very young League members.

POEM. "A Day in the Woods."

Silver badge, Grace Reynolds Douglas (age 9), 240 South River Street, Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

PROSE. "One Day at School."

Silver badge, Amalia E. Lautz (age 10), 31 Dodge Street, Buffalo, New York.

DRAWING. "A Winter Evening."

Silver badge, Addison F. Worthington (age 11), St. Denis Station, Baltimore, Maryland.

PHOTOGRAPH. "My School in Winter."

Silver badge, John F. Reddick (age 9), Highland Park, Illinois.

PUZZLE. The answer to contain the name of some flower that blooms in May.

Silver badge, Frances Renée Despard (age 11), 36 West Fifteenth Street, New York City.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Silver badge, Edith L. Lauer (age 11), Saranac Lake, New York.

WILD ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. 1. "Coon." Gold badge and five dollars, by James L. Claghorn, Vintondale, Cambria County, Pennsylvania. 2. "Squirrel." Gold badge and three dollars, by Willie Vaughan, 2185 Broadway, New York City. No third award.

It is gratifying to note that much more interest has awakened among the young photographers, and the change in the rules, allowing now any size to compete, will make it possible for any one with a camera to try for a prize.

MY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

BY ETTA STEIN (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

My first day at school was a novel one to me—a never-to-be-forgotten day. I was six years old, and the anticipations of the arrival of my sixth birthday can better be imagined than described. How I longed to be a school-girl, and carry books, and write on spelling-slips,



"MY SCHOOL IN WINTER." BY J. PARSONS GREENLEAF. (SILVER BADGE.)

and spell big words—great, big, long words, oh, so long! And oh, the bitter disappointments of that day, when I returned and could not even spell a little word, and the stories whose pictures I had eyed so eagerly were still beyond my powers! How bitterly I felt toward my teacher because she did not make me at once familiar with the mysteries of the A B C book and the hieroglyphics of numbers! Alas! I returned from my first school-day not a bit wiser, but, instead, hungry and tired.

The morning had seemed so long! I thought it never would come to an end. The teacher, who at first seemed to be a lovely lady, soon lost my interest, and instead I became so lonesome and homesick that I cried. The children laughed at me, and then—how I hate to confess it, but it is the truth nevertheless! I just could not help it—I fell asleep. And when I awoke I cried again, only this time louder, because everything looked so strange and unfamiliar—the rows of desks, and funny little seats; and the teacher's face seemed so odd that I became frightened; and last, but not least, my brand-new slate, with the pretty red cover, which I carried so proudly to school, made such a hard pillow, so that I could not help crying hard. And I went home resolved never to go to school again, and my resolve brought more tears, and again still more tears and sobs as all the members



"MY SCHOOL IN WINTER." BY JOHN F. REDDICK, AGE 9.
(SPECIAL SILVER BADGE.)

of the household prophesied a dunce's career for me — me, the pet of the household.

But years have passed. I am now finishing the last grade of that same school whose first day brought so much anguish to my little foolish heart. The prophecy respecting my sad career has not come true, for though only a plodding pupil, yet I master my lessons of each day, and next summer I am fondly expecting my reward for completing the rest of the course of my first school-day.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

BY MARGARET D. GARDINER (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

I WANDERED to the woods one day, when winter ruled the land,
And saw the earth agleam with ice, touched by a fairy wand.
The ground lay white and pure and soft, a carpet all of snow;
The sun shone brightly through the trees, where icicles hung low.
I seemed to see a sleeping child, lips parted in a smile,
That told me of the joys of spring, hid by the snow awhile.

The months flew by, and spring was there. Once more I sought the wood.
The leaves were opening in the breeze; the sun was warm and good;
The flowers opened wondering eyes, and looked into the sky;
The wind was full of odors sweet, the air of melody.
The earth was like a fair, sweet maid, too young as yet for sin.
Her eyes too clear to dread the light—a dream our hearts to win.

In summer's heat I saw the wood, alive with bird-note calls,
With yielding mosses, cool green ferns, the leaping waterfalls.
All nature stood, one splendid form, a woman fair to see,
Her brow with scarlet poppies crowned, her laugh like ripples free.
The promise of the winter smile, the budding of the spring,
Here find their great fulfilment, here the end of which they sing.

And now I saw the autumn woods, when trees and flowers were dry,
When brooks were weary of their song, and stormy winds fled by.
I saw a graceful, lovely maid, wild locks about her thrown,
Asleep—no, dead—upon the moss, unwatched, unloved, alone—
Sweet autumn, last of all my loves, dead in the woodland there,
With red and golden fallen leaves all tangled in her hair.

ONE DAY IN SCHOOL.

BY KNIGHT RECTOR (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

It was a hot day in July. The heat of the Southern summer was over all. The pupils of a public school were idly stretching themselves or droning at their lessons with a monotonous hum. Even the birds were asleep, and the only thing stirring outside was a June-bug, who was working away with all his might, as if in contrast with the lazy stillness. A reeky glare brought into bas-relief the rudely carved motto on the wall:

"Be not like dumb driven cattle:
Be a hero in the strife."

"Class A," said the teacher, a motley group of boys and girls filed up to the recitation-bench; some with a look of mild astonishment; others with faces full of relief at having a variation in the monotony of study; still others with the "countenance of a ready pupil." It was geography, and the teacher soon found a hard question. A perceptible stir ran through the class, followed by a look of confidence assumed to mislead their questioner, and gradually lapsing into silence. At last



"COON." BY JAMES L. CLAGHORN. (FIRST PRIZE,
"WILD ANIMALS.")

the question is answered, and the lucky pupil "goes head," with a smile of triumph, complemented by a sigh of relief from the "drags."

The class is excused, and a pupil takes advantage of the ensuing *mêlée* to stick another boy in the back with a pin. The assaulted one replies with a furtive kick, but is speedily roused by the teacher's voice: "James, come up and stand on the floor."

"Professor, what uz I a-doin'?"

"Come on the floor"; and the delinquent lurches forward with a surly leer.

And so it goes through the long days of our life in this miniature world of the school—the dawn of many a great and noble life, the happiest days in the lives of many, who, like John Randolph, after a long and brilliant career, can see their efforts summed up in that one sad word, "remorse."

May every pupil in our great country follow the noblest impulses of his school-days, and pray the prayer of Kipling:

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

A DAY IN THE WOODS WITH NATURE.

BY LORRAINE ROOSEVELT (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

As the brambles fast entwined, sheltering yonder lovely flowers,
As the ivy climbing, clinging to this grand old oak of ours,
Thus doth nature firm embrace us, twine her tendrils round our hearts,
Make us love her more each season, give us lessons, teach us arts,
Show us how each plant, each flower, has a meaning known to her,
From the rose and tiger-lily to the daisy and the burr.
All the little streams and brooklets, bubbling o'er in mirthful glee,
Tearing, dashing, rushing, splashing, down the mountains on their spree,
All the ferns and trees and bushes, all the plants and flowers we know,
They are hers through spring and summer, autumn and old winter's snow.

ONE DAY AT SCHOOL.

BY JANET PERCY DANA (AGE 13).*

MARGARET BRETT and Alice Harden sat close together, reading out of the same book. It was bound in brown leather, and its pages were filled with the prim, regular handwriting of the eighteenth century. On the outside of the cover was pasted a small piece of paper with the words:

"DOROTHEA BRETT,
Her Book."

Written on the fly-leaf, in the same hand and evidently by the same person, was another inscription recording that this was a diary kept by Dorothea while at Mistress Sharpe's Academy in 1773. Both girls were amused, and laughed heartily at the various entries which Margaret read aloud.

"Listen," said she, as she commenced, in a half-tragic, half-comic tone, the entry for January 14, 1773:

"To-day has been exceeding cold. The water with

which we do wash was frozen, and I did break the ice with a bellows nozle in order to perform my toilet.

"We did have several studies, at which I answered two questions, put by Mistress Sharpe, who told me that I was improving and spoke in a seemly manner. But some evil spirit must have tempted me, and in the spinning hour I did twice smile most irreverently at Mistress Sharpe while she was reading an improving book, the title of which has escaped my mind. For this great wickedness I was forbidden to speak to my companions for the remainder of the hour. These, with their virtuous looks and sad head-shakings, did almost make me laugh aloud, an immodesty which young women should not be guilty of, says Mistress Sharpe. This was not the end, however, for after our supper of bread and milk—to improve our complexions—I was called before her and received a sermon as lengthy as Parson Graves's, on my faults and improprieties. I was then sent to my chamber, where I am now writing this. I



"SQUIRREL." BY WILLIE VAUGHAN. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

fear I am hardly meek enough or sufficiently ashamed of my sins."

"Come," said Margaret, as she finished, "I will show you her picture."

Alice followed her friend, and both girls gazed at the portrait in the old-fashioned gown.

"I fear I am not sufficiently ashamed," quoted Margaret.

"Poor Dorothea!" said Alice, and they smiled again.

A DAY AT SCHOOL.

BY ETHEL L. ROURKE.

IN the little school-house nothing could be heard but a busy hum of study. Little Martha Tibbetts, however, could not put her mind on the multiplication-table before her. Rousing from her idle spell, she forced herself to repeat the "sixes," and had commenced to say "seven times one are seven, seven times two are fourteen," when her thoughts wandered to her father's words on the night before: "Lafayette is now in this country, and possibly will pass through this part of the

* This author won a gold badge in Competition No. 2. The rules allow a member but one prize in six months.



"WILD FOWL." BY STANLEY RANDALL.
(Master Randall won first prize in March.)

State." Lafayette! What *would* not Martha give to see the brave hero of Revolutionary times! To her young mind, Lafayette was excelled in fame and glory only by Washington.

The sound of a horn in the hollow disturbed her day-dreams.

The teacher, Miss Brown, stepped quickly to the window and looked out, then turned to the pupils, saying quietly, "Put on your wraps, children, and follow me to the road." The wondering pupils did as their teacher directed, and were soon in the little school-yard.

"I will now tell you," said Miss Brown, slowly, "why you are here. That gentleman at the head is *Lafayette*. Now, girls, curtsy your very best, and boys, bow."

Then you should have seen the bobbing up and down on the part of the girls.

As the great general approached, Miss Brown extended her hand, saying, "General Lafayette, I believe."

"Yes, madame," he gravely replied, and then rode away.

That was all. Martha Tibbetts is a very old lady now, but she loves to think of that day at school long ago.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

BY KATE STROUSE (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I CALLED upon the crystal brook,
I picked a flower there;
I lingered in the shady nook
Where sleeps the maidenhair.

I pondered on the mossy bank,
I climbed the grassy hill;
I picked the violets growing rank
Beside the silent rill.

I slept in many a shady bower,
I dreamed in many a tree;
Forgetful of the time and hour,
I soared with bird and bee.

The golden sun sinks in the sky,
And dim grows heaven's dome;

My feet are tired, and so am I,
So I will hasten home.

Good-by, green wood! Your flowers and trees
Have formed a shady rest
And made a day of happiness
For one who loves them best.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

BY GRACE REYNOLDS DOUGLAS (AGE 9).

(*Special Silver Badge.*)

MORNING.

I WALKED in the woods in the morning,
And I saw the fairy lace
That the spiders had spun in the moonlight,
As a veil for the fairy's face;
And the dewdrops sparkled like jewels,
And the birds sang in the trees,
And the flowers held up their dainty heads,
With honey for the bees.

NOON.

I roamed in the woods at noon-time,
But the fairy lace was gone!
And the jewels that sparkled brightly
Were stolen by the sun.
The bees hummed cheerfully to the brook,
As they both went on their way;
And for the creatures of the woods
It was a happy day.

EVENING

I walked in the woods at twilight,
When all was hushed and still
But the hooting owls, and the brooklet,
And the voice of the whippoorwill.
I felt so very happy
That I could do no wrong;
For God, like the stars, was watching,
And helped me make this song.

ONE DAY AT SCHOOL.

BY AMALIA E. LAUTZ (AGE 10).

(*Special Silver Badge.*)

ONE day at school, Alice, who was sitting near a broken ventilator, began to smile. We heard a noise as if a kitten were purring, but that was all. In a few



"A WINTER EVENING." BY DOROTHY JENKS, AGE 13.

minutes we all began to smile and giggle, counting the teacher, for we heard a long-drawn "miaow."

Soon a tousled head appeared, and out of the hole in the ventilator came the sweetest little kitten we had ever seen; it frisked about, but we laughed, and it skipped back into its hole.

After that we brought it bits of our lunch, and we soon became acquainted. We had lots of fun, but I do not know what happened to it in vacation.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

BY HORATIO G. WINSLOW (AGE 17).*

In packing the baskets what ages were spent,
In getting things ready, in renting the tent!
The carryall carried us all as we went
For that day in the woods.

We found the mosquitos had gathered in force;
Poor Johnny was kicked by a wandering horse;
The baby fell down in the jelly—of course! —
That day in the woods.

The ants and the crickets got into the cake,
And "Fido" ran off with the newly cooked steak;
We saw, to our horror, the hammock-rope break —
That day in the woods.

Poor Willie fell into a bumblebees' nest;
The bees and their stings seemed to be at their best,
And they—well, there 's no use in telling the rest
Of that day in the woods.

The clouds which were threat'ning grew terribly black;
We gathered together and started off back,
With dishes and baskets and food in a stack,
From that day in the woods.

It rained and it poured and it hailed and it blew,
And we, reaching home, a most spiritless crew,
Were thankful to think we were thoroughly through
With that day in the woods.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

BY HENRY REGINALD CAREY (AGE 9).

I SAW a little rivulet
A-running down a hill;
And it was singing merrily,
As every river will.
It was nice to hear it singing
As it ran along its banks,
Where the grasshopper was springing,
With his long and slender flanks.

TWO INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

CHILDREN who attend schools where the heat is supplied from "somewhere downstairs" that they don't have to think about, will be interested in this account of a little Western boy, Volant Vashon Ballard (age 9), who tells of

A DAY AT SCHOOL AS JANITOR.

WHEN I was janitor at our little school in the hills (which looked very much like a barn) it was in winter, and the frost nearly froze my feet in the morning. I

*This author won the silver badge for prose in Competition No. 4. A member can win but one prize in six months.

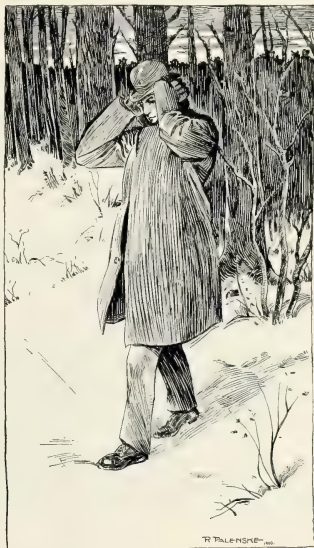
used to go to school by a short cut, along a little creek that led through the brush.

As it was so cold, the first thing to be done, on arriving, was to light the fire. It was always a bother to find the hatchet and something to split for kindling. When that was finished I got a bucket of water, and after that I had time to play.

And here is a picture of an old-time church service, which another little boy, Avriett McLean (age 8), learned about during his

ONE DAY AT SCHOOL.

THIS is Monday morning, and the ground is covered



"A WINTER EVENING." BY R. PALENSKE, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

with snow. We played in the snow as we were coming to school.

We had a nice lesson to-day about a boy being kind to one who was mean to him. And that is what heaping coals of fire means. Our teacher read us a story about colonial Sunday. In those days they did not have any church bells. They did not need any, for the people got up early. A man stood on the church steps and beat a drum. The people were ready, so they got their guns and Bibles and went to church. They were afraid of the Indians. They put the children on one side of the church. They had a tithing-man, who carried a pole with a knob on one end and a squirrel-tail on the other. If the children laughed or played, he would hit them on the head with the knob. If he caught a woman nodding, he tickled her with the other end. They were all afraid of him. Now it is half after three and school is out, so I must hurry home.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

BY CAROL J. HURD (AGE 10).

OVER the hillside we climbed, one day,
Sister and Clara and I;
The sky was blue, and the sun was gold,
And the grass was long and dry.

We ate our lunch on the highland cliff,
And we played till the sun went down.
We built a house for the fairies fair,
Of leaves and twigs that were brown.

Down the hillside we climbed that day,
Sister and Clara and I;
To the shore we fled and homeward sped,
For the whistling boat was nigh.



"A WINTER EVENING." BY ALFRED P. HANCHETT, JR., AGE 16.
(GOLD BADGE.)

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

BY MARGUERITE M. HILLERY (AGE 13).

IT was dawn; and the drops of the delicate dew
That shone on the summer flowers
Had sprinkled the grasses through and through
Like the rain of the April showers.

The rays of the sun had forced their way
Through the branches and foliage above,
And the doves that had wakened at break of day
Cooed softly their message of love.

And the bright little sparrows were wide awake
As they sang in the tree-tops high,
While the shadows they fell on the silvery lake
Like smiles of the summer sky.

So the flowers smiled and the birdies sang
At some bright little country maid,
And Apollo's chariot-horses sprang
O'er the hill on the downward grade.

And the afternoon shadows grew long and dark
'Neath the blue of the summer sky,
And even the song of the cheery lark
Had ceased at the sun's good-by.

Then the bright little stars came twinkling out
With the radiant moon, that cast
Its silvery shadows round about,
For the day in the woods had passed.

GEMS FROM YOUNG POETS.

We are going to start the "Gems" this time with our youngest contributors, and the very youngest of them this month is Nicholas Roosevelt, six years old. He has not attempted rhyme, but given us a simple, pretty picture in a few words:

One day I was in the lovely woods,
And growing around me were many trees,
And I wandered on in the lovely path
Till I came at last to the open fields.

Then we have two poets of seven. First, Ruth Eliza Pett, who tells of her walk and says:

Soon I saw a little pig,
And on his toes he danced a jig.
I then went near him, and he said,
"Good morning," and he bowed his head.
Then I said, "Good morning," too;
Piggy said, "Why, how are you?"
The pig and I went off together—
Nice and sunny was the weather.

That is very good indeed, for seven; and Kenneth G. Hamilton's first four lines are realistic and funny, too:

Far in the woods where the moss is green
Birdies are seen,
And around the stump
The frogs do jump.

The poets of eight come next, with three very good selections. Russell S. Cooney says:

There once was a clown who came to town
With a elephant, horse, and a donkey;
The elephant snored as if he were bored,
While the horse he danced and the donkey he pranced,
And that is the end of my rhyme.

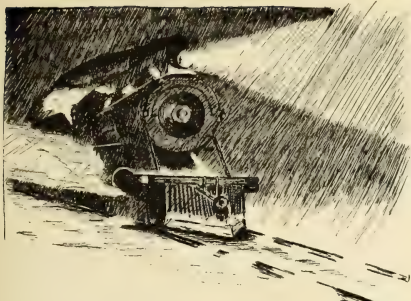
Fritz B. Gilbert has genuine poetic feeling in these lines:

At evening we walked in the silent coolness
To the house at the foot of the hill;
And there we settled and went to sleep
Hearing the sound of the mill.

And the same may be said of this little autumn picture by Phoebe Hunter:

The trees are bare and the grass is brown,
While the leaves in the wind come rustling down;
In among them I love to play,
And there I spend 'most all the day.

The green mossy carpets, nature's own gift,
Are more beautiful to me than any we have,



"A WINTER EVENING." BY STUART B. WILKINS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

sings Leon Sidney Taylor (age nine), and then come our little poets of ten. There are a good many of these, and they tell us of a variety of things. Charles Upton Pett's "Day in the Woods" we think must have been a dream after a rich picnic supper. Charles says:

I saw a hare that jumped a log,
And after him there came a dog.
The hare leaped high into the air,
And fell upon a grizzly-bear.

But Arthur Beck Hamilton has really been to the woods:

Far deep in the woods
Is a snug little dell
Where the bees do hum,
And the woodpeckers drum,
And the columbines sweetly smell.

Theodora Maud North remembers that nice things to eat and talk about have a good deal to do with a fine landscape:

Upon the grass our lunch we spread;
The oak-tree all its shadows shed.
We talked about some book we 'd read,
While on the cake and pie we fed.

Then said Daisy, very hearty,
"Come join the children's party,"

writes Olive Beverly, while Sam Smart does not forget the alarms of war. His poem is entitled "In the Woods at Tugela," and begins thus:

The English came as in a dream,
And spied a boat upon the stream;
So nice it looked and fair
That they passed across unaware,
Ne'er suspecting that behind those hills
Were men who 'd said their prayers and
signed their wills.

William U. L. Williams has a more peaceful fancy:

Josie and I went out, one day,
In the woods.
We went to see the squirrels run,
And jump about and have their fun,
In the woods.

Maude Horton Brisse is a pensive little girl, and writes well:

Can you think of anything
As pretty as a day in spring?

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As wandering till the light of day
Shall grow dim and fade away?

Elizabeth Appleton Cutler sounds a note of caution which we can remember with profit:

But every little child must hearken,
When the skies begin to darken,
To mother's voice which stops their play,
In the pleasant woods of May.

No skies darkened over Ned Ranger, who says:

We spent the day in Phelps's wood,
We and our friends together;
Each took his share of luncheon good—
And oh, what splendid weather!

And Ruby Knox adds:

Tired were we when we reached home,
Hungry as children could be,
Laden with flowers and ferns and mud,
And all of us ready for tea.

In introducing the poets of eleven we wish to say that "minutes" does not really rhyme with "limits," nor "skate" with "lake," though Karl M. Mann has found it necessary to attempt this in order to keep to his facts:

We went past the city limits,
And through the woods to the lake;
We stayed there but forty minutes,
So had little time to skate.

Elizabeth Babcock's party had a merry time:

They ran hither and thither,
And this way and that;
Three girls tore their frocks,
And a boy lost his hat.

But to Muriel Seeley belongs the honor of having the last and best "gem" of the poets of eleven this month:

The elm-tree leafless stands, the oak is bare,
The maple flings weird arms high in the air;
Things have a barren look—the grass once green is
dead,
And, as I walk about, sounds to my tread.



"A WINTER EVENING." BY NELSIE ROCKWOOD, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

But now 't is growing dark, and
so good-by,
Bare woods, and little birds that
to your shelter fly.

With the poets of twelve comes
Nina Elizabeth Prettyman, who
sounds the call "to the woods" in
a manner that most of us will echo:

We're off for a picnic, boys, oh, oh!
We'll have a jolly time, I know.
I hope ma brought the cake and
jam,
And put in plenty of eggs and ham.

Mary K. Harris regards the woods as a great school:

The roof is upheld by brown pillars,
The chairs are the bushes and trees,
The ornaments beautiful flowers,
And the teachers in work the bees.



BY HELEN HILL, AGE 16.

Robert Hammatt's heart was happy in the woods.
He tells us why:

Because I saw the trees in green,
The sky was painted blue,
The birds were singing high and sweet,
The grass was springing, too.

Fanny R. Hill says:

We played games 'mongst the green-leaved trees,
And picked the violets which one sees
In very enormous quantities.
The children played tag and hide-and-seek;
But one of the little boys did peek,
Which the children thought was ridiculous,
So they went and read the ST. NICHOLAS.

"ST. NICHOLAS" does n't quite rhyme with "ridiculous," but it's always the proper thing to turn to when matters don't go well.

There is true poetry in these lines by Amy King Everett:

Oh, little spring-beauties like stars in the grass!
Was it God who planted you there in a mass?

From the poets of thirteen we quote but two selections. Irene Ran, who saw a cat just about to leap on an inoffensive squirrel, says:

I took a stone and aimed it square,
Right at the silky skin;



BY ADDISON F. WORTHINGTON, AGE 11.
(SPECIAL SILVER BADGE.)

It flew so straight, it hit the
mark—
I'd saved the cat from sin.

The countless readers who admire the works of the late H. C. Bunner will be pleased to see that his little daughter, Nancy Bunner, also has the gift of rhyme:

Of all the seasons who can choose:
The summer with its brilliant hues,
The autumn woods in red and gold,
The winter woods so bare and cold,
Or spring in garb of tender green—
What fairer thing than woods are
seen?

Dorothea Davis (age fourteen), tells how it seems to be lost in the woods:

One day I was lost in the woods so large,
And the twilight was coming on soon.
In the brook each frog was a living barge,
That steered by the light of the moon;
And all through that beautiful night
I dreamed of the fairies around,
And I heard the jays scream and fight,
And I saw the mole building his mound.

Then we have the poets of fifteen, and the first of these, Margaret Rossell, tells of two little girls who gathered flowers for the sick:

And so the little maids
Worked through the fair spring day.
Say, children, do you know
That is the angels' way?

Harold U. Scott's picnicers stirred up a bumblebee's nest and had a lively time:

When it came out they ran and holloed,
And the bumblebee he followed.
He would sting first one and then the t' other,
And then he'd raise a yell from another.

Ida O'Connell goes to the woods to learn, and rightly:

In the woods I'd lie and listen,
'Neath a giant oak-tree curled;
There I'd learn the lore of nature
And the beauty in the world.

While Margaret R. Brown tells of the waking of the bear:

I spent a day in the woods,
And the beasts were all astir;
The bear had come from his winter den
And shed his winter fur.



BY VICTOR WHITLOCK, AGE 14.

Anne Sellack is sixteen, and her pretty lines give promise of better work to come:

Oh, naught is more fair than the woods in spring,

And naught is more sweet than its blossoms gay,

For winter and snow are passed away,

And joy and new life are in everything.

And now we will close the "gems" with an evening pic-



BY ELIZABETH S. CRAMER, AGE 11.

ture by Ina M. Ufford. Miss Ufford is seventeen, and her work is full of a promise that in this stanza is more than half-filled.

Over the sky flames the red of the sunset,

Low in the east gleams the bright evening star;

Darker and darker the shadows are growing—

Night settles down on the hilltops afar.

EXTRACTS FROM A FEW LEAGUE LETTERS.

FROM Arthur W. Kennedy, Oshawa, Ontario:

"Mother saw the announcement of your League, and told me to write for your badge. . . . Perhaps my being a Canadian will debar me, but I hope not."

No one is debarred. The League already has members in every civilized nation.

Ida Crabbe, Cossins, New South Wales, says:

"We do not get your magazine until something over a month after it has been published. I have a camera, but I could not get an autumn scene at Christmas."

Beginning with April, we have allowed the young photographers to select their own subjects, so that by this time our Australian members are able to compete.

From Dorothy Coit, Milan, Italy:

"It is delightful! I am very anxious to compete. Must the contributions reach you by the date given?"

From American members, yes. Foreign contributions mailed on or before the 20th of each month will be entered.

From Mercedes, Ysabel, and Marhita Garcia, 24 Avenue d'Eylau, Paris:

"We think it would be a most delightful thing if we could have a chapter formed in Paris. We know some little American girls who live quite close to us. We are certain they would enjoy the plan. We hope you will print this, so they may know of our intention. Their names are Ansa and Carlotta Welles."

Bertha M. M. Wheeler, Fayetteville, New York, says:

"This League seems to me the pleasantest thing the editors of ST. NICHOLAS could have thought of to bring into close relationship the world-wide family of ST. NICHOLAS readers."

Mabel Bradley, London, England, writes:

"I am very interested in your League, though I am too old to enter the competitions. I wonder if you have any other readers who were born in the same month and year in which you published the first number of your delightful magazine?"

We have a plan in mind for forming a League of the older readers of ST. NICHOLAS, with suitable competitions, but as yet it is not fully developed.

From Scotland, Madeleine J. Neil writes:

"We have taken ST. NICHOLAS for eighteen years, and that is since before I was born."

And from Belgium writes Louise Sloet van Oldruitenborgh. We wonder how many young Americans there are who can write her language as well as she can write ours.

"DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken in your lovely magazine for the last three months. As I am a Belgium girl, I cannot write English like your girls. Please do excuse my faults. I will tell you about 'Marken Island.' It is a little place in Holland. Women are dressed very funny. They have two big curls, which fell on their shoulder. Their dresses are made with many different colours. They like very much to have their photo taken. Their houses are very little, and they are made like very old ones. In all Holland there are many different places where people are so funny dressed! It is now very cold here, and we are able to skate. Don't you think skating is lovely? Could I be a member of St. Nicholas League, and do the competition? I play piano and violin. I like very much music. I am now 13 years old. Now good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

"Yours faithful reader,

"LOUISE SLOET VAN OLDRUITENBORGH."



BY DONALD B. PRATIER, AGE 9.



BY HELEN PAULINE CROLL, AGE 14.



BY EGBERT C. VAN DER VEEN, AGE 14.

Other enjoyable letters have been received from Elizabeth V. Doub, Bertha Kyman, Sidney H. Kirshner, Ruth Gamble, Emory W. Thurston, Gladys Bumford, Risa Lowie, Nellie Boyer, E. Bunting Moore, Lucy and Mary Bastien, Margaret P. Wotkins, Grace Burbank, Alice Pearson, Mae Geary, and Agnes Sherlock of the Buffalo public schools. Miss Sherlock says:

"As one of Buffalo's public-school teachers, I have become much interested in the St. Nicholas League. I should be pleased to receive the leaflet and badge and become a member. The St. NICHOLAS has proved a great benefit in nature-study work in our school."

CHAPTERS.

No. 50. Philip P. Cole, President; Herman R. Ballow, Secretary; five members. Address, 979 Middle Street, Bath, Maine.

No. 51. Florence Smith, President; Margaret Marshall, Secretary; nine members. Address, 630 McLellan Street, Wausau, Wisconsin.

No. 52. Frances Skinner, President; Charles Rynd, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Box 282, Westfield, Chautauqua County, New York.

No. 53. Faraday Bernhard, President; John R. Berryman, Jr., Secretary; seven members. Address, 407 Wisconsin Avenue, Madison, Wisconsin.

No. 54. Carl Schuster, President; Willie Hall, Secretary; five members. Address, Richelieu Hotel, West Superior, Wisconsin.

No. 55. Ethel Dean, President; Helen A. Crosby, Secretary; ten members. Address, 1213 Charles Street, St. Joseph, Missouri.

No. 56. Jessie Woolworth, President; Edyth Rickhardt, Secretary; eight members. Address, 1042 Madison Avenue, New York City.

No. 57. The "Lawton." William Collins, President; Lawrence Winters, Secretary; twenty-eight members. Address, 2250 First Avenue, New York City.

No. 58. Lydia Littell, President; Elsie Bardwell, Secretary; six members. Address, Yunkhannock, Wyoming County, Pennsylvania.

No. 59. Eleanor Crawford, President; Lorraine Roosevelt, Secretary; eleven members. Address, Eden Hotel, Rome, Italy.

No. 60. Nine members. Address, Lynxville, Wisconsin.

No. 61. Mrs. Hall, President; Bella Holden, Secretary; seven members. Address, Richelieu Hotel, West Superior, Wisconsin.

No. 62. Minnie Van Campen, President; Carroll Daniels, Secretary; eighty-two members. Address, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

No. 63. Charley Stone, President; Mildred Yale Allen, Secretary; twenty-five members. Address, 27 Summer Street, Taunton, Massachusetts.

No. 64. Grace Phelps, President; Mamie Hutton, Secretary; seven members. Address, Malvern, Chester County, Pennsylvania.

No. 65. The "William Penn." Howard P. Rocky, President; George B. Clay, Secretary; nine members. Address, 1320 Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No. 66. Mrs. C. L. Mann, President; Carl L. Mann, Secretary; seven members. Address, 124 Farwell Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

No. 67. Clara Hukill, President; Margaret Lay, Secretary; ten members. Address, 216 Reed Street, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

Eighteen chapters this month — six of them in Wisconsin. Many of the older chapters report increase of membership and good times. Most chapters collect small dues for current expenses, such as stationery, books, etc. Chapters in different parts of the world might correspond with one another, and derive pleasure and benefit from letters thus interchanged.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

LEAGUE members who are interested in the scientific reasons of the many curious little facts of every-day life, and in how things grow, should give special attention to our Nature and Science department. League chapters especially would do well to make this a part of their regular reading, and when going into the woods they will find it most delightful to collect specimens for study and classification. Mysteries that they cannot solve may be sent to the Nature and Science editor as directed in that department.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, either wholly or in part, has yet been found worthy of honorable mention.

POEMS.

Mollie C. Finegan
Ethel Robinson
Sarah Sansom Wilson
Risa Lowie
Helen J. Ripley
Marietta Greenfield
Grace Graef
Eleanor McCall Swift
Geraldine McGinnis

Althea Warren
Flora H. Towne
Arthur Meyer
Louise Jenkins
Ethel Kavin
Lucy White
Eleanor Hollis Murdock
Anna Clayton Frazer
Josephine Scott



WINTER EVENING

BY G. HOBBS, AGE 16.



BY ADDISON G. BROOKS, AGE 14.

Julia Robey
Clara J. Groth
Alice Knowles Spaulding
Margaret R. Brown
Doris Francklyn
Eleanor H. Adler
Hattie Wolf
Eleanor Shaw
Nellie Boyer
Alice C. J. Mills
James W. Capple

Florence Adams White
Elizabeth Campbell
Helen Dudley
Ann Drew
Frances B. Howland
R. G. Clemens
Elinor Hook
Margaret Hendrie
A. W. Kennedy
Helen Burrell Miller
Elizabeth C. Barrett

H. Orion Vance
Dorothy Burnet
Arnold Lahee
Richard Newhall
Charles Townsend Miller
Helen Geary
Katherine A. Schweinfurth
Lillian Brooks
Doris Tunbridge
Helen Maxwell
F. G. Baldwin
Katherine Duncan Upham
Fannie E. Way
Charlotte S. Woodford
Fred Carter
Katherine E. Foote
Donald Cole
Theodora Shaw
Sarah L. Wadley
Janette Bishop
Donald McMurray
De Alton Vanentine
D. Murray Worthington
Ruth Osgood
Melton R. Owen
Anna Sellers
Rachel Marie Hele Phipps
Martha Weightman
Dean Babcock
Nicholas Cuyler Blecker
Kirtley Bowen Lewis
Austin Russell
George D. Smith

PROSE.

Irving Babcock
Helen E. Hall
Katherine Pope
Janet Golden
Eloise Rigley
Frances Spaulding
Elford Eddy
Geva Rideal
Ruth Elliot
Bernice J. Butler
Louise Eleanor Sampson
Carlos Mishler
John Jeffries
Marion F. Bettis
Mignonette Lincoln
Katharine J. Pattangall
Florence Townsend
Irene Kavin
Oleta Agnes Kellogg
Dorothy Ellen Siebs
Dorothy Calman

Katrina Page Brown
Maude R. Kraus
Charlotte Morse Hodge
Philip Jackson Carpenter
Henry Ten Eyck Perry
Margaret G. Blaine
Louisa Hodge
Russell S. Reynolds
Thomas Greenleaf Blakeman
Elsie Steinheimer
Helen Ruff
Gertrude Helen Schirmer
Helene Marie Boas
Bessie Lewis
Mabel Gant
Henrietta Jacob
Margaret Stevens
Lee Douglas
Dorothy Morris
Dorothy Annis Conner
Marjorie Clare
Ruggles

Louise Ruggles

DRAWINGS.

Isadore Douglas
Clare Currier
Fred Donseif
May B. Cooke
Margaret E. Conklin

Rosine Raoul
Doris Chittenden
James McKell
Ina Cerimboli
Edward C. Day

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Robert Allis Hardy (blue)
Frederic C. Smith
Howard Morris
Andrew Ortmayer
Philip Greeley Clapp
Hamilton M. Brush
Marguerite Jackson
R. F. White
George H. Stewart, Jr.

PUZZLES.

S. Deane Arnold
Ruth Perkins Vickery
Mary B. Camp
Will O. Jelleme
Fred Greenleaf
Mary G. Osborne
Madeleine Dickie
Marie Hammond
B. L. Dolbear
Bessie Greene
Edyth Pickhardt
E. Poston
Irving Saul
Mary Vosburg
Muriel Mersereau
Anna McCandlish
Laura Willard Platt
Bessie Talford
John Shepard
Katchen T. Geist
Cynthia Wesson
Bessie Cowen

The prize puzzles and others selected for publication, as well as the list of puzzle-answers, will be found in the regular Riddle-box.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 8.

Prize Competition No. 8 will close on May 22. The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in *ST. NICHOLAS* for August.

POEM. Not to contain over twenty-four lines, and to relate in some manner to vacation, or the vacation season.

PROSE. Not to contain over four hundred words, and to relate some incident, accident, or adventure on or by the water (river, lake, pond, brook, or sea).

DRAWING. In India or very black writing-ink, and only on white paper. The subject to be selected by the artist.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints. Photographers to select their own subjects.

PUZZLE. Any sort, but the more original in form and method, the better.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to the puzzles in this number of *ST. NICHOLAS*.

Gold and silver badges will also be awarded best illustrated stories and poems, as follows:

ILLUSTRATED POEM. Not to contain over twenty-four lines, and illustrated with not more than three drawings or photographs by the author, who may select subject.

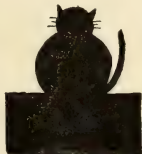
ILLUSTRATED STORY OR ARTICLE. Not to contain over four hundred words, and illustrated with not more than three drawings or photographs by the author, who is also to select the subject.

WILD ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun.

For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, the League gold badge.

Remember, every contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square, New York City.



BY ELIZABETH COOLIDGE,
AGE 10.

THE LETTER-BOX.

IN reply to an inquiry whether the story of "A Little American Girl at Court" was true, the author sent this explanation:

One day we were in the organ-loft of an old German cathedral. Our friend the organist was seated before the instrument, drawing forth wonderful harmonies from the worn old keys, when some one asked him to let us hear the organ in its fullest strength. He replied that the tones would be almost deafening where we then stood, and conducted us to the opposite end of the church, where he unlocked a door, and ushered us into the King's *Loge*—the space set apart for the royal family when they attend church service.

While seated there I discovered at the back of the box a doorway, which opened, I knew, into a covered bridge leading above the street to the adjoining palace; and it occurred to me that if one might pass this door, it would be a simple matter to cross the covered way, and, if fortune favored, enter the palace, perhaps even coming unawares upon his Majesty himself.

No sooner had this idea entered my mind than a little maiden of my fancy caught at the suggestion, and became the heroine of the story as written.

WE have received several letters addressed to Miss Joyce Sheldon, but we have not her street address. Will she kindly send it to the editor?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to write and tell you about a kindersymphonie we had last summer. There were fourteen boys and girls in all, and we all had different instruments to play on. The name of the symphony was "The Sleigh-ride." I had to open the concert by playing a bugle-call upon the trumpet, which is a very bad thing to play on, as if you get laughing it is simply impossible to blow. When we all got fairly started it was really quite effective, as there were so many different sounds: the piano, the trumpet, the bells, the zobo, the drum, the castanets, and many others. In the middle of it a boy and myself played the zobo, which is very hard to keep in tune. After the symphony a great many boys and girls played both duets and single pieces upon the piano, after which we had cake, ice-cream, and lemonade. Taking it altogether it was really quite a success. I enjoy so much reading your magazine, but I do not think that last month it was quite as good as it usually is. Hoping to see this printed in the Letter-box next month,

Very truly yours,

ARABELLA SMITH.

ADANA, TURKEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl living in Turkey. My father is a missionary here. We used to live in Erzerum, but were moved to Adana, and have only been here two or three weeks.

My brother and I have been taking you for a year and a half. The first copy reached us on my birthday. My uncle, Mr. Talcott Williams of Philadelphia, sends you to us. Our favorite stories are "Denise and Ned Toodles" and "The Story of Betty."

As it is only two or three days from here to Smyrna, mama and papa have sent my brother Talcott to be educated at an American boarding-school there.

The streets here are very narrow and dirty. The other day, as we were driving down to the station, we met some buffalo-carts right in the road, so we had to turn and go another way; but there also we met one, and so had to wait till they unloaded it and moved it out of the way; again we drove on till we saw a string of them ahead of us, so we turned another way. After that we saw no more, and reached the station in time.

As it is very hot here the people sleep on the roofs in a kind of roughly made wooden bedstead with four poles at each corner, around which some of them draw a curtain. It is so funny to go up on the roof and see all these bedstead-like things on every roof. And in the morning, when you look out of the window, you can see everybody getting up.

Yours truly,

KATE E. CHAMBERS.

Milton Lionel Dymoke writes from Scranton, Pennsylvania, that he is a descendant of the Dymokes, hereditary "Royal Champions" of England, told about in the March number. He says "Scrivelsby" is the correct spelling of the manor, and that the correct name of the present champion is "Francis Scaman Dymoke." The ancestor of the American family is Thomas Dymoke, who came from Barnstable, England, about 1630. We thank our young "champion," and appoint him "Loyal Champion of the United States."

Ida Louise Schmidt corrects Mr. E. S. Brooks's statement that Cromwell has no statue in England, and asserts that there is one in Manchester. Will some of our Manchester readers tell us about it?

Miles B. Hutson writes about the spring flowers in Texas, and, though his letter was dated in February, incloses a number of those in bloom.

Eleanor Girouard writes from Ottawa that she has a brother fighting in the South African war; Lucy M. Garrett says that when she was a baby Miss L. M. Alcott, a friend of her mother's, has held her in her arms; Marguerite Beatrice begs for "some rousing boys' stories," and would like to write letters to Joyce Sheldon; an excellent descriptive letter comes from Harry Pablo Jermison—as nearly as we can decipher his name; E. F. Hitchcock has a clever cat; Gordon S. M—describes a miniature theater made by himself; Dorothea Potter writes of her pets; Alexander Dubin, "a beginner of everything," sends an answer to a puzzle; Cora and Nora Beville, English girls, describe a visit to Avranches, Normandy; Roy Sampson relates his trip on Lake Erie; Catharine B. Hooper says she cannot "guess what boys and girls did when there was no ST. NICHOLAS." But space is limited, and we can only say "thank you" to these whose names follow:

Ruth, Mabel, and Julia Worthington, Dick Kerley, Ida W. Lentillon, Julia M., Marie Sellers, Winifred Rogers, Katharine Egan, Adah Marks, Charlotte Toolzain, Frances Lebas, Ruth E. Jones, E. L. Miller, Marion Schreiber, Dorothy Ridgeley, Adele Mitchell, Margaret and Helen Perry, Ruth Rinehart, Henrica Wallace, Harry H. Acheson, Thomas H. Kelly, Leila Kerr, Mamie Moore, Geraldine Hopkins, Edna Bennett, Katherine Chapin, John Schmidt, Dorothy Enger, Harriette Chapman, Herbert Bailey, Mabelle Case, Charlotte Whitney, Evelyn Wilson, M. F. O., Alan McDonald, Hans Froelicher, Muriel D., Richard Carter, Gwendolyn Wickersham, Helen Carter.

THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

ABBREVIATIONS AND ACROSTIC. Primals, Huli; centrals, anon; finals, gowk. 1. Change. 2. Junior. 3. Allows. 4. Tinker.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

NOVEL DIAGONAL. Centrals, Touchstone. **CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Chest. 2. Negro. 3. Croup. 4. Dutch. 5. Ashen. 6. Essay. 7. Atoll. 8. Dogma. 9. Never. 10. Elite.

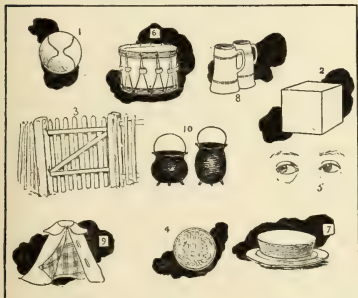
A CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. "Yorick" and "Hamlet." 1. Maybe. 2. Aroma. 3. Verse. 4. Olive. 5. Raced. 6. Maker. 7. Other. 8. Heart. 9. Comet. 10. Talon. 11. Shear. 12. Hotel.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Joe Carlada—Marjorie and Caspar—"The Sisters Twain"—Paul Reese—Edith L. Lauer—"The Thayer Co.—Florence Goldman—Peggy and I—"Alli and Adi"—"Jack-in-the-box"—Hildegard G.—Kathrine Forbes Liddell—Agnes Kennard—Barbara Eleanor Smythe—Eleanor Felton.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Florence and Edna, 5—No name, Phila., 5—Mary J. and Emily F. Mapes, 4—G. L., 1—Helen Stroud, 5—Muggrave Hyde, 8—Mary Learned Palmer, 8—William and Ernest, 8—Louise Robinson, 1—William Floyd Crosby, 3—C. James, 6—L. D., 6—William Finlaw Leary, 7—Marguerite Fellows, 3—Marguerite Sturdy, 7—Bertha W. and Joseph T. Steinacker, 7—C. A. A., 6—Sarah Brace Coe, 1—Marion and Julia Thomas, 8—Mary Lester Brigham, 7—Franklin Ely Rogers and "Kia," 4—A. E. Wigram, 7—Philip Beebe, 8.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG.



ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other in the order numbered, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will name something suggestive of spring.

JESSIE DAY (League Member).

AMPUTATIONS.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, each word may be beheaded and curtailed and a word will remain. Example: g-rap-e. When the following amputations have been rightly guessed, a four-line verse will be formed.

1. Amputate a bandage, and leave a very common article. 2. Amputate a faction, and leave skill. 3. Amputate a paper toy, and leave a pronoun. 4. Amputate to desire, and leave a common verb. 5. Amputate to cease, and leave a common preposition. 6.

FLORAL CROSS. Centrals, Easter Festival. **CROSS-WORDS.** 1. Stems. 2. Agave. 3. Cockscorn. 4. Heartsease. 5. Goldenrod. 6. April. 7. Tufts. 8. Green. 9. Roses. 10. Aster. 11. Spine. 12. River. 13. Carnation. 14. Sunflower.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Scarfs. 2. Camera. 3. Amused. 4. Rested. 5. Freeze. 6. Sadden. II. 1. Stress. 2. Trench. 3. Rector. 4. Entire. 5. Scored. 6. Shreds.

RHYMED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Trinculo; finals, Tarleton. **CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Tempest. 2. Regalia. 3. Integer. 4. Neutral. 5. Caviare. 6. Unquiet. 7. Livorno. 8. Ottoman.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Clay. 1. Crown. 2. Lamp. 3. Anchor. 4. Yak.—**CHARADE.** Benefits.

Amputate a strong thread, and leave to gain. 7. Amputate not the same, and leave an article. 8. Amputate a select company, and leave skill. 9. Amputate to seek in marriage, and leave a pronoun. 10. Amputate mocks, and leave intellect. 11. Amputate to hinder, and leave a preposition. 12. Amputate melts, and leave to employ. 13. Amputate a small shrill pipe, and leave in that case. 14. Amputate frightens, and leave caution. 15. Amputate fills with reverence, and leave a pronoun. 16. Amputate bars for raising great weights, and leave always. 17. Amputate strong posts, and leave to procure. 18. Amputate is indebted, and leave a pronoun. 19. Amputate ciphers, and leave should. 20. Amputate tangles, and leave a word of refusal. 21. Amputate renders pliable, and leave frequently. 22. Amputate terminates, and leave to waste.

ADDIE S. COLLOM.

CHARADE.

My first my father says, I wis,
Should be pronounced to rhyme with "kiss";
But modern teachers have a trick
Of making it to rhyme with "stick."
My second is pronounced with ease,
And is a vowel found in "please."
My third and last I love to do
When peaceful lies the lake so blue.
Oh, had my whole ne'er lived, he had
(Poor weary "juniors") been right glad!

R. W. L.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, two rows of letters, reading downward, will name two spring flowers.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. One versed in the cabala. 2. Ditches. 3. To send abroad. 4. Increases. 5. One who is legally appointed by another to transact any business for him. 6. Drollest. 7. Concurred.

CARROLL R. HARDING (League Member).



OWNED BY THE EARL SPENCER, K.G., ALTHORP PARK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAVURE, BY PERMISSION OF CARL GLUCKMANN, NEW YORK.

THE LITTLE UNKNOWN: STUDY OF A BOY, BY REMBRANDT.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVII.

JUNE, 1900.

No. 8.

THE LITTLE UNKNOWN.

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON.

SERIOUS-MINDED men have tried in vain to discover who this little fellow in the picture might be. They have looked at him, then taken off their spectacles, polished them, and looked again. They have not only studied the picture itself, but have ransacked old records, musty papers, and even read whole histories in order to give this bright-faced boy a name. And yet he remains a mystery — an Unknown.

All we are told is that he was painted by the great Dutch master, Rembrandt, somewhere about 1655, the very year, perhaps, in which he pictured his own son Titus, whose portrait was lately shown in ST. NICHOLAS. But this boy is younger than Titus, and, judging by his velvet cap with its red feather and white, his rich cloak and soft gray suit, he may well have belonged to some noble or even royal family.

Such was indeed the thought during a long time, and, until lately, he was called young William the Third, of Orange. Yet this was a mistake, for though the wiseheads cannot tell us who he is, they can tell us who he is not, and that is something. While the picture is not unlike certain portraits we have of the boy Prince of Orange, we know that Rembrandt never painted any grand folk. The great man was at this time poor, obscure, and badgered by creditors and bailiffs, and would hardly have been asked to paint the portrait of a child whose mother was a proud king's daughter, and whose grand-

mother also was a very haughty woman, named Amalia van Solms. Then, too, there is no sign nor token about the picture to prove that the boy was of high estate. He seems just a joyous creature who looks around, half in surprise, while he holds in one hand a toy — a punchinello, perhaps.

Prince or little townsman, he is a radiant vision, all silver and scarlet, put upon the canvas, it may be, in a single afternoon, at the big house in Jodenbreestraat, there in Amsterdam, when things were beginning to be so bitter and to look so black. The picture is unfinished, so perhaps the painter laid aside his palette and brushes to go below and haggle with money-lenders or gruff court's officers. Yet it is none the less the most delightful of all the master's works, the sweetest, the frankest. Indeed, nothing in art has ever quite equaled the silver-and-scarlet sheen of this chance picture, the beauty of the boy's beaming face, blond curls, and lips parted as though he would speak or laugh.

Perhaps, after all, this is not the portrait of a particular boy. It may have been intended for something better and finer than a mere likeness. However that may be, it seems a sort of picture of any child — a symbol of childhood. In it we surely see the wonder and the wistfulness of all those little ones, boys or girls, who stand so timidly on the threshold of life.

THE HOUSE-BOAT ON THE SANDS.

BY WILLIAM P. RICHARDSON.

IF the readers of ST. NICHOLAS who live far away from the ocean could have made a winter's trip to the sea-shore, on November 26 and 27, 1898, at almost any point on the New England coast, they would have witnessed the most terrible storm which has visited that region for at least a half-century.

The scene was indescribable. The wind blew a hurricane; blinding, driving snow obscured everything; the sea, having risen to a great height, sweeping over the beaches, flooded all low lands; while the waves, breaking on the shore

small craft to large passenger ocean steamers, were destroyed, and to the present day the list of victims of the storm has never been accurately made up.

For many months after, at various points alongshore, masts of sunken unknown vessels could be seen above water, each marking the spot where some unlucky craft had gone to the bottom with all her crew.

Although the entire coast-line of the New England States was affected by the storm, the most serious damage and loss was experienced



"HOUSES WERE OVERTURNED AND CARRIED FAR FROM THEIR ORIGINAL PLACES." (SEE PAGE 670.)

with a roaring and crashing that rivaled the explosion of heavy artillery, combined to make the scene grand and terrible and one to be long remembered.

Not since the storm of 1851, when Minot's Light, one of the most noted lighthouses on our coasts, was destroyed, has any storm approached this one in severity. Coming without warning as it did, the storm of 1898 caught a large number of coasting-vessels in situations of great danger, and the consequent destruction of marine property and loss of life were appalling.

Nearly two hundred vessels of all kinds, from

on the Massachusetts coast, from the extreme end of Cape Cod, that long, narrow line of land which extends for many miles far out into the ocean, to a point about a hundred miles north of Boston.

On the night the storm began, the large ocean steamer "Portland," the regular passenger-boat plying between Boston and Portland, Maine, left her dock in Boston, bound for the eastern city, and having on board about a hundred and fifty passengers. When the ship had passed out into open water it encountered the terrible sea, which was running mast-high,



THE WRECK OF THE PILOT-BOAT "COLUMBIA."

and undoubtedly soon after foundered and went to the bottom of the bay with her passengers and crew—just where no one knows. Some little wreckage and a few bodies drifted up on the

sands of Cape Cod were all that told the world the sad story of the missing steamer.

The long ocean-front was lined with wrecked and battered vessels, some being wrecked with-



THE PILOT-BOAT AS TRANSFORMED INTO THE HOUSE-BOAT ON THE SANDS.

out loss of life, while others suffered the loss of a part or the whole of their crews.

The damage to property on land along this same stretch of country amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Little villages along the shore and widely known summer resorts

Almost every house along the beach suffered more or less; the huge "roller-coaster" was torn down and destroyed in the twinkling of an eye; houses were overturned and carried far from their original resting-places; and the whole beach had such a wrecked appearance the day



THE MARINE FIREPLACE IN THE HOUSE-BOAT.

alike caught the full force of the storm, for the sea rose high enough to flood places never known to have been reached before and thought to be well above any possible high-water mark. Many beaches were practically ruined and the features of the country materially changed in numerous places.

The beach at Nantasket was turned upside down and damaged almost beyond repair.

after the storm that it seemed an impossibility that the popular resort could ever be restored.

Miles of railroad tracks running along the shore were washed away, telegraph and telephone poles were leveled to the ground, and for several days many places were cut off from communication with even the nearer towns.

Many sad evidences of the storm still remain. One of these, the subject of our illustrations,

lies on the beach in the little village of Scituate, Massachusetts, just where the mountainous seas left it on that fateful Sunday morning. This wreck was once the pride of the Boston pilots,

inbound ships, leaving the pilot-boat herself in charge of a crew of five of the most skilful seamen who sailed the seas.

Skill and seamanship, however, could avail



A BEDROOM IN THE HOUSE-BOAT.

those brave and hardy sailors who daily hazard their lives on the ocean in order to bring others into safe harbors.

"Pilot-boat No. 2," known as the "Columbia," was as stanch a craft as ever braved an ocean's storm, built for the service in which she was engaged—a noble boat which had weathered many a gale and come through in safety. When the storm commenced the boat was well out in the bay, homeward bound; the entire staff of pilots had one by one been put on board

little in such a hurricane. It is supposed that the boat-keeper, finding they were getting into shoal water, dropped both anchors, thinking he could safely ride out the storm.

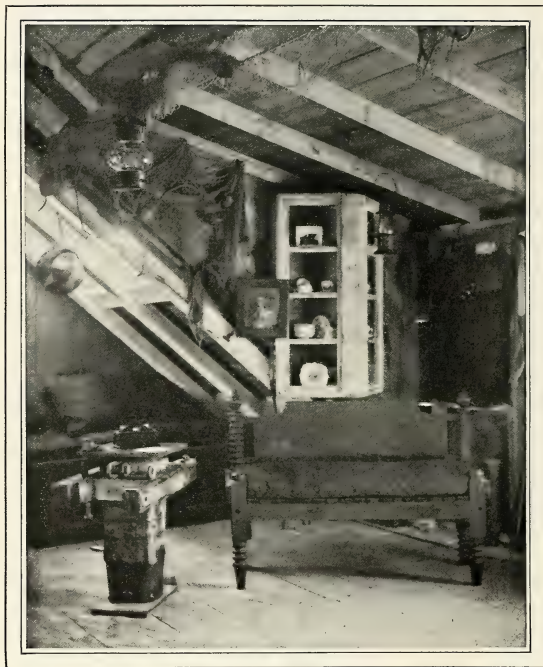
The terrific power of the waves parted both anchor-chains, and the boat was swept to destruction, and the five brave sailors to their death.

The craft was wrecked among a cluster of summer residences, and when thrown up by the sea the wreck must have struck three cottages.

When found, the boat rested among the remains of one house, a second had disappeared, — evidently washed away by the huge rollers which swept over the beach, — and a third was badly wrecked and had been moved quite a little distance from the site where it formerly stood.

its rail level with the beach sand, and its keel pointing off to sea. A floor was laid the full length, and the hull was then divided into three spacious rooms.

On entering by the door on the inshore side, a huge fireplace is the first feature that greets



IN THE ATTIC OF THE WRECK.

The stranded vessel was bought by Mr. Otis Barker, a resident of the village, who is quite a collector of curios. He had the idea of converting the wreck into a beach-house; and he succeeded so admirably that during the past summer it was the objective point of interest to all the visitors to the shore, hundreds visiting the novel house-boat. In the transformation the present owner spent much money.

The vessel's hull lay on its broadside, with

the eye. This is artistically designed, and built from beach rocks — as is the chimney which protrudes above the deck.

The mantelpiece, nine feet long, is an immense white-oak beam, which was one of the boat's bitts; a large crane hangs over the fire, and the andirons are fashioned from two boat's-anchors. Altogether, the fireplace and its fixtures is a ponderous affair.

The living-room, twenty-six by sixteen feet,

is furnished with fittings suggestive of the sea: a lobster-pot hangs on the wall as a paper-rack, and nets, harpoons, and other fishing-gear are seen here and there; a table has been made from one of the vessel's hatch-covers, and another from the craft's foretop; several seats have been sawed from sections of masts, and one seat is contrived from a section of whale's backbone, with legs made of oars.

Mementos from some ancient wrecks are here also. We noticed especially the quarter-board of the ship "Forest Queen," an East Indian trading-ship wrecked on the beach a few miles away some fifty years ago, and the figurehead of the ship "Cordelia," wrecked near here in 1811. Another relic sure to attract the eye is the rudder of Daniel Webster's yacht "Lapwing."

The other two rooms in the house-boat are fitted for sleeping-rooms.

A part of the cottage on which the wreck rested was repaired, and, being moved back a few feet, it makes an excellent kitchen or dining-room for parties who lodge in the novel house.

A long platform, erected over the boat, looks very much like the bridge of an ocean steamer; seats run along its length, and it is an ideal spot from which to view the ocean, giving an unobstructed view of the whole bay. Minot's Light rises from the ocean five miles away.

To protect this relic of the storm of 1898 from destruction during the winter, a break-water or bulkhead has been built on the ocean side, and it is expected that the wreck will be preserved for many years to come.



THREE SHIPS.

THREE ships there be a-sailing
Betwixt the sea and sky;
And one is Now, and one is Then,
And one is By and By.

The first little ship is all for you—
Its masts are gold, its sails are blue,
And this is the cargo it brings:
Joyful days with sunlight glowing,
Nights where dreams like stars are growing.
Take them, sweet, or they'll be going,
For they every one have wings.

The second ship it is all for me—
A-sailing on a misty sea

And out across the twilight gray.
What it brought of gift and blessing
Would not stay for my caressing,
Was too dear for my possessing,
So it sails and sails away.

The last ship, riding fair and high
Upon the sea, is By and By.
O Wind, be kind and gently blow!
Not too swiftly hasten hither.
When she turns, sweet, you'll go with
her—

Sailing, floating, hither, thither—
To what port I may not know.

Harriet F. Blodgett.

THE RISE OF SHARKSFIN.

BY SIDFORD F. HAMP.



WE were assembled in the "cubby-hole" one bright October evening, Bob and I and "The Bishop." Bob was busy screwing little screws into the lock of a rifle; I was standing opposite, with my elbows on the greasy old table, watching him; while the Bishop sat bolt upright on the floor, solemnly superintending the operation.

The cubby-hole had been, originally, a chicken-house, as any fastidious person would see the moment he put his head inside it; but, of course, a trifle like that did not trouble us two boys. It was Bob's own particular sanctum, where he was at liberty to make as much mess as ever he liked, and he evidently liked a good deal, to judge from the accumulation of "treasures" with which the place was littered.

We had a great design on foot—no less than a hunting-trip, all by ourselves, into the mountains at the back of the Sharksfen.

But, before I go any further, I must explain who I am, and who Bob is, not forgetting our very good friend the Bishop, and how it happened that we three came to be assembled in the cubby-hole that evening.

To begin with myself,—which may not be polite, but happens to be convenient,—my name is Harry Maynard, and my father is, or rather was at that time, a mining engineer in Pittsburg.

In that grimy city I had spent all the fourteen years of my existence, when, two months before the opening of this story, I had received an invitation from my uncle, Steven Markham, Bob's father, to come out and spend a year with them on the ranch. Naturally I had jumped at the chance—he would be a strange boy, I think, who would not jump

at the chance—of exchanging the smoky streets of Pittsburg for the brilliant air and glorious sunshine of the Colorado mountains.

Within a week of receiving my invitation I was flying through the Rockies behind a little narrow-gage engine, and wondering whether the engineer were not crazy to run at such a reckless pace through such a very crooked country. First we would rush into a great crevice in the earth, so deep and narrow that the rays of the sun seldom pierced to the bottom of it; then we would "flip" around a corner and come out upon a little level stretch of ground, catching a brief glimpse of a log cabin, a small potato-patch, and a tow-headed boy sitting on a gate; and then, with a warning toot, we would dive into a tunnel, and before we had had time to cough the smoke out of our lungs we would be out again at the other end, slowing up at a wayside station. There we would wait two or three minutes, while the squat little engine panted and puffed, trying to get its breath again, and then, with a clang-clang of the bell, off we would start once more, to go through the whole performance over again.

I am not likely to forget that journey, or the ten-mile drive in the dark with Uncle Steve from the railroad to the ranch, or, still less, the hearty welcome I received when I arrived. It is enough to say that I immediately became one of the family, and was made to feel that I "belonged there."

The first two months of my stay on the ranch were devoted to the objects of learning the ways of the country and getting fat—both very congenial occupations, and both carried out under the able supervision of Cousin Bob.

Bob was a little older than myself, and about half as big again. He was as strong as a pony, a capital shot, and an excellent rider.

He did not know much about books, certainly, but he was well up in all matters pertaining to ranch management, and was very well able to take care of himself.

With Bob for a mentor I made acquaintance with the mysteries of ranch life—cow-punching, horse-breaking, irrigating, and a thousand other things. I became a very respectable shot with a rifle, and could hit a prairie-dog at a hundred yards about twice out of three shots—and I tell you that is good shooting, for a prairie-dog at a hundred yards is a very small target.

In all our excursions about the ranch—and they were many—we were invariably accompanied by the Bishop. The Bishop, of course, was a dog, a very large dog,—I think he was meant for a mastiff,—and he belonged exclusively to Bob. His remarkably solemn and dignified demeanor had earned for him the title of "The Bishop," though that was usually abbreviated to "Bish," and wherever Bob went his episcopal satellite went too.

The ranch itself was situated at the head of the San Pedro valley, on the tongue of land formed by the San Pedro and Sharksfín creeks. At the back of the house, sheltering it from the north winds, was a long, high, precipitous ridge, ending with a sharp-pointed mountain, more than two thousand feet high, which, from its peculiar shape, was called the "Sharksfin." Behind this, again, was a wild, rough country, mostly covered with spruce- and pine-trees, and much cut up by streams, but having occasional park-like stretches of grass-land, and now and then a patch of meadow where the beavers had dammed the creeks and backed the water up. It was in this wild region that we intended to make our hunting-trip.

Our preparations were about completed. The two rifles and the shot-gun were cleaned and oiled; the two-wheeled dump-cart was loaded with blankets, provisions, and utensils; old "Sandy," the mule, had been caught up out of the pasture, and was now standing in the stable, enjoying the unusual luxury of a feed of oats; and everything was ready for an early start the following day.

Accordingly, long before sunrise next morning, we fed and harnessed old Sandy, ran the

cart, already loaded, out of the shed, and having fortified ourselves with a hearty breakfast, "hitched up" and started, amid the acclamations of the family.

Our first half-mile, being downhill, was done at a smart trot, with old Bish going on before, tail erect, and evidently feeling very proud of himself at being the leader of such a stylish turnout; but when we struck the creek and, turning to the right, began following it up, our pace was reduced to a walk, and so continued all the rest of the day.

Just as the sun rose, flooding the whole valley with light, we entered the gloomy portals of the Sharksfín Cañon.

The sudden change from the bright sunlight of the valley to the chill and darkness of the cañon had rather a depressing effect upon me at first, but it did not seem to trouble Bob in the least. He sat on the top of the "grub-box," cheerfully whistling "John Brown's Body,"—though the jolting of the cart rendered it rather a gusty and disjointed performance,—and apparently feeling perfectly well satisfied with himself as well as with all about him.

He was always a cheerful fellow, though, ever ready to laugh if you gave him the least excuse, and never seeming to be "put out," no matter how uncomfortable and unexpected his surrounding circumstances might be. Under his genial influence I soon recovered my spirits, and we jogged contentedly along over the so-called road—it was merely a wood-road, made for hauling fence-poles and firewood down to the ranch—until we emerged from the cañon at its upper end and came out into a little open valley. At this point we turned off to the right once more, and, leaving the road, struck off into the hills that led up to the back of the Sharksfín. About five o'clock we climbed out of the narrow gully we had been ascending, and found ourselves on a little grassy plateau of four or five acres, tucked away between two great ribs of rock at the very foot of the Sharksfín.

This was the spot that Bob had been making for all day, and here we prepared to camp. It was an ideal camping-place—well sheltered, plenty of grass for the mule, an unlimited

supply of fire-wood, and a tinkling stream of ice-cold water right at our very feet. We at once went to work to make our camp. Having unharnessed old Sandy and turned him loose, knowing from experience that he would not wander far away, I started the fire and put the coffee-pot on to boil, while Bob cut a lot of pine-boughs to spread the blankets on, and proceeded to make the beds while there was still daylight—which it is always advisable to do, if you can; otherwise you may find three or four pine-cones or an ants' nest under your blankets.

We had a glorious supper of beefsteak and coffee, and very soon after dark went to bed, thoroughly tired. The crackling of the camp-fire aroused me, and I found that it was daylight, and that Bob was up getting the breakfast ready.

"Now," said Bob, as he squatted on his heels, washing the tin plates and cups, after breakfast, and handing them to me to dry—"now, what shall be the order of the day?"

We discussed the subject fully, and decided to hunt that day, especially as our beef was all gone, and, unless we could shoot something, we should be obliged to begin on our salt bacon. So after putting the grub-box back into the cart, and covering it over with the blankets in order that old Sandy might not get at it, we started out with our faces to the wind, each with a crust of bread in his pocket by way of dinner.

For several hours we tramped up and down the mountains without seeing any game. Signs of deer there were in plenty, but the deer themselves remained invisible. Once there was a great crackling of sticks and splashing of water in a bunch of high willows we had just passed, but nothing was to be seen. It was probably a deer, but, as Bob said, it was no use going after him—he had winded us, and would be in the next county in about ten minutes. Another time, as we were ascending a steep hill, old Bish, who had hitherto followed behind us, suddenly sprang, growling, to the front, walking on the very tips of his toes, with all his bristles erect. Bob and I stopped.

"What is it?" I said.

"Don't know; bear, I think. Look out—there he goes!" Bob answered in a low tone.

As he spoke a big black object popped out of a small clump of young pines and made off up the hill with a lumbering gait, but with surprising quickness, nevertheless. Bob threw up his rifle, but a tree was in the way, and before he could get a sight on the bear it was over the hill and gone; and I must say that I was not at all sorry; I did not care about shooting at bears unless I were first safely up a tree.

It seemed as if we should be reduced to a diet of salt bacon after all, but after tramping all day without getting a shot at anything, as we were on our way back to camp empty-handed, we were suddenly startled by a strange whistling sound. I looked at Bob. He had jumped behind a tree, and was down on one knee, with his rifle cocked and ready.

"Get behind a tree! Lie down, Bish!" he whispered.

The whistle sounded again, and in response to my inquiring glance, Bob whispered: "Elk—bull elk—coming this way. Lay low!"

Once more the whistle sounded, and then over the brow of the hill there came the finest creature I had ever seen—a large bull elk.

He stood there, sharply outlined against the evening sky, his head, crowned with a magnificent pair of horns, held proudly up, and looking as if he thought—as he had good reason to think—that he was monarch of all he surveyed. His reign was over, though. Bob's rifle cracked; the elk sprang into the air, and fell all in a heap, never to move again.

Up the hill we hurried to where our prize lay, and great was our disappointment to find that he was very old and exceedingly thin; his hide had large patches of hair rubbed off, and his shoulders were badly scored with deep scratches; evidently he had been fighting.

However, we went to work and cut off his head and one hind leg, and carried them, with much labor, into camp, where, notwithstanding the extreme toughness of the meat, we made an excellent supper, and very soon after it went to bed, serenaded by the howlings of a thousand coyotes,—to judge of their numbers by the noise they made,—who had assembled on the hill to eat up the rest of the elk.

In the matters of appetite and digestion Bob and I were at least on a par with the



"BOB SETTLED HIMSELF ON A STOUT LIMB, TOOK A CAREFUL AIM, AND FIRED." (SEE PAGE 679.)

average boy, but that elk was really *too* tough, even for us, so after breakfast next morning we determined to try for something better.

The sun rose as we stepped briskly out from camp, little suspecting the consequences that were to result from that day's hunting.

We had hardly gone a mile when Bob stopped short, nudged me in the ribs with his

elbow, and, pointing to the ground, whispered, "Look there!" At first I could see nothing to look at, but on a more careful examination I discovered two little sharp-pointed impressions in the dust.

"Deer-track?" I asked in a low voice.

Bob nodded.

"It's quite fresh," he said. "We may come

upon him any moment, so look out sharp! Come on!"

The tracks led us around the shoulder of the mountain, and presently Bob, who was slightly in advance, ducked suddenly down, and came, stooping, back to where I stood.

"Four of them," he whispered, "feeding on the hillside just across the gully. We can't get at them from here—there's no cover. We must go a little farther down the hill first."

Off he set, with me close behind him, and old Bish close behind me; and after going about fifty yards he motioned to me to stop, and, going down on his hands and knees, crawled to the brow of the hill and peeped over once more. Then he rose to his feet and beckoned to me to follow.

We descended the other side of the hill, keeping some pine-trees between us and the deer, and picking our footing with great care, until we came to the willows at the bottom.

So far it had been easy enough, but now came the hard part.

The only cover, after passing the willows, was a low ridge of rocks about four hundred yards from us and a hundred from the deer, and the only way to reach it was to crawl.

I think that that crawl was the most tiring job I ever undertook. The hill was very steep, and was covered with loose rocks, each one of which seemed to have a good many more than its fair share of sharp corners, and the fact that we had only one hand at liberty made the work doubly tedious. It took us a good half-hour to make that quarter-mile, but we succeeded at last, and lay for a minute or two under the shelter of the rocks, trying to get our breath again without making too much noise about it. Then Bob, taking off his hat, raised his head carefully, peeped through a crevice in the rocks, and silently sank down again. Putting his lips close to my ear, he whispered: "All right; you try a shot; take the nearest."

I nodded, and rose, slowly and carefully, until I got a good sight of the nearest deer, and then, pushing the muzzle of the rifle through the crevice, I drew a long breath, took a quick aim, and pulled the trigger. The wind blew the smoke straight back into my face, but in a moment it cleared off, and, with great

delight, I saw my deer lying on its back with its heels in the air, while the other three were just disappearing among the trees.

"Good shot!" said Bob, rising and stretching himself. "Now we have meat enough for a week or two, anyhow."

The deer proved to be a fat young buck about two years old, and we at once set to work skinning and cutting him up. In about an hour we had finished the operation, and had hung up the two hind quarters and the hide upon the branches of a tall pine-tree which stood near, intending to bring old Sandy over and pack the meat into camp on his back, when, as we stooped to pick up our rifles, old Bish, who had been lying quietly alongside all the time, suddenly sprang to his feet and uttered a perfectly ferocious growl. We both turned sharply and looked down the hill. Bish had reason to growl, for there, coming leisurely over the ledge of rocks below us, was an immense bear.

"A grizzly!" yelled Bob. "Get up the tree!"

We made a rush for the big pine, and in a marvelously short space of time were both safely among its branches, rifles and all.

Meanwhile the bear, who had paid no attention to us, was coming deliberately up the hill to where stood old Bish, his bristles all on end, keeping guard over the meat. Bob called to him to come away, but the sound of his voice had quite an unexpected effect—it was like touching a match to a train of gunpowder; for instantly, with more valor than discretion, the old dog made a dash straight for the bear's throat, and the next moment was rolling, heels over head, down the hill, with an ugly gash in his shoulder from the grizzly's terrible claws.

In the extremity of his astonishment he gave vent to a single bark, and notwithstanding the fact that I felt very sorry for poor old Bish, I could not help laughing to see so large and dignified a dog stand on the back of his neck and try to bark at the same time. He soon recovered his feet, however,—three of them, at least,—but he kept himself, after that, at a respectful distance from the bear, who calmly advanced and began tearing up the deer and bolting large pieces of it.

"Look here," said Bob, "I can't stand this. I'm going to take a shot at him, if I can find a good place to shoot from."

So saying, he climbed a little higher up the tree, settled himself on a stout limb, took a careful aim, and fired.

Never was there such a transformation. From a self-possessed and rather good-natured-looking beast, the grizzly was suddenly converted into a raging maniac. He snapped at his side where the bullet had struck him; then sprang upon the remains of the deer, and, with his great claws, ripped them to fragments and scattered them in every direction; then made a dash at old Bish, who very wisely kept out of his way; then back to the deer, growling and foaming at the mouth all the while in a way that made me feel truly thankful grizzlies could not climb trees. To see the big fellow's rage was a terrible sight.

While this was going on Bob slipped another cartridge into his rifle and, as soon as an opportunity presented itself, fired again.

This time the bear was evidently hit very hard, for he went down in a heap, and had considerable difficulty in getting to his feet again, and when he did so he made off at once down the hill, staggering and stumbling in a way that showed that he was badly hurt this time.

We stayed up in our tree until the bear disappeared over the ledge of rocks,—which he climbed with difficulty, falling back once in the attempt,—but as soon as he was fairly out of sight Bob began hastily climbing down again.

"Come on! come on!" he exclaimed, in a state of great excitement. "We've got him."

"What?" I asked. "Got him? You don't mean to say you're going after him?"

All I thought of was that the bear had not got *us*.

"Of course I'm going after him," replied Bob. "He can't go far, wounded as he is, and I don't want to lose him now, if I can help it. He's a splendid specimen—must weigh twelve hundred. Come on; we'll go carefully and take no risks, but it would be a great pity to lose him now that he has been disabled."

"Go for him, Bish!" he shouted, and the old dog immediately set off on the trail of the bear, and disappeared, in turn, over the ledge of rocks.

Although I did not half like it, I did not care to stay behind, so I climbed down too, and off we set, keeping a very sharp lookout, and ready to turn and run at short notice.

Arrived at the rocks, we saw that the dog had reached the bottom of the hill and was walking to and fro just outside the willows. Evidently the bear was in there, probably rolling in the stream.

Presently Bish vanished into the willows himself, and directly afterward the bear reappeared, going around the shoulder of the mountain in the direction of our camp, with Bish about a hundred feet behind him.

Off we started once more, right back over the same ground we had traversed that morning, right past our camp, and then on up the gulch.

Some distance beyond the camp the bear vanished again around a bend in the ravine, and a moment afterward there was a great clatter of hoofs, and old Sandy appeared, coming down the hill at an exaggerated trot, head and tail erect, and snorting with indignation. Evidently he had seen the bear, and thus expressed his disgust at the impudent invasion of his pasture.

We went on carefully around the corner, and then saw at once that our hunt had reached a climax.

Before us rose a high cliff—part of one of the great spurs of the Sharksfyn; a few pine-trees had found a footing on its almost perpendicular face, and a huge heap of rocky fragments, detached from above by the frosts and storms of a thousand years, lay piled in irregular masses at its base.

But what claimed our attention most particularly was the sight of old Bish standing with his back to us, and staring intently into the mouth of a low, dark cave. We had run our game to earth, or, as Bob rather oddly expressed it, we had "treed him in a hole."

"Good dog, Bish!" shouted Bob; and the old dog, without turning his head, gave half a wag of his tail, just to show that he heard, and,



"WE SAW, COMING AROUND THE CORNER, A BURRO WITH A PACK ON ITS BACK, AND A MAN ON HORSEBACK BEHIND IT." (SEE PAGE 684.)

advancing a step, stopped once more, rigid and attentive. Presently he advanced another step, and then another, and then went bodily into the cave and disappeared from sight.

We stood waiting, in a state of intense anxiety, for a minute, and great was our relief

when Bish appeared once more, and, standing half in and half out of the cave, lifted up his head and barked in a tone so jubilant that the dullest comprehension could not fail to understand that he was announcing the death of the enemy.

Away we went at a run, and, scrambling up

the pile of debris, arrived, quite out of breath, at the mouth of the cave, where old Bish welcomed us with much wagging of his tail, and then, turning round, gravely led the way in. We had to stoop low to enter, but, once inside, the roof rose to a height of seven or eight feet. The cave was merely a large hole in the rock, about four feet wide and ten feet long, and there, dead as a stone, lay the grizzly.

"My! but he's a whopper," said Bob, seating himself on the carcass; "and just look at these claws; and there's a pretty set of teeth for you! It would be rather awkward if he were to wake up again now, would n't it?"

Our next piece of work was to get the bear out of the cave so that we might have room to take off his hide, and a very laborious piece of work it was. The body was an enormous weight. Dragging it was quite out of the question, but by dint of much struggling and heaving we succeeded in turning it over two or three times, and by tugging first at one end and then at the other, we managed to get it to the mouth of the cave, where one more heave sent it rolling down the stony slope.

The remainder of that day—except a short interval applied to refreshment and to doctoring old Bish—was devoted to skinning the bear and pegging out the hide, hairy side down, to cure in the sun, and then, with Sandy's assistance, to bringing into camp the deer-meat which we had left hanging in the dead pine-tree that morning; and when, very soon after dark, we crept between the blankets, we were so thoroughly tired that nothing prevented our sleeping like graven images until after sunrise.

But the results of our day's hunting were by no means completed with the pegging out of the bearskin. The most remarkable part was yet to come.

It happened that in struggling and scuffling with the carcass of the bear when we were trying to get it out of the cave, one of my shoe-strings broke, and some of the sand and fine gravel, of which there was a little heap at the far end of the cave, had gotten into my shoe—not enough to cause any great inconvenience, however, and, being so busy all the rest of the day, I had paid no attention to it until bed-

time, when, pulling off my shoe, I gave the heel a tap on the ground and emptied the sand, in a little conical heap, on a flat stone lying beside the bed. Next morning Bob was sitting on the bed putting on his socks, when, to my surprise, he suddenly lay flat down and began stirring up my little sand-heap with his finger and blowing the dust from it.

I was wondering if he had gone off his head, when he sat up again, and, staring at me, said in a rather excited tone: "Where did that sand come from, Harry?"

"Out of my shoe," I replied.

"Yes; but where did it get into your shoe?"

"Up there in the cave," I answered.

"Is that so?" said Bob, and then went on thoughtfully dressing himself.

After breakfast he surprised me again by taking the bread-pan down to the creek and there scrubbing and washing it until it shone again, and then, with the ax, cutting some chips from a pitch-pine log and putting them into his pocket.

"Let's go prospecting," he said suddenly.

I laughed. "What, with a tin pan and a pine sliver?" I asked.

"Yes," said Bob, calmly. "I want to have a look at that cave again. You might bring the shovel, if you will, and I'll just take the rifle along; there might be some more bears up there, for all we know."

Accordingly, we set off up the gully, passing the bones of the bear, which the coyotes had cleaned and scattered about during the night, and, climbing up to the mouth of the cave, politely invited old Bish to go in first, which he did at once, without the slightest hesitation. As there was evidently nothing in there to be afraid of, we stooped down and went in, too. Bob struck a match and lighted one of his pitch-pine chips, and, advancing to the far end of the cave, began to examine the face of it by the light of his torch, while I stood patiently behind, wondering what he expected to find.

Presently he went down upon his knees in one corner, and at once said:

"Ha! here we are. Look here, Harry; do you see this streak? You can see that it is very different from the rest of the rock."

He pointed out, as he spoke, a part of the face of the cave which appeared to be composed of "chunks" of rock of various sizes, all with red and yellow stains on them, and all cemented together with a kind of clay of the same colors. The pieces of rock were pitted with little holes of irregular shape.

"That's honeycombed quartz," Bob continued, "and I'm going to find out if it carries any gold or not, if I can."

"Gold!" I exclaimed, kneeling down beside him, and full of excitement at once. "How do you propose to set about it?"

"Well," replied Bob, "you see this little pile of sand and gravel? That's the stuff which got into your shoe, and it all came from this vein—if it is a vein. We'll take a panful of it down to the creek and wash it; we may as well take some of the rocks too, if we can get them out. Lend me the shovel—and here,"—taking another chip out of his pocket,—“light that and hold it for me, please.”

He took the shovel, and in a few minutes had pried out several specimens of the quartz, about as big as one's fist, which he stowed away in his pockets, and then, putting three or four double handfuls of the sand and gravel into the pan, he rose to his feet and said:

"That will do. Come on. Can you carry the rifle and shovel, too? All right. We'll get right back to the creek and try this stuff. I don't know much about 'panning,'—I've only seen it done once or twice,—but I'll have a try at it, anyhow."

Down to the creek we went once more, and there Bob filled the pan with water, and began shaking and twisting it about, and stirring up the mass with his fingers, until the whole contents, apparently, were converted into yellow mud. Then the liquid part was poured carefully off, the pan refilled with water, and the process repeated, not once or twice only, but a dozen times at least. At length the yellow

stuff seemed to be pretty thoroughly washed out, and all the sand and fine gravel had sunk to the bottom of the pan, leaving the larger scraps on the surface. These last Bob scraped off with a chip on to a flat stone, remarking that we could "mash them up and wash them afterward, if necessary." Then he continued his "treatment" until, by degrees, he had succeeded in washing almost everything out of the pan, excepting about a tablespoonful of very black sand.

"Now," he said, "if there's any gold here it's down under that black sand."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Because it has to be," Bob replied; "it's the heaviest, and so it is sure to go to the bottom. Now, watch the upper end of the sand, and if you see a yellow speck, call out."

There was only about a thimbleful of water



"'HOORAY!' SHOUTED BOB. 'GOLD! SEE IT, OLD CHAP?'"

left, and tilting the pan up nearly on end, Bob very skilfully sent the drop of water trickling over the sand three or four times, and presently, on the upper edge of the black residue, there appeared a tiny thread of yellow.

"Hooray!" shouted Bob. "Gold! See it, old chap?"

I bent over him to examine it.

"Is *that* all?" I asked. I had expected to see pieces as big as a pea, or a grain of wheat, at least.

"Is that all?" repeated Bob. "I can tell you, old fellow, that that 's a mighty good showing. If this is a fair sample of the vein, and if the vein is any size, we 've struck a mine, and a big one. Let me see if I can't get rid of some more of this black sand."

After a few minutes more of very careful manipulation the sand was nearly all washed out, and the result was a very visible streak of gold, with two or three bits as big as pinheads scattered through it.

"That 's good enough," said Bob, laying down the pan. "Now, let us examine these samples"—taking the lumps of ore out of his pocket and handing one to me. "Dip it into the water and then examine it carefully; look into the little holes especially—that is where the gold is most likely to be, if there is any."

We washed and inspected our specimens, and in two out of the five pieces found a little gold. The others we broke up with a boulder and examined the fragments, finding specks of gold in several of them.

We both sat and stared at each other, feeling, naturally, rather excited. Presently Bob said:

"Harry, this is a big thing. I vote that we give up hunting and take to mining. Lucky we brought the pick and shovel. We 'll try to uncover that vein and see how much of it there is. What do you say?"

"I think so, too," I replied; "and then, I think, if we do find a real vein, we ought to go right straight home and tell Uncle Steve all about it. Don't you?"

"Yes, that 's what we 'll do; so come on, and let us set to work at once."

For several days after that we worked hard at our mine. We enlarged the opening of the cave, in order to admit more daylight and so enable us to dispense with Bob's primitive torches; we widened the cave a little, applying our labor to that side of it where the vein showed; we cleared off some of the debris in front, and made a little platform, on which we piled all the ore we got out, and then we dug out the floor to a depth of two feet, exposing

the vein the whole length of the cave, and taking out a considerable quantity of ore.

We also prospected the hill outside, and traced the vein by its "outcrop" for nearly half a mile, until we lost it in the next gully.

Bob also set up a "location stake." As we were not old enough to hold a mining claim ourselves, we substituted the names of our two fathers. I cannot remember the wording of the notice, but I know we called the mine the "Great Bear," and claimed fifteen hundred feet along the vein running northwest and southeast, and one hundred and fifty feet on each side of it, with "all its dips, spurs, angles, and sinuosities"—and I remember that Bob got into a dreadful tangle over the spelling of this last word.

One morning we walked up the gulch, and climbed lazily up the slope to the mouth of the tunnel, and then—we received a shock which roused us up effectually. All over our little platform were the tracks of a big pair of nailed shoes; the ore-heap had been overhauled and the vein inspected, as we could tell by the holes made in the floor of the tunnel, and by the fact that the pick, which we knew we had left standing against the wall, was lying on the ground. We stood and stared at each other.

"Well, this settles it," said Bob. "We must set off home at once. Our secret 's out, and this place will be swarming with prospectors inside of a week, I 'm certain."

I was decidedly of the same opinion, so we turned back to camp, catching old Sandy on the way. Putting the firearms, the bearskin, and the elk's head into the cart, we drove away, leaving the rest of our baggage heaped together, to take care of itself.

We reached the ranch in time for supper, and related all our adventures. Uncle Steve was much interested in our account of the mine. He said we had done quite right to come down, and suggested that we return next morning, when he would ride up with us.

Accordingly, next morning we drove back to our camp, taking with us a wheelbarrow and a crowbar, and as we were traveling light that time, we arrived soon after noon, and found everything as we had left it.

Uncle Steve inspected the tunnel and the

ore; took several samples from the vein; examined the outcrop on the mountain-side, verifying the direction of the vein with a pocket-compass; read Bob's "location" notice, which he pronounced "all right," and then said: "Well, my boys, I think you have made a great find here. I'll take these samples to town and have them assayed, and if they turn out well, I will hunt up a couple of miners, and we will get to work in earnest. That may take me several days, and in the meanwhile I should advise you to confine yourselves to increasing the size of your platform; it is much too small at present for any practical purpose. And you might also, if you like, lower the floor of the tunnel another foot or two; but I think you will do the most good if you apply your labor altogether to the platform. And now I may as well ride home again. I can make it in two hours, and then I can get an early start for town to-morrow. Good-by, and take good care of yourselves." And jumping on his horse, Uncle Steve rode away.

We devoted the rest of that day to rearranging our camp, and next morning began work, as Uncle Steve had suggested.

As we were picking and shoveling away on the afternoon of the third day, old Bish gave a warning growl, and looking down the gulch, we saw, coming around the corner, a burro with a pack on its back, and a man on horseback behind it. We stopped work and waited for him to come up.

"Well, boys," he said, when he had climbed up to where we stood, "hard at it, eh? Glad to see you again. Don't know me, do you? Know my tracks, though, I guess"—turning up the sole of a nail-studded shoe. "I called on you three or four days ago, but you was n't in. I took a sample or two of your pay-dirt and had 'em assayed. You've got a real good prospect here, I tell you. I've staked the extension of it over there"—pointing over the hill with his thumb; "called it the 'Pole Star,' seein' it was the 'Great Bear' as pointed the way to it. Good idee, eh?"

He seemed to be a genial old fellow, and sat and talked with us for some time, informing us that his name was Peter Downs and

that he had been prospecting for twenty years. "And I may as well tell you, boys, that this is one of the likeliest prospects I ever see. One of them assays run twenty-three ounces of gold. You've struck it, sure.

"Well," he added, rising to his feet and shaking hands with both of us, "I must get on and make my camp. If you want a hand any time, just call on me and I'll help you out."

We thanked him, and the old fellow rode off over the mountain.

Whether Peter Downs had been talking in town, or whatever the cause may have been, the news of our find had been spread abroad. That same evening three more men came up the gulch, and the next day seven others. They all came and inspected our claim and then scattered over the hills. The day after that they kept coming in by twos and threes all day long, and among them came Uncle Steve in a wagon, bringing with him two miners, and a lot of ore-sacks, tools, blasting-powder, and provisions.

Then the work commenced in earnest.

Our platform was extended very considerably, an ore-house built, and a log cabin for us and the miners to live in. The claim was surveyed and recorded, and for the next six or seven weeks we two boys were kept hard at it wheeling dirt out of the tunnel and sorting ore. A ton of the ore was shipped to the smelter to get a "mill-run," and a very encouraging report, accompanied by a check, was returned.

Meanwhile men kept coming into camp by ones and twos, and by dozens and scores; the sounds of blasting were heard over the hills; reports of "strikes" came in from every side, and all was bustle and excitement.

Then a town site was surveyed and a town started—the town of "Sharksfin." Uncle Steve had something to do with that, I believe; at any rate, both he and my father seemed to have a good many town lots to sell. A good road was made down to the valley; two sawmills started up in business; houses of all sorts and conditions began to go up; and, unfortunately, the gambling element made its appearance.

Then Uncle Steve came up and took us

back to the ranch; the camp was "not a very good place for boys," he said.

One day Uncle Steve said: "Boys, I wish you would take the buckboard and drive up to the camp; I want to send the men a turkey for to-morrow."

Of course we were very pleased to go, and, besides the turkey, took a lot of mince-pies, apples, and chestnuts, and, equally of course, were very cordially received by the miners. After hearing all about the progress of the mine and the doings of the camp, we returned to the ranch in time for supper, to find that Uncle Steve had driven to the railroad to meet some visitors who were coming that night.

Bedtime arrived before the visitors, so to bed we went.

Next morning, before I had finished dressing, Bob came wandering in, barefoot, from his own bedroom. I had one shoe laced up, and held the other in my hand, ready to put on, when a glance at Bob's face made me

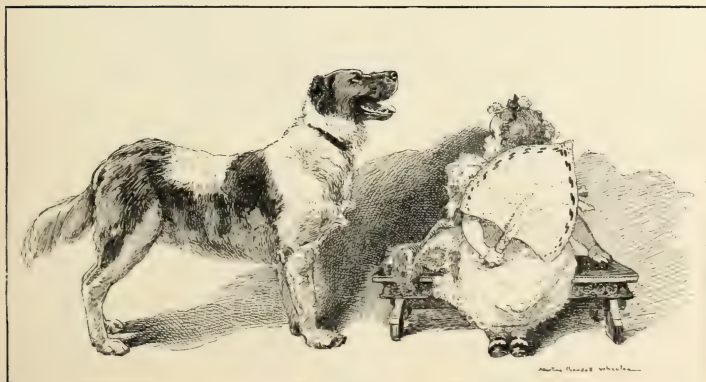
pause. He was grinning all over in a most absurd manner, and, in reply to my question as to what was the matter with him, he only grinned the more, and said: "Did you hear the visitors arrive? They got in quite late. They 're downstairs now; you can hear them talking, if you listen."

I listened, and the sound of a laugh—a woman's laugh—came up from below.

I sat bolt upright and stared at Bob. He was grinning worse than ever. The laugh came again.

Suddenly I sprang from the chair, dashed the shoe to the floor, or rather upon Bob's great toe, and leaving him there holding his foot in both hands and hopping round and round on one leg, I fled down the stairs, one shoe off and the other shoe on, burst into the dining-room, and within an instant I was in my mother's arms.

There they were, both of them, father and mother, and both come to stay!



"IT 'S MEAN TO STAND THERE AND LAUGH, WOWER, WHEN IT 'S SO HOT THAT NOBODY COMES TO MY BIRFDAY PARTY, AND THE CANDLES IS ALL MELTED ON MY BIRFDAY CAKE!"



BY ERIN GRAHAM.

OW TITANIA WAS

OUTWITTED

DORA FERGUSON was in a bad temper. That was not her usual condition of mind, but more than one unpleasant thing had occurred during the day. In the morning, Mrs. Ferguson told Dora that she might put on her new plaid dress and wear it to school. Now, that was delightful news, for, just two weeks before, Ethel Mills had appeared in a rustling new gown, a gorgeous light plaid, in which green, yellow, and scarlet combined to make the beholder wink. Ethel had shaken out the folds of the fashionably stiffened skirt with a flourish that made some of the girls laugh and others mourn. Dora had smiled in superior fashion, but there was an inward sigh.

The next day she had laid siege to her mother's heart and her father's generosity to such good purpose that she was made the possessor of a new gown before evening.

"It's ever so much prettier than Ethel's, mother. This dark blue and green, with just a little dash of red, makes the sweetest plaid I've seen," she said in the joy of possession.

"Clothes are n't sweet," said Tom, who was two years older than Dora, and who considered it his duty to reprove and ridicule her, lest she should become vain. He was really proud of her dark eyes, and hair with a "real wave" in it. But all girls were foolish, he believed, and apt to become vain creatures, unless their brothers trained them properly. So Tom was very careful about praising Dora too much. As her eyes and hair were above reproach, he exercised his critical powers on her nose and mouth, declaring the latter to be "simply immense!" But if Dora dared to hint that Tom's tie was shabby or ugly, he was insulted, and his dignity would be ruffled for days. However, when he sprained his ankle, Dora was devotion itself; and Tom saved his money for a week to buy Dora a turquoise ring she had desired. Therefore she allowed his correction of her adjective to pass without notice.

It was with much rejoicing that she put on her new dress, and rejoiced in its rustle as she danced through the hall. Even Tom's sarcasm

concerning "girls who were late for breakfast because they stayed too long before the mirror" failed to affect her. When she reached Miss Mortimer's Academy she was surrounded by admiring friends.

"Why, it has the new kind of puffs for the top of the sleeves, Dora," said one.

"It's one of the prettiest plaids I have seen. Those rich dark shades are such good taste," said Cora Hilliard, who was believed to be an authority on such matters, as she had spent one whole month in Paris. Dora was much impressed by this important official verdict.

"The collar is simply *elegant*! The button trimming at the back is just — cunning," lisped Elsie Graham.

In the afternoon, Dora was preparing to leave the French class-room, when her new plaid skirt caught on a sharp corner of her desk, and one of those ragged, three-cornered rents, that are the despair of the neatest mender, showed itself to her horrified gaze. Her books were flung on the desk in no gentle fashion, and, if Ethel Mills had not been looking, I am sure that Dora would have been guilty of tears. She recovered herself in a moment, and went into the cloak-room, where her dress was pinned together by sympathizing friends. When she got home, she found her mother, and told her of the calamity.

"Never mind, dear. Put on your old dress, and this evening I will help you to mend the other."

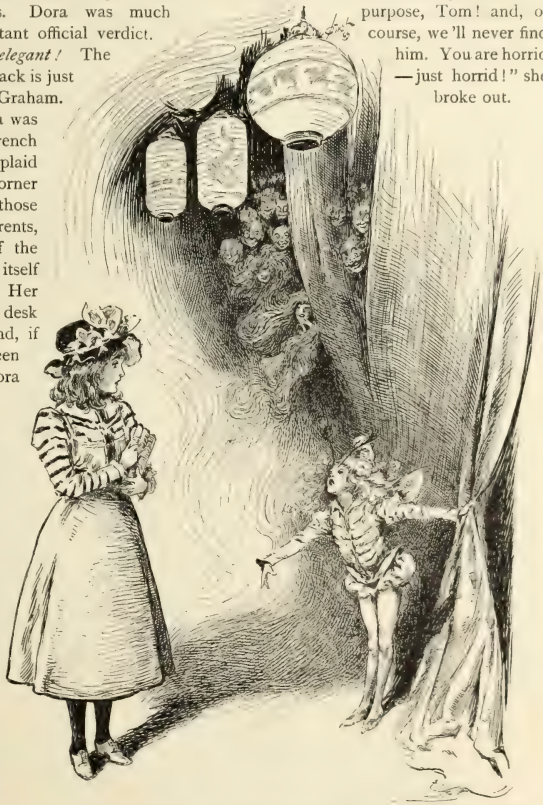
Dora's father was a well-to-do merchant, but Mrs. Ferguson believed that her only daughter should be taught to do things for herself. So

Dora contemplated an hour of mending with unpleasant feelings.

Just then Tom came in. He looked rather solemn. "Dora, I took your puppy 'Sancho' downtown this afternoon, and lost him in the crowd on Clarence Avenue. It's too bad, but I am sure he'll turn up all right."

Dora's uncle had presented her with a beautiful little dog the week before, and she had given Tom strict injunctions not to take it out.

"I believe that you did it on purpose, Tom! and, of course, we'll never find him. You are horrid — just horrid!" she broke out.



Then Dora took up her books and fled to her room, while Tom remained to tell Mrs. Ferguson that he was afraid Dora had a dreadful temper.

How nice it is for a girl to have a room to herself! I have often wondered what an unfortunate maiden whose sister or cousin shares her room does when she wants to have a "good cry." Dora's room had a delightful cozy corner where four big pillows were piled, and to this corner she went for comfort. But she was not silly or a very "weepy" girl, and so, after three tears had dropped on the prettiest pillow, she sat up and rubbed her face.

"I suppose I might as well do that French lesson for to-morrow," she reflected.

Dora turned to "*Les Trois Souhaits*" ("The Three Wishes"), the next day's lesson. It was not difficult to translate, but it proved an aggravation of her woes. The well-known old story was about the poor woodman and his wife, to whom a fairy had granted three wishes. The wife, in a moment of thoughtlessness, wished for a black-pudding, and this so enraged the husband that he wished that the pudding might be attached to her nose. The pudding promptly obeyed his wish, and, despite his every effort, refused to be detached from the wife's face. So, in despair, the poor husband wished for the pudding to return to the table, and, behold! the three wishes had all been used. Then the fairy came back, and, in a provoking little speech, advised them to be content in the future with a humble lot.

"What a foolish story! It's so silly, for nobody would have wished for such stupid things. I only wish that a fairy would come to me! I would ask for *ten million dollars* first; and then I would wish to be the most beautiful girl in the world; and then I would like all my friends to be young forever! But there are no fairies. Only children believe in them now"; and Dora sighed, as if her fourteen years was an advanced age indeed.

Of course, if Dora had been a proper young person, she would have desired goodness and knowledge rather than wealth and beauty. But I may as well confess that she was not a perfect girl — not much better than many of the girls we meet every day. Ten million dollars

would buy a great many things. She would always wear a silk dress to school (of course, a beautiful young person with millions of dollars would not be troubled about her mother's opinion as to dress). After a while they would all go to Europe, and have a yacht inlaid with ivory and adorned with purple silk hangings like — like Cleopatra's barge that she had heard of in history that morning, and — But at this point her head sank lower on the cushions, and Miss Dora was soon in the land of dreams, where she had a strange journey.

She had started for school one morning, as usual, and when she opened the door leading to Miss Mortimer's hall, she was astonished to find that the entrance was a beautiful corridor, carpeted with soft green velvet and lighted by twinkling pink lanterns that hung from a crystal ceiling. As Dora hesitated, not knowing what to do, a tiny person, dressed in white satin, and wearing a gold-fringed cap, appeared, and, making a low bow, said, "Her Majesty will see you in the Diamond Room."

"Her Majesty!" That was a strange name for Miss Mortimer, and why had Susan, the neat maid, been dismissed? It certainly was very dark for nine o'clock in the morning, but Dora prepared to follow the little page. On and on they went until she was almost out of breath. At last he stopped before a heavy curtain. The tinkle of a bell was heard, and then the page held back the velvet folds and said, "Enter, wretched mortal!"

Dora did not like this form of address. In fact, the little man, in spite of his satin garments, had not been brought up to be respectful. But there was not time to reprove him for his rudeness, and Dora timidly entered the Diamond Room. At first the blaze of light was so great that she was dazzled. But when she recovered from the first shock of splendor, she exclaimed, "Why, it's all diamonds!" The floor and walls were made of pure marble, and the ceiling was studded with diamond stars, which shed the light that had almost blinded Dora.

There was a rich divan covered with purple velvet at one end of the room, and on it was seated a little creature who was wearing a gown of white silk, fastened with small dia-

mond pins. As Dora approached, this small woman said:

"Don't come too near! Do you know who I am?"

"No; I have not seen any one like you before. If I were not sure that there are no fairies, I would be tempted to call you one."

not open them. Slowly the wand was lowered, and Titania said, "Now, who am I?"

"You are Titania, Queen of the Fairies," faltered Dora, whose power of speech had suddenly returned.

"You will do well to remember that. Do you suppose that, because the fairies do not



"BEHOLD ME! I AM TITANIA, QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES."

"How do you know that there are no fairies?"

"Oh, no one believes in them nowadays, except very small children. I used to think that they really lived, but I know better now."

"Silence! Mortal, you are insolent! Behold me! I am Titania, Queen of the Fairies."

The tiny woman stood on the couch, with her eyes flashing and a wand outstretched.

Dora began to feel alarmed. Titania's eyes looked as if they were changed to green fire. So Dora tried to rush to the curtains, but found that she could not stir. She was so frightened at this that she tried to open her mouth to scream; but her lips were firmly closed, and she could

wish to be seen by every common mortal, they have vanished from the earth and no longer have any power over human beings? I dare say you wonder why I have brought you, an ignorant child, to my home."

"Yes, Mrs. Titania."

"Don't say 'Mrs. Titania.' I am not a commonplace, every-day woman. Address me as 'your Majesty.'"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"That is better. Now, you understand that we know all about you poor mortals. Therefore, I know that you have had a trying day; and although you are by no means an excellent

young person, still, I feel sorry for you. *I am going to grant you three wishes!* Whatever you wish for shall be given you. At the end of twenty-five minutes I shall return to this room and dismiss you. The wishing-time will then be over. You must remain on this couch during that time. Be very careful about the desires you express!"

Titania vanished, and Dora flung herself upon the soft cushions. They were delightful, and she felt like going to sleep. But, of course, that would destroy the chance of future wealth. So she rubbed her eyes, and tried to think. Five — ten — fifteen minutes passed, and Dora had not wished for anything.

"I have heard something about this before. I wonder if ten million dollars would be enough. It would buy a great many dresses, I am sure. Oh, how I wish that dress of mine had been mended!"

At that moment her plaid gown dropped beside the couch, more neatly mended than Dora could have imagined. But the sight of the mended gown brought no comfort to her heart.

"Oh! how could I have been so silly? I might have wished for money enough to buy hundreds of plaid dresses; and now I have only this old mended thing. But there are two wishes left. Now, I wonder what I had better say next. It would be nice to have money and beauty and be a singer like Jenny Lind. But I can't have all three. Which had I better ask for first — money or beauty? I'm sure it would n't be nice to have millions and — be, as ugly as that Miss Harris. Perhaps I'd better take beauty next. Golden hair and blue eyes, like Fair Rosamond, would be attractive; but a dark, stately person, like Edith Plantagenet, would be more dignified. What a strange sound that wind makes outside — it is almost like a dog howling! Oh, I'm afraid my poor little Sancho is lost. I do wish he were here!"

At these words, a joyful bark was heard, and Sancho's soft nose rested on her hand. But Dora greeted him with such a burst of tears that the poor dog was frightened, and tried to comfort her by whining. The duet was so dismal a failure that Dora was forced to laugh, although she had only one precious wish left.

"What shall I do now? I am almost afraid

to breathe, for fear of wishing for something silly. Now, I must be rich or pretty — or — or something. I wonder if it would be better to wish for health. There's pretty Maud Hanford, who has so much money, and she's never happy, because she's so delicate. Perhaps I'm all wrong, and it would be better to have wisdom or goodness. But then, girls don't need to be wise, and I'm pretty good now. Goodness! — the time is going, and there are only three minutes left. I think ten millions will do, but how nice it would be to be a famous writer like Shakspeare or Tennyson! I must hurry, though, so I wish for —"

Just then a brilliant idea seemed to come to her, and Dora fairly shouted, "I wish for ten more wishes," as Titania entered the room.

The Queen rushed to the couch, and said: "What do you mean? I never heard of such a wish. The fairies will be shocked!"

"But you said that I might have whatever I wished for," said Dora, triumphantly.

Titania frowned, and began to walk hurriedly up and down the room. Dora could hardly keep from laughing, for the little form looked so funny, whirling across the floor. The diamond ornaments flashed maliciously, as if delighted with their owner's plight. Dora had already begun to plan for her ten wishes, but she was rudely disturbed by the page, who entered and commanded her to rise. The Queen, at last, paused, and addressed herself to Dora:

"I must not decide this matter without reference to the King. It is a departure from the rules in fairyland. In the meantime, Ariel must see that you have refreshment. I shall see the King, and shall return to you after you have dined."

Titania left the room, and Ariel, the small page, also disappeared. In a few moments the door softly opened, and a black-faced fairy came in, bearing a tray. A small table tripped over to the couch, and the tray was placed upon it.

Dora was feeling hungry, and the dishes looked very tempting. She had not heard of a black fairy, and wondered if he had only stained his face. There was a silver plate filled with steaming white soup; there was a small

pigeon-pie, and the tiniest mushrooms peeped from a pearl saucer; and, best of all, there was a brick of pink ice-cream. Dora partook of every delicacy, and then the black fairy disappeared with the lightened tray. Ariel came in with an emerald finger-bowl and a lace doily, which he most gravely presented. Dora felt very important, and only wished that Tom could see her.

At last, Titania returned, followed by the King, who looked very cross. He was dressed in crimson velvet, and wore a crown almost covered with rubies.

"So you are the presumptuous being who has dared to wish for more wishes," said he.

"Your wife the Queen said that I might have whatever I wanted."

"Well — well — well! A council of the fairies must be summoned, for such a thing has not happened before."

Just then the King rang a bell, and — Dora sat up to hear her mother say, "Dora Ferguson, it is dinner-time, and you have been

asleep for almost two hours. You looked so tired that I have mended your dress myself."

Just then Tom appeared with a small furry object under his arm.

"I've found your foolish dog. I don't believe any one would want to steal him, and you need n't have made a fuss, anyway."

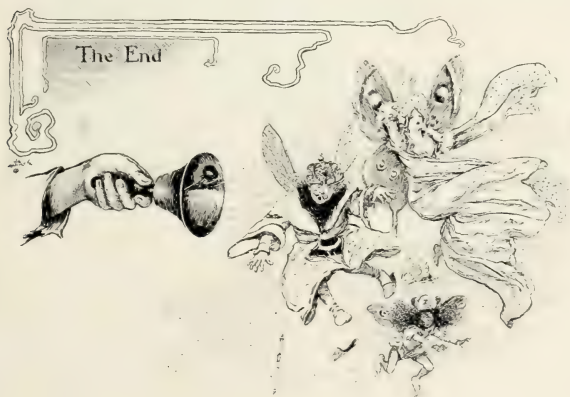
"But where are Titania, and the black fairy, and — ?" said Dora, in a bewildered way.

"You have been dreaming about fairies, eh?" Tom said, laughing.

Dora laughed too, and they went down to dinner in good humor. When they reached the dining-room, Dora found white soup awaiting them, and the most delicious stewed mushrooms.

"It's very queer," said Dora, as she went to sleep that night. "I'm sorry that I did n't get all the money, but I'm glad that I worried the fairies. I wonder if I'll dream about them again."

But from that day to this, Dora Ferguson has not met her Majesty, Titania.



THE JUNIOR CUP.

BY ALLEN FRENCH.



"'YOU 'RE A NEW BOY,' HE SAID, 'AND I 'M AN OLD ONE.'" (SEE PAGE 695.)

CHAPTER I.

THE hurried steps of the father descending the stairs were heard through the closed door. The son turned away to hide the working of his face, and examined the pictures on the mantel, but through a film of tears. Mr. Holmes looked at the boy curiously and kindly, revolving in his mind the words which in private the father had said to him.

"Chester is a good boy," Mr. Fiske had

said. "He is perfectly healthy and absolutely normal, like any other boy. There is only one fault of which I wish him cured. He has been spoiled by his aunt and sisters until he thinks too much of himself. His mother is dead, and my own sister has brought the children up. I don't say," said the earnest father, striving for exactitude, "that he is too conceited, but the home has been made to revolve about him so much that now he takes as his own many things to which when he gets to col-

lege he will have to prove his right. He is a clever boy; he is quick in his studies and good in his sports. I have seen in him," said the business man, smiling faintly as he thought of his own youth, "many things that reminded me of his father at his age. I was clever in the field and at the desk; I was an overweening, presumptuous boy; and I had to learn the things that did me good at an age when they were very hard to learn, and when conceit had become almost a habit settled for life. Now, Chester is not too old to learn—he is only fifteen; and I mean that he shall not have such a hard time as I had. I intend that his college life shall not be embittered by unpopularity. I cannot teach him at home; there is against me a whole regiment of feminine relatives—sisters, aunts, and cousins. So I give him to you, Mr. Holmes, for the two months of summer, hoping that in your camp of boys the nonsense will be knocked out of him."

"We will do it, sir, if we can," answered Mr. Holmes. "The thing is done every summer with more than one. Yet it is not always possible to make more than a beginning. It is difficult to change in two months the habit of years."

"You shall have him next year, too," said Mr. Fiske, "if this year does him the slightest good. And I myself will meanwhile work," he added grimly, "to reduce the pedestal which they keep for him at home. It is much to me that my son shall avoid his father's mistakes."

The expression with which Mr. Fiske spoke, half of determination, half of affection, lingered long in Mr. Holmes's memory. He saw then, and remembered, where the boy got his firm, square jaw and high, broad forehead, and from whom he received his pleasant brown eyes. "The lad is his father's own son," he thought. "There are two ways of reaching him—through his mind and through his heart. He will respond to reason and to affection. If our system at camp is what it always has been, we shall give his nature the inclination that we wish." As Mr. Holmes thought thus, Mr. Fiske rose to go, and called the boy into the room.

"Good-by, Chester," he said seriously. "I

wish you a good time. Remember, you must show these thirty boys, among whom you spend your summer, what you are. You must be what you pretend to be, and nothing less. Good luck to you."

They shook hands. "Good-by, father," said the boy, his trouble appearing in his face.

So the earnest man, who wished his son to be better than himself, went away; so the boy, separated for the first time from his home, turned to hide his tears; and so the experienced trainer of boys, than whose work nothing is more delicate, his sympathies all enlisted in the struggle, studied for a while in silence the problem which he was to work out during the summer.

At last he spoke to the boy.

"Well, Chester," he said cheerfully, "how do you like my room?"

Chester's healthy boy nature was already asserting itself. He answered quickly, and soon was absorbed in the stories which his new guardian told him of life at Harvard. For it was in a tutor's room that they stood, and Mr. Holmes, Boston born and bred, and Harvard taught, was steeped in the traditions of the college.

"I suppose that some day I shall have a room like this," said the boy, his eyes sparkling with excitement, "with an oar over the mantel, and boxing-gloves hanging up, and silver cups about."

Mr. Holmes looked about, smiling, at the trophies upon the walls. The oar was a reminiscence of a boat race with Yale; his medals, his cups, were not many, but he knew they were choice, and indicated athletic distinction. Thinking of his past, of a position honestly earned and honorably held, conscious, too, of iron muscles under his sober citizen's clothes, able at any time to enter the field and dispute the palm with any later comers—with these half-active thoughts of pride of power, he looked at the boyish, undeveloped figure before him, and asked:

"Are n't you a little too sure of what may never happen? Not every one can win even a medal."

The boy's face fell, but it brightened when Mr. Holmes said: "Yet there is one thing

you can win this very summer, if you are able."

"And what is that?" cried Chester.

"The Junior Cup," answered the teacher.

"Oh, what is it? Tell me about it!"

Mr. Holmes looked at his watch before he answered. "We have half an hour before we start for the station. Sit down while I finish packing, and I will tell you about the camp. I must begin at the beginning. The camp is conducted by Mr. Dean, who is much older than I, and more experienced, though I am his chief helper. There will be in camp this summer about thirty boys who go for all sorts of purposes. Some go for their health, some because they have no father and mother, but only guardians and no home, and some because their father and mother wish them to."

"Tell me why I go," interrupted Chester. "Aunt did not want me to come, but father says I must, and he would n't tell me why."

"Then I shall not," answered the teacher, simply.

Chester hung his head at the rebuke, too direct for avoidance or excuse. Yet not so simply was he to learn the lessons of his life. Mr. Holmes continued as if nothing had happened: "The life is very simple. We live in two big shanties, we eat in a third, we bathe in the lake, we play baseball. Every now and then we make a trip and explore the neighboring country—for we live in an out-of-the-way place on the edge of the White Mountains, and there are hills and even mountains to climb, and seven lakes within seven miles of us. There is enough to do to occupy us for the summer in having a good time, and it easily happens that the sick boys get well, and the well boys get over their troubles, just while we seem to be doing nothing." He paused to fold a coat.

"And the Cup?" asked Chester, after a moment.

Mr. Holmes went on as well as he could during the constant moving necessitated by his packing. His voice sounded now clearly in the study, now muffled in the closet, now faint from the sleeping-room beyond. But Chester, listening closely, heard all he said.

"The whole life of the camp," Mr. Holmes

said, "is athletic. From morning to night we run, we work with our hands, we swim, we play games. It is quite proper that some recognition be given to the one that does the best. So at the end of every year there is held a competition, in which the boys, little and big, must enter. The big boys are the Seniors, of the ages of seventeen and over. The little boys are the Juniors, of sixteen years and under. The events are the ordinary track and field events at any athletic games. In both classes a cup is given to the boy that does the best all-round work."

"And I can win the Junior Cup?" asked Chester, eagerly — "I, all alone?"

"If you are able," said the other, dryly. Chester again hung his head, and this time blushed. "There is little in this world, Chester, my boy, that any one of us can accomplish alone."

Mr. Holmes had locked his bag, and looked again at his watch.

"Come," he said, "let us go. It is early, but we may be delayed."

In the cars to the depot, in the noisy streets, they talked little. In the waiting-room at the great station, over in one corner, there was gathered a little group that made an outcry as Chester and his conductor were perceived.

The boy hung back as Mr. Holmes walked forward to greet his friends. He noticed how they crowded to welcome him—boys smaller than himself, boys of his own age, and boys so big that they seemed like men. And on the edges of the group, hanging back, were boys that said nothing, but simply looked on, newcomers like himself, shy among strangers.

Presently Mr. Holmes led Chester to a pleasant-faced gentleman, of middle age and erect, yet gray-haired. About him hung the littlest boys, who, as Chester came forward, stood aside and stared. The other boys in the group were looking at him inquisitively, and Chester felt that his measure was being taken. In the bustling crowd, in the noise, he suddenly felt alone.

"This is Mr. Dean," said Mr. Holmes. "This is Chester Fiske, sir, one of the new boys."

"I am glad to see you, Chester," said the

pleasant master, taking his hand. "I hope that you will have a jolly time with us this summer. Your father has written me of you."

For a moment, in the cheerful greeting, Chester again felt among friends. But a boy came, and pulling Mr. Dean's sleeve, whispered a question; Mr. Holmes had already turned away to speak to friends; and Chester, quite alone, stood with the sense of his loneliness upon him. About him, the boys talked and laughed, or stood silent. He heard stories in progress of winter adventures, or noisy reminiscences of the past summer. Boarding-school boys were comparing notes, and a Groton and a St. Mark's boy, had they not been old friends, might have come to blows over the merits of their schools. Chester felt that he was still being examined, and, for a time, did not dare to raise his eyes to face his new companions. At last, as one near by evidently shifted position to look at him the better, Chester raised his face and looked the other squarely in the eye.

It was a boy a little older than himself, taller, heavier. He was dressed in long trousers, while Chester was dressed in short; he wore a white collar, while Chester wore a cheviot shirt; he had a watch, while Chester had none. His face was fair and open, his eyes keen, his mouth handsome; curly hair framed his temples, under a straw hat. He stood in an attitude of self-confidence, one hand in his pocket, his hat tilted slightly backward. He looked at Chester for a moment coolly and critically, then came forward and offered him his hand.

"You 're a new boy," he said, "and I 'm an old one. We 'll have to know each other soon, and might as well begin now. My name is Marshall Moore."

There was an ease and fluency about the address that buried Chester deep in his own insignificance. He could only take the stranger's hand and stammer out his own name.

"Yes, I know," said the other; "I heard Mr. Holmes introduce you. Awfully nice, isn't he? And Mr. Dean? But you wait till they catch you doing something that they don't like! And wait till you ask them to let

you do something they don't want you to do! Do you play baseball?"

The question was boyish, and loosened Chester's tongue.

"Oh, yes," he said eagerly; "I play ball. I was catcher on our nine."

"Is that so?" said the other, politely. "And do you run? Can you run the hundred yards?"

"No," answered Chester; "that is, I never did."

"Well, you 'll learn—you 'll have to. And can you swim?"

"Only a little," confessed Chester.

"You 'll have to learn that, too," said his acquaintance. "I hope you 'll like to be ducked."

"Oh, Marshall!" cried some one from behind.

"Excuse me," said the boy, and went to answer the call. Again, as Chester saw around him only the backs of boys, or heads turned away, he was immersed in the gulf of loneliness. But some one rubbed against him, and a voice at his elbow said, "Hullo!"

This time Chester turned to face a smaller boy, dark-haired and rosy, full of health, snub-nosed and straight-mouthed, brimming with good nature.

"Say," he said confidingly, "is n't it horrid to be a new boy? I 've been a new boy lots of times at lots of places, and I 'm not used to it yet."

"Oh," cried Chester, with relief, "you 're a new boy, too!"

"Yes," said the other, easily. "My name 's Rawson Lewis, but they call me 'Rat,' 'cause I used to keep a white rat. I heard you say your name. I go to a military school in winter; where do you go?"

"Oh, just to an ordinary school."

"And live at home?" asked the other. A wistful expression flitted across his face. "I have n't any home, or any father or mother."

Chester could not understand how a boy could live without father or mother. In his world, at least one parent was a necessary part of every boy's equipment. He wished, for a moment, to inquire, but fearing to ask delicate personal questions he changed the subject.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Fourteen," said the other, promptly, "but I'm small for my age. How old are you?"

"Fifteen," answered Chester, with the consciousness that he was large for his age.

"You're rather big," commented the other, in easy conversation. "I hope we'll sleep

"Do you suppose that they won't haze you, if they want to, just because your name happens to be Chester Fiske? I never saw big boys anywhere that would n't haze new boys if they got a chance."

Chester would have stiffened the more at the bluff directness of the other's remarks, but



"SUDDENLY GEORGE RAN CHESTER TO THE EDGE OF THE RAFT AND PUSHED HIM OVERBOARD." (SEE PAGE 700.)

near each other. I wonder what they do to new boys. Do you suppose they'll haze us?"

"Haze us?" asked Chester, in astonishment. The idea was a new one, and he paused to consider it a moment. Then he added stiffly, "I guess they won't haze me."

"Oh, they won't?" said the Rat, coolly.

his curiosity got the better of his dignity: "Then you've been hazed?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said the other; "more than once. Have you ever read 'Tom Brown at Rugby'—the tossing in sheets, and all that? Well, it's worse than that when they march you around the yard in your night-clothes, and make you

shin the flagpole and make a speech from half-way up."

"But do the teachers allow it?" asked Chester.

"Oh, they 're never around just then," answered the Rat.

"Well," said a voice, at which they both started and turned, "you need n't worry; you won't be hazed at the camp."

It was one of the biggest of the boys, who, in a blue serge suit, white straw hat, cross tie, and choker collar, looked like a college student, which, in fact, in a few months he was to be. He stood and looked at the two little boys with a good-natured smile.

"We won't haze you; you need n't worry," he repeated. "But new boys in camp must learn to behave properly, or it must be taught them. Now, this boy," he said, suddenly collaring the Rat, "looks as if he knew that already. Do you?" he asked, shaking the little boy slightly, "do you? do you? do you?"

Chester stood indignant, but the smiling Rat adroitly stepped on the big boy's toe. "Yes, sir," he said.

"Why, that 's right"; and seizing Rawson by the armpits, the big boy raised him till their faces were on a level. "I thought you looked as if you knew something. But you," he said, dropping the Rat and turning to Chester, "look as if you would n't be happy for a time in camp. You don't like rough boys, do you?"

Chester was silent; he could not see if this were seriousness or play.

"Well, cheer up"; and the big boy laid his hand on Chester's shoulder. "You 'll get used to us in time; we are n't so bad as we seem." As he turned away, Marshall Moore came up again.

"Who is that?" asked Chester of him, eagerly.

"Oh, that?" asked the curly-head, "that 's George Tenney, the biggest boy in camp, except Jim Pierce. They two think they own the place. If you don't look out and be nice to them, you 'll get into trouble."

"Why, is he mean?" asked Chester, always sweeping in his use of adjectives.

"Well," said Marshall, with a rising inflec-

tion, "mm—" He raised his eyebrows and his shoulders, and turned away.

"Who 's that?" asked the Rat.

"His name is Marshall Something," answered Chester. "Don't you think he is a nice-looking fellow?"

"No," answered little Rawson, sturdily, "I don't; I like the big fellow best."

Now appeared before the boys Mr. Holmes and Mr. Dean, herding them together like sheep, and driving them to the train. A few relatives and friends went with them, and stood by the train until it started. So began the long journey to the north, and the jolting of the cars shook the boys up together like coins in a purse, till each new boy knew by sight and voice and name each one of the campers. Then a drive among the New Hampshire hills, in two great barges, brought them all to the view of a lake with long, low buildings among the trees on the hither side.

"This is the camp," said Marshall, who during much of the journey had been at Chester's side. Though he was a year older than Chester, they had at once struck up a friendship. "These are the shanties where we sleep; that is the dining-room and kitchen; there is the pump where we wash. See, the flag is flying for our arrival! Won't we have a jolly summer! Hooray!"

With shouts the boys tumbled from the teams; with delight the old campers instantly dispersed about the buildings, seeking their known haunts; with curiosity the new boys craned their necks and looked about them at the place which was to keep them for the summer.

"Come with me," said Marshall, and he led Chester about the camp. He showed him the shanties, where the boys slept on wire cots placed side by side; he explained at the pump how "fresh" boys were sometimes pumped upon; he showed him the dining-room and the kitchen, where the man cook was receiving the uproarious greetings of the boys. At last he led him to the edge of the gentle slope that overlooked the lake.

"There is the boat-house," said Marshall. "In that grove of trees down there we undress for our swim every morning. Beyond them is

a raft which we can't see. Do you see that island over there, with the one tall tree? That is just half a mile from the raft. And that point of land across the lake we call Terror, from *terra firma*, you know, to distinguish it from the Island. It's just a mile from the boat-house. Those are our two distance swims, and you can't go out in a rowboat until you have swum to the Island, nor go in a sailboat until you have swum Terror."

"Why is that?" asked Chester.

"For safety," said Marshall; "don't you see?"

"I see," said Chester, "but is n't it hard to swim a mile?"

"Oh, no," said Marshall, easily; "I've done it. Several of the boys do it every summer, and it's an event for the Cup."

They stood silent for a moment; then, half aloud, Chester uttered his thought: "Then I must swim Terror to win the Junior Cup."

Marshall turned round on him sharply, and his voice was metallic as he asked:

"So you mean to win the Junior Cup?"

CHAPTER II.

THE first day had been for Chester a day of new impressions which came so fast that each seemed to blot out its predecessor. Cast among boys not one of whom he had ever seen before, their many personalities confused while they delighted him. He came among the helter-skelter crowd with a mind filled with home-made prejudices, quick to condemn for ill-fitting clothes or awkward manner, hasty at deducing from a hat or a boot the character of its owner. Yet still he had imbibed from his father some of the natural American respect for a man, whoever he be; and in the uproar of the railway journey, rubbing elbows with boys of all sizes, who first of all were boys and after that were part of the camp, he luckily forgot the warnings of his aunt for the precepts of his father, and, a boy among boys, made friends with eager interest.

The new day happily removed from Chester all temptations to his cultivated prejudices, for each boy, after his wash at the pump, put on a regulation costume of flannel shirt and

homespun trousers, with cap and belt and stockings of the camp colors. Nothing was to distinguish them but face and figure, and at the clamorous breakfast-table, and soon after, at the not less noisy ball-field, blue bodies and party-colored legs made in externals absolute uniformity. For the whole summer nothing but personality was to show, and in time of need a boy could be helped by character alone.

The boys came flocking from ball-field and woods, hurrying for their bath. Among them, George Tenney and Jim Pierce were fooling with little Rawson, whose adroitness at baseball, and quickness of reply in boyish jests, pleased their fancies. Chester came with Marshall. He had played well, for in his first scratch game he had made a home run. A mild elation filled his breast; he noticed that the smaller boys already looked at him with respect, and he spoke with importance of his performances in games at home. Jim Pierce—the tall, quiet New-Yorker, handsome as Mercury—noticed him. "That boy is too fine," he said to himself.

About seventy feet off the lake shore was moored the raft, to which, with shouts and splashing, the adventurous spirits hastened when once their swimming-tights were donned. Himself ready for the plunge, but hesitating, Chester stood and watched the scramble as the foremost reached the raft. At his side was little Rawson. Marshall was already in the water.

"Don't you hate to go out there?" asked the Rat. "I do."

Shouts came to them from the raft. "Here—all new boys come out here!"

"Well," said Rawson, with a sigh, "here goes!" From the rock where they stood he sprang into the water and immediately began to swim steadily for the raft.

"Chester," cried some one, "can you swim?"

"Yes," he answered ruefully.

"Come out here, then!"

Slowly he entered the water, and swam to the raft, where, once arrived, he stood with the other new boys, awaiting their fate.

His feelings were mixed and unpleasant.

He knew what was coming—rough handling, which he could not avoid or resist. He had ducked boys in his time, but to be ducked himself seemed an entirely different thing; he could not see the reasonableness of it, and was very sullen. He revolved in his mind the idea that because those other boys had been at the camp longer than he, they nevertheless had no right to do with him as they chose. It was the custom of the camp, he knew, that each new boy should be ducked, but what had the custom of the camp to do with him? He saw no way of escaping the test, and slowly grew angry.

Jim Pierce, with a magnificent backward dive, now sprang into the water; a half-dozen other of the larger boys followed, Marshall among them. George Tenney, standing on the raft, evidently the master of ceremonies, ordered Marshall out.

"What for?" cried Marshall, in anger.

"Well, stay in, then," answered George; "but don't you touch any of the new boys. You're not to do any of this ducking; I know you too well."

"Very well," said Marshall. "You think you're awful clever, George Tenney."

"Get out, Marshall," said Jim, who swam near him with easy strokes.

Marshall turned to the shore with mutterings of discontent. George shouted after him: "Don't you duck the little boys, Marshall Moore."

Chester's sullen mood increased as the word "tyrant" came into his mind. He preferred being ducked by Marshall, if he must be ducked by any one. They were tyrants, these two big boys. What right had they to order Marshall so? "The right of force!" he answered to himself, theatrically. And his anger grew as he saw on the shore Mr. Holmes sitting quietly among the trees. Why did n't he interfere?

Now George approached Rawson and said, "Come, little Rat, get into the water!"

"Don't drown me, now," said Rawson, with a wry face; and he approached the edge of the raft and jumped in. One of the boys in the water approached him, and then, putting his hand on the shoulder of the swimming

boy, forced him under water. It was evident then that he caught him with his feet, and trod him still deeper; then, swimming quickly to one side, he waited for the little boy to rise. In a moment Rawson appeared, and began to puff loudly.

"Oh, say," he cried, "that was fine!"

The boys laughed, and even some of the trembling new boys laughed with the rest.

"Again," said Jim Pierce, and another boy seized the Rat, and sent him down again. For a longer time he remained under water, and then, appearing, laughed as before.

"Once more," cried Jim, and himself seized the little fellow and pushed him down unresisting. Then he himself disappeared, and only bubbles rose. It seemed a long time that they were gone; at last they rose together, the older boy holding up the younger.

"How are you?" he asked.

Rawson was game to the last, for after heavy panting, catching his breath, he said: "Is that all? For if it is n't I am nearly drowned, and if it is I'm all right."

"Get out of this, you rascal," answered Jim, and he pushed the little fellow to the raft, where, climbing out, he sat with his legs in the water to watch the trouble of his companions.

"Oh, I'm not so worse," he said cheerfully, in school-boy slang.

On shore, among the trees, and a little anxious, Mr. Holmes was talking to himself. "I feel as Mr. Dean does," he said. "These things do the boys good, for the rough test brings out their manhood; and I feel sure that I can trust Jim and George not to go too far. But I wish we had some kinder process."

Meanwhile the other boys took their medicine like men, till there were left on the raft only Chester and one other trembling boy. "Oh, are n't you afraid?" cried this poor lad. "You might drown while you were under there."

George approached him. "Now it is your turn," he said. "Fall in, my boy." But when he put his hand upon his shoulder, to urge him to the edge, the boy clung to him frantically, and burst out crying.

"Why," said the big boy, half roughly, half kindly, "all right, Useless, you need n't go in. Now, Chester, jump."

But Chester only stood firmly and looked him in the eye. His whole nature steeled itself for resistance. George surveyed him in perfect comprehension.

"You won't?" he asked cheerfully. "We have boys here once in a while that are just like you. I told you yesterday that you would have a hard time getting used to camp. Come now, Chester, do as the other boys do, and go in."

But Chester would not budge.

"Then squeal, like Tommy here, and we'll let you off."

"No!" said Chester, contemptuously; "I won't squeal."

Suddenly George seized Chester with both hands and twirled him round, caught him by the arms from behind, and, with a great shout of laughter, ran him to the edge of the raft and pushed him overboard. With an enormous splash Chester left the raft, but kept his head above water, and in a moment recovered himself. He remained treading water a few yards away from the raft.

"Look out, you fellows," said George, from the raft; "he's dangerous."

And in truth he was dangerous, as, with glittering eyes, indignant, he waited who should first approach him. Since he was not a practised swimmer, he could not escape from the encircling boys, and as to returning to the raft, George barred that passage. The boys remained at a little distance, and did not offer to approach him. After a minute the dignity of his position seemed less in Chester's eyes, as he grew tired of the unaccustomed exercise. Then suddenly muscular weariness seized him, and he was on the point of crying out, "Well, duck me, and let's have it over."

But at that moment Jim Pierce disappeared from the surface, and the water closed over his head with a slight ripple. Chester saw and caught his breath, knowing that in a moment the lithe figure, gliding like a shadow in the depths, would seize him. For a moment he waited, seeing smiles of triumph on the faces of the waiting boys, and with perplexity he felt that he, who never in his life before had been where neither his own skill nor strength, nor his aunt, nor his family, could

help him, now could not evade that certain seizure. Then suddenly a firm grasp was laid upon his ankle, and with a gurgle he was dragged under water. The water roared in his ears as it filled them, and with his involuntary, but immediately checked, catching of the breath, it ran into his mouth. The clutch left his ankle and was put upon his shoulders. Down, down he went. He felt that hands and feet were pushing him. It seemed a long time when suddenly the weight was removed. "I shall go up now," he thought, but still the water rang in his ears, as moments seemed to pass. The breath was bursting in his chest when at last his head emerged.

He shook the water out of his eyes, and caught eagerly for new breath as he looked about him. The boys were laughing, but in his confusion he did not notice them, for the raft was not where it ought to be, and at first he could not find it. When at last he saw it and struck out for it, the boys behind him called out, "Once more!" and he felt with sudden dread that perhaps they were coming up behind him. But George Tenney called no.

"That's enough," he said. "Chester does n't like it, and, besides, he does n't seem to be able to swim as well as the others. We'll let him off the rest." He helped the weary boy on to the raft, then, diving deep, engaged with the other boys in a game of tag.

"That's all over," said the Rat, slipping into the water. "It was n't so bad, after all. But you were foolish, Chester," he said, as he peered over the edge at his friend. "Why would n't you let them duck you? Do you think you own the camp?"

"Never mind," said Chester, surlily. Many thoughts ran through his head—the memory of his helplessness; the thought that all the boys, except poor, shivering Tommy, were against him in this matter; George's saying that he could not swim so well as the others; the conviction, which honestly he could not repress, that the ducking was not so bad as it might have been; and finally the Rat's frank imputation that he was too important. He could not answer some of these reproaches except by acknowledgment of error—a new experience, a new thought, that among boys in

strictly boyish matters he could be wrong. In discontent at himself, in growing anger at everything, he sat in sullen silence on the raft.

Rawson thought he had offended, and, in his quick, affectionate way, he climbed out to beg pardon. "I'm sorry," he said, putting his clammy hand on Chester's dripping shoulder. "I did n't mean to hurt your feelings, Chester." Chester shook him off. "Let me alone," he said.

"Oh," said Rawson, drawing back. He stood, puzzled what to think. Chester sat for a moment, without looking up. That he had rudely repelled a friendly advance brought fresh reproaches to his smarting spirit. Yet he could not bring himself to apologize. He knew that in a moment the waiting boy would speak to him again, and in a sudden access of resentment against any one for being kind to him he rose hastily, went to the edge of the raft, let himself into the water, and swam quickly to shore.

Splashing by the shore were the little boys who could not swim. On the beach was Marshall, already dressing amid many mutterings.

"So you've got enough, too?" he asked. "I told you what George and Jim were like. They're a peachy pair, they are—bullying all the little fellows in the camp, and keeping it all to themselves, as if no one else had a right to boss the new boys. Hurry up, Chester, and we will go off somewhere by ourselves."

Mr. Holmes sat at a little distance, with his eye on all the boys in case of accident. Chester knew that he had seen what had passed. "I suppose he thinks I'm a fool, too," he said angrily, rubbing himself so that the rough towel hurt his skin. "But I don't care; it was mean." And so he dressed, and as the other boys came out of the water at the master's summons, he and Marshall went away into the woods, to work off their discontent by roaming alone until dinner-time. And Marshall told him all the stories that he knew of George Tenney and Jim Pierce.

But poor little Rawson was troubled still, and watched them ruefully as they disappeared among the trees. His sturdy little soul had been seized from the first with an affection for Chester which even his mistakes and his rebuff

had not shaken off. A boy—and this is true, let who will gainsay it—is in general a poor judge of other boys. Go among them; witness the downtreading of the weak, the complete rejection of those in any way exceptional or eccentric, and then see in later life how in many cases those boys, misunderstood by their fellows, take their place among men as men of mark. A boy judges by externals alone, by what appears on the surface. But the Rat, led by a true sympathy which his homeless life had trained and strengthened rather than weakened and destroyed, had judged more wisely, had seized upon Chester in his heart, and stubbornly refused to give him up.

"What are you bothering about, Rawson?" asked George of him. "Is it Chester Fiske? Cheer up. He is n't worth it; he's only another one like Marshall."

"Oh, George, he is n't," cried the little fellow, eagerly. "He's a nice boy—I know he is."

"And you never knew him before yesterday?" asked Jim Pierce, in some wonder.

"No; but he's a nice fellow, and he'll show it yet, if you'll only wait."

"Well, he'd better hurry, then," said George; and, as if dismissing the subject, he began to dry himself with his towel.

"I'll make him show it," cried Rawson.

George turned and regarded him soberly.

"Well, you are a nice little fellow, anyway!" he said.

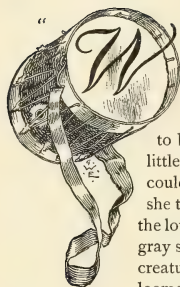
"Never mind about me," said the Rat, dully. He was cast down because the other boys would not believe him. But Mr. Holmes approached him and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Stick to it, Rawson," he said. "Others besides you are interested in Chester."

And Mr. Holmes, when he returned to camp, described the whole incident to Mr. Dean. "I did not interfere," he said, "because I think Chester is the kind of boy that learns best by experience. He is a boy of mind and character, and I think that the lesson which we wish him to learn will most surely be mastered by leaving him for a while to himself. His experiences may be bitter, but they will be very salutary."

THE CAVALIER'S SISTER.

BY BEULAH MARIE DIX.



"HY, 't is only a cow," Diccon urged. "Sure, you 're not afeard of a cow, Susan—a tall girl like you!"

Hard though it was to be shamed so before her little brother, Susan Whitaker could not help lingering as she turned into the lane from the lower meadow. In the first gray shades of the twilight the creature grazing by the hedge loomed threateningly great.

"Pray, pray do not go near her, Diccon," Susan begged, and gripped little Marjory's hand hard and made her walk faster as they neared the beast.

"Hi, Cusha! Get up, girl," Diccon shouted, and ran to clap the cow on the flank.

At the first quick toss of the horned head Susan stayed no longer, but fairly ran down the lane, dragging poor panting Marjory after her. The sight of the little old manor-house across the next field reassured her somewhat, and made her think, too, how dreadful it would be to go home with the news that Diccon had been gored to death. So she halted by the hedge, still breathless, and looked back for her brother, who speedily came whooping down the lane. "Ah, but you 're a simple Susan," he gibed. "Afeard of a cow! 'T is like a girl."

"I was not afeard, not the least bit," Marjory put in, "but Susan made me run."

In spite of her fifteen years, Susan felt a childish vexation; it was humiliating to be mocked as a coward when she was trying to mother the younger children. "Take hold of Marjory's hand across this rough ground, Richard," she said with dignity. "You are near old enough to bear yourself like a gentleman."

Whereat Diccon turned up his heels, and, trying to walk on his hands, fell over sprawling.

"And now you have muddied your jacket," Susan sighed, as she helped him up. "Oh, dear! you 'll never be like your brother."

"Prithee, do not tell me about Robert Bower," Diccon interrupted. "He 's not my brother."

"He is mother's oldest son, so he 's your half-brother, whether you wish it or not," Susan replied. "And you would wish it if you could remember back to the time when he lived with us. For he was brave and handsome and kind, even to me, though I was then as young a child as you, and —"

"Well, he 's fighting for the King now, so he must be bad," persisted Diccon. "Did not Parson Grimstone say that all Cavaliers were children of Satan?"

"If you ever say such a thing of my brother Robert," Susan retorted, "I — I verily believe I 'll shake you, Richard Whitaker."

"Ho!" scoffed Diccon. "You 're not big enough, Sue."

To this his sister thought fit to return no answer, so in silence they crossed the field and entered the garden-close on the west side of the manor-house. As she shut the gate behind them Susan paused a moment to look back at the long gray fields and the evening star above in the gray sky. "To think that to-morrow night I shall be clear away into Buckinghamshire," she broke out.

"If you have the heart to go so far in the first place," replied Diccon, capering up and down the path. "What an if a cow cross your road? Will you turn back?"

"No," Susan answered; "I shall keep on to Grandmother Whitaker's house, and I shall stay there till I think my brother is ready to be civil to me when I come home."

At prospect of such a separation Marjory burst out crying, and Susan must leave crushing Diccon and quiet her little sister before she led her into the house. Since her husband's

death Mistress Whitaker had been in feeble health, so Susan had taken upon herself to care for the children and their many little worries; she loved them well, yet the thought of a holiday at her grandmother's, with no Diccon to tease her, and no Marjory to follow her constantly, was not unpleasant. So after supper Susan slipped away to her chamber and happily laid out her clothes for next morning's journey — her best red petticoat and gray overdress, and her cloak with the red linings. She liked the red in the cloak, for when the hood was drawn about her face she felt that, in spite of her straight dark hair and brown skin, she was not altogether uncomely.

When the clothes were all laid in readiness upon a chair, she realized she had been long about so pleasant a task, so she took her candle and went quickly across the gallery to bid the children good night. Marjory was already asleep, but when she entered Diccon's chamber, the boy lay with eyes wide open. He suffered her to kiss him, and even muttered: "You 'll not stay long away, will you, Sue?" As she left the room, however, he sat up in bed and called after her: "But you were afeard o' that cow. Oh, simple Susan!"

But Susan forgot naughty Diccon when she came into her own room again, and saw the red cloak, and thought of next day's long ride on the pillion behind Moses, the old manservant, and how glad her grandmother would be to see her, and what a happy week she would pass with her. So she blew out her candle, and went contentedly to bed and to sleep.

When she opened her eyes it was still night, for the stars shone in at her lattice. She wondered what should wake her at such an hour, and then, as she was about to put her head down upon the pillow again, she caught a noise like the moving of a chair in the next room, where her mother slept. Susan sat up, wondering if her mother might be ill and need her, and then, as she listened intently, she heard the subdued heavy tones of a man's voice. After that, it was only a moment before she had flung her cloak about her and run out into the gallery to her mother's door. It was bolted, so Susan rattled the latch and cried "Mother!" and lis-

tened, and heard people move within, and again cried "Mother!"

Then the bolt was drawn gently back, and a bar of candlelight struck on Susan's eyes. Mistress Whitaker, with her hair about her shoulders and a loose gown wrapped round her, stood in the doorway. She looked pale, but her voice was quiet enough as she spoke: "Hush, Susan! Go back to bed, child."

But Susan heard the scrape of a heavy boot on the floor, and she sprang forward and clung to her mother. "What has happened?" she begged. "Let me stay with you!"

Then her eyes strayed beyond her mother, and rested on a man who sat eating at the table in the middle of the room — a big, curly-haired fellow in ragged clothes, who, as their eyes met, put down his knife. "Why, hang me if it be not little Susan!" he cried. "Come here, wench. Clean forgot me, eh?"

"Why, mother, is it Robert?" Susan asked under her breath, but the stranger heard and replied: "Who else would make free of the house at such a thief's hour, sister?"

"Robert, Robert, do speak lower," Mistress Whitaker entreated, as she closed and bolted the door once more. "Thank Heaven 't is only Susan has come upon us! She is discreet, albe she is so young."

"Come, my discreet sister, are you not going to bid me welcome?" Robert asked, with a smile that recalled the lad of five years back. So Susan went to him and kissed him. But then she slipped away and sat down at a little distance. For Robert Bowyer was now grown such a prodigious tall, broad-shouldered young man, and had such a mighty appetite for the cold chicken he was devouring, that she felt very shy before him.

"And you say you are on a mission from the King's army, and men are like to apprehend you?" said Mistress Whitaker, pacing nervously across the room.

"Else I had not come to break your slumber," Robert answered. "Pray you, sit down, good mother. And if you would eat a bit —"

"How can you eat at such a time?" the mother broke out.

"How can I refrain from it?" Robert answered, cutting a leg from the chicken. "Did

I not tell you I have lived in hedge-corners the last three days, and eaten —”

“Ah, poor boy!” said Mistress Whitaker, pausing with her hand on his shoulder. “Why did you ever venture in such a wild and perilous attempt?”

“Love of the King?” suggested Robert. “Nay, you do not love him, mother. Then, my own advancement. If I bring to Oxford the information I have gathered, I have the promise that I may lay off my plain lieutenantcy and write myself ‘Captain Bowyer.’”

“But if you do not reach there?”

“That is where you are to help me to plan,” Robert said pleasantly, and turned his attention to the chicken.

There was silence in the room for a time. Susan drew her bare feet up under her cloak as she sat in the chair, and she looked about her, and noted that the casements at all the windows were fast closed so no telltale ray of candle-light might stray out. She put together what she had heard and told herself that Robert was what men called a spy, and perhaps if the Puritan soldiers found him it would be his death. The thought frightened her till she looked at Robert himself and saw how calmly he took it all.

“And to reach Oxford you must pass through Buckinghamshire, and ‘t is all Puritan there,” Mistress Whitaker resumed.

“Yes; so I must have some respectable pretext to march in the open. Skulking in the hedges cannot be thought on, now that I lie under suspicion. And I must be mounted. Have you no kind of a horse, mother?”

“There is a horse from Farmer Wilkins’s in the stable. Wilkins lent it unto Moses that he might take Susan to her grandmother’s at Bayham to-morrow.”

“To Bayham?” Robert smote his fist down on the table so the candles flickered. “I have ‘t, mother! Rouse Moses up and send him packing off on some mad errand. Then let me have a suit of his clothes, and I ‘ll mount and ride in his place with Susan. We ‘ll start before dawn; none need know us. Once at Bayham, I ‘ll make shift to pass on into Oxfordshire, and —”

“Robert, are you mad?” his mother inter-

rupted. “Do you think I would let Susan be dragged into your danger?”

Robert got up from the table. “I ‘d not ask it for myself, mother,” he replied soberly, “but I tell you, I have information that is priceless unto his Majesty. And for that I would risk more than myself. Come, leave it to the lass. Tell me, Susan, will you risk a trot across country with me, to save my worthless neck,—though that ‘s small matter,—but to aid the King and to aid all England?”

Susan’s teeth were chattering with the chilliness of the room and the frightening strangeness of all she had heard, but when Robert stood over her with the coaxing look in his eyes, she could only falter out: “If ‘t is to help save your life, Lieutenant Bowyer, I will do what you bid.”

“Lieutenant, is it? The Lieutenant thanks you, Mistress Susan Whitaker. Run, put on your gown now, child. We must be off at once. Never fear, now. I ‘ll take good care of you. Look you here, if any knave of a Puritan trouble us.” Before Susan realized what he was about, he had thrust a hand into his breeches’ pocket and drawn out a long pistol, the sight of which made her cower back against the wall.

“Oh, Robert, there will not be fighting?” she begged.

“Nay, nay — if you be afraid —” her brother answered kindly. “Best not venture it.”

“I am not afraid,” Susan forced herself to say. “I ‘ll be ready in a moment to go with you, Robert.”

So she passed out into the gallery. The boards felt cold under her feet, and she was shivering all over. When she was safe within her own room she found she was crying, very softly, though, lest they should hear her in the next chamber. She was half dressed before she got control of herself, and even then the thought of the long pistol, and the instant’s determined set of Robert’s lips as he drew it, made her tremble again. How different it was from the happy journey she had planned! Even the red cloak did not matter now; for it was so dark she could not tell the color, and she dared not light a candle. When she was all dressed, and sat waiting by her window, she noted the moon looked wan in the west, and out of doors

it was all black and cold; within the chamber, too, all looked strange, and she felt she was in a bad dream, and hoped she might wake soon.

At length her mother spoke softly at the door, and, as if it were still part of the dream, Susan followed her quietly down the dark stairs, through the hall, where it was a little lighter, and so out into the damp spring morning. The

through safely enough." He lifted her up to the pillion, spoke a quiet word or two to Mistress Whitaker, then, jumping up before Susan, turned the horse's head across the field toward the lane.

For the first two miles not a word passed between them. Susan felt by the way Robert urged on their steady horse that he wished to



"'COME, MY DISCREET SISTER, ARE YOU NOT GOING TO BID ME WELCOME?" ROBERT ASKED."

chilly wind seemed to bring her awake again, and she found life to put out her hand and grasp her mother's arm. They crossed the close in silence, and so came out into the field where the big farm-horse stood saddled, and at his head Robert Bowyer, in whole clothes and newly shaved, as Susan saw when they came up to him.

"Be ye ready, mistress?" He greeted her with a broad accent and a loutish tug at his forelock that made Susan laugh nervously. "Why, that's well," said Robert. "Look on it all as 't were a mere holiday. We'll come

get clear of the home village as quickly as possible, and his unexpressed anxiety filled her with terror. But she did not speak it out, only clung to him with her cold hands, and tried to adapt herself to the jogging motion of the horse, endeavored to count the setting stars, and so not think. The cottages and church of the village slipped by them in a confused and hurried way that made them unlike themselves. They left the farm-house that bounded the farthest verge of Susan's world behind them, and turned into a piece of damp-smelling woodland. The stars

were all gone out now, and the sky was a pale dun-color.

"It will be a gray day," said Robert, suffering the horse to slacken speed somewhat. "How fares it with you now, little sister?"

"Well, I thank you, Robert."

"Nay, not 'Robert' now — just your man-servant, and you can call me — Samson." Robert turned his head and smiled down at her over his shoulder, and Susan tried hard to smile back. Then he began to talk nonsense about preposterous adventures he had been through and come alive from, and when she laughed a little in spite of herself, he began to talk more quietly, and to question her of her mother and the children. Susan mastered her shyness somewhat then, and told of her mother's illness, and how good Marjory was, and what a trial Diccon proved sometimes. "But it is my own fault he doth tease me," she admitted; "for I am sadly timid. But a cow is such a fearsome great beast, Brother Robert, and for spiders and bugs, they do so crawl on you. But I know it is simple of me."

There she broke off talk, for they came to the outskirts of a village, so Robert must turn his head to the front like a respectful serving-man. At a trough in the center of the place he halted to water the horse, and, to Susan's alarm, fell to conversing with some men that were loitering there. She heard him tell them that he was conveying his mistress to Bayham, and then she only perceived that he jested roughly with the men, and mounted the horse with his face still a-grin. But once outside the village there came a change in his manner. He spoke with her no more, but put the horse forward hurriedly till mid-morning, when they made a sharp turn into a miry road on the left hand. "You know the ways about here at all?" Robert broke silence. "No? Well, we are heading away from Bayham now."

"Wherefore?" Susan asked, with a feeling that all the known world was slipping away from her.

"Those louts back there at the village let fall a word. There are over-many troops to the west of us to make it just pleasant ground for me. So we must head southwestward to Chescombe, and so into the King's country. I am

sorry indeed to carry you along, but I'll find friends to leave you with ere — ere the roughest part of the road comes. So you must not be anxious, child."

"No, I'll not be," Susan said stoutly. "Do not trouble yourself for me, Robert."

The rest of the morning she sat rigid on the pillion, and watched the hedges and fields go by, and the bright spot in the clouds where the sun was trying to break through. And again and again, try as she would to prevent, her eyes turned back along the muddy road they had come, and she half thought to catch sight of a troop of the Puritan horse galloping on their tracks.

Somewhat after noon they entered a considerable town, and drew up at an inn. "You must eat a bit," Robert said in a low tone, as he helped her to dismount. "Come in with me. You shall have a chamber to yourself. Don't talk with the people. And be not anxious, for I may be some time in coming again."

Susan tried hard to eat what the hostess of the inn brought her, but she could not. So all the long minutes she sat idle in the dark inn chamber, and wondered why Robert delayed, and what she should do if harm had befallen him. She found she was wringing her hands, without knowing that she did it, and once she just choked off a sob that came up in her throat.

But at last, when she was sure it was nearly night-time, a strong tread sounded on the stair, and Robert opened the door and bade her come.

"I had to get a better horse," he explained, as he hurried her away from the inn. "And I tried to find people whom I could trust you with. But 't is safer to take you with me. I mean to risk it. We shall be in Oxfordshire ere mid-evening now."

"That will be good," Susan faltered, and trotted along bravely to keep up with his great strides.

Quite at the far end of the town, in the yard of another inn, they found the new horse saddled and waiting for them. He was a powerful gray, far different from the farm-beast, and as they paced out of the yard he fretted at the bit.

"You are seated securely?" Robert asked. "We shall go at a better speed now."

Then he gave the gray horse a looser rein,

and they shot forward at such a pace that the mud splashed up to the saddle-girths. Susan held tighter to her brother, and wished they had kept the old horse, and scarcely dared wonder why Robert had taken such pains to make the change. What did "the roughest part of the road" mean? And he had said there was risk. She tried to question him, but the words stuck in her throat; and when at last he spoke something to reassure her, it was in a hasty tone that made her heart stop beating with the realization that he, too, was worried and nervous. Still, mile after mile rolled out behind them in the fading afternoon, and no sign of danger came. The tenseness of her fear lessened somewhat, the more so as she now began to realize that she was physically very tired with the strain of the day. In fact, she came at last to be only half conscious of the passing fields, and only half to hear the pash of the horse's hoofs. She knew only that there was danger round them, and that Robert sat before her, alive and strong, and she held fast to him.

Of a sudden she started out of this half-waking state as a man's voice, close by, cried: "Pull up, fellow!"

At that the gray horse stopped with a suddenness that almost unseated Susan. On either hand in the dim twilight she had a sight of cottages, and, in the doorway of the nearest one, men in great boots and armed with swords were loitering. Right at Robert's knee, so near she could have touched him, stood a sharp-featured man with a yellow scarf across his jacket, and, peering farther, she saw a second man stood at the horse's head. Susan hid her face against Robert's shoulder, and had it in mind to pray, only she could not even think a prayer. She knew men spoke and Robert replied, but it was several moments before she grew calm enough to understand their words, and then she heard the man with the yellow scarf say: "No; you do not pass so lightly, sirrah. Our Captain will ride in shortly, and you shall speak unto him. Get you down, now."

"Oh, will you not let us pass?" Susan cried out, without knowing that she spoke.

"There, there, mistress, don't 'ee fret," Robert put in, with a broad country accent.

The fact that he was so cool, and kept up his

part still, shamed her. "Can you not explain to them, Samson?" she asked more quietly, and then, as he made a half-movement to dismount, she caught his arm. "Oh, must we delay?" she cried, and leaned a little toward the man with the scarf and spoke with a trembling voice. "Will you not let me pass, sir, with my servant? I have come such a way to visit my kinsfolk at Chescombe, and I am so tired, and — and —" She had to put her hand to her face there and stop speaking, for she could no longer hold back the tears of sheer fright.

"Well, that 's a brave piece o' soldier's work, master," said Robert, nonchalantly. "Here you 've set my young mistress to blubbering. Now, what more do you want of us?"

"Why," said the man, more dubiously, "I cannot be sure, though your look be honest."

Susan uncovered her eyes, and saw that the two men had drawn together as if to confer apart, and at that instant she felt the gray horse leap forward beneath them. Some one cried "Halt!" Then she had a moment's glimpse of a man running by the stirrup, and of Robert swinging up his arm and striking down at him with a pistol clubbed in his hand. After that she shut her eyes and clung to her brother, and knew only that the horse tore on beneath them, and behind and before them people were shouting, and there came, too, from in front a sound of hoofs. "The rest of the gang!" Robert cried, and with that the horse swerved sharply to the left. "Don't hamper my arms now!" Robert called to her, almost roughly.

Susan felt the rush of wind against her face, and felt her loose hair whip across her forehead. She felt the rough cloth of Robert's coat as she clasped her arms about him and clung with all her strength. People were still shouting behind them, and she heard a pistol-shot; but she could not scream, for the voice was gone from her throat. "Scoundrels!" she heard Robert jerk out between his teeth. "Hold fast, now!"

The horse seemed to rise up from the ground with a shudder through all his body; she felt Robert sway forward, then lean back against her. Then once more she heard the soft ground pashing beneath the horse's feet.

She dared open her eyes, and saw they were galloping through a dark field, and a black hedge was behind them, but no pursuers. Yet Robert did not cease to lash the horse on till the fields merged into a beech wood and they came safe into the shelter of a bridle-path. Then he halted the horse, and, bidding Susan

was, and a hedge on the far side. Those Puritan rascals durst not try it. The knaves! You pleaded with them bravely, Susan. Belike you have saved my neck."

Susan did not answer, but lay quiet against Robert's arm, and looked up at the sky and the branches of the beeches against it, and dared



"SHE HAD A MOMENT'S GLIMPSE OF A MAN RUNNING BY THE STIRRUP, AND OF ROBERT STRIKING DOWN AT HIM."

set her foot on his, lifted her round in front of him, and so holding her with one arm, set forward again.

"You are not hurt, sweetheart?" he asked very gently.

"No, no," Susan answered just above her breath.

"You're a brave little maid," Robert said. "There are not many I'd dare risk on such a jump as that we made. A fine broad ditch it

not think lest she recall the moment when the horse had left the ground.

At last, when the sky was all dark and the stars were out very bright, they halted again, this time by a great, lonely house with many lights, and a man ran up to them, whom Robert bade sharply to get ready a fresh horse.

"I must immediately push on for Oxford," Robert explained, as he lifted her down into his arms. "But I shall leave you here. They

are kinsfolk of my Colonel, and will keep you safe."

Then it was all confusion before Susan's eyes — a great hall, and candles, and a tall woman who kissed her; and at last she found herself sitting on a settle, with her head on Robert's shoulder, crying and not being able to stop, though she tried. "No matter, no matter, Robert," she sobbed. "But my scarlet petticoat is all mud-

died, and I thought they would kill you, and I am afraid of pistols, and — and prithee take me home to mother and the children."

"Presently," Robert answered soothingly. "And you shall have a brave silk gown to replace the petticoat. Come, come, don't cry so, lass, else I shall think I lost my gallant little sister on the road, and have here just Master Diccon's simple Susan."

WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS NEW.

BY MABEL LETA EATON.

If you were a little girl again,
Mother Mahone, Mahone,
What would you do the long, long day,
Playing alone, alone?

If I were a little girl again,
Nora, my own, my own,
With just one long, long sunny day
To play alone, alone,
If I were a little girl again,
And fairy folk were true,
If paper dolls had human hearts,
And all the world were new,
Ah, listen, listen, little one,
I 'll whisper what I 'd do:
To the violet's lips I 'd put my ear
And hush my heart that I might hear

The secret of its sweetness;
I 'd search beneath the fungus shelves
For glimpse of goblins, gnomes, or elves;
I 'd run a race with the laughing brook,
Or chase it to some witch-kept nook,
Whose spell would stay its fleetness;
I 'd hide in the haunt of the mocking-
bird
Till I learned its melody word for word;
Full length upon the moss I 'd lie,
Content beneath the changing sky
In that one day's completeness.

If I were a little girl again,
Even as you, as you,
If fairy folk were truly folk,
And all the world were new,
I 'd just be happy, little one,
Till the long, long day was through.

IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY KLYDA RICHARDSON STEEGE.



CAPE TOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN.

"To the growl of the sluicing stamp-head,
To the reef and the water-gold,
To the last and the largest Empire,
To the map that is half unrolled."

IF we were in England and had brothers or cousins or friends fighting in the war in South Africa, it would seem a much more real thing than perhaps it does to some of us here in America. English boys and girls are so accustomed to having relations and friends in the different colonies which help to make up the great British Empire that they take an interest for their sakes, if for no other reason, in the countries where "Uncle George" and "Brother Jack" have gone to help uphold the

glory of old England. That is the way we feel now about the Philippine Islands, or Cuba, since members of our own families have gone there to fight for the Stars and Stripes, or, if need be, to die for their country.

But we should take an interest in the war in South Africa, because South Africa is such a wonderful country, and possesses resources of every kind, which are going to make it one of the most important parts of the earth, not only commercially, but as a land of beautiful cities, rich farms, and prosperous, peaceful homes. Then, remember, America has a very large amount of traffic and business with South Africa, and numbers of our own people have

gone out there to make a living, and in some cases a fortune. To South African ports we send quantities of things: lumber from Maine and the forests of the West, petroleum from Pennsylvania, machinery for the mines from Chicago, electrical appliances from different cities, furniture from our large factories, canned goods, farm implements, and hundreds of other articles. In return we receive among our imports from Africa gold, diamonds, ivory, ebony, and cocoanut.

If we had been at school some sixty or seventy years ago, we should have seen on the map of Africa, in our geographies, the words "Unexplored Regions" written over a large part of the country. Since that time, how the maps have changed, and how the dark parts of the continent have become light! For these changes we have to thank the brave explorers and missionaries. We ought never to forget the services of these men, and should hold in honored remembrance such names as Moffat, Baker, Stanley, Thomson, and a score of others of equal fame, and, above all and before all, that of David Livingstone.

The name Africa was first used by the Romans, and some say, comes from a Carthaginian word which means a colony. The Greeks called the country Libya, and very little of the continent, except Egypt, was known to either Greeks or Romans. Those wonderful people, the Phenicians, penetrated into the interior, and, in all probability, learned from the natives of the existence of the gold-mines, which they worked, and which have been rediscovered in this century. These mines are in what is known as Rhodesia, a great extent of country which is coming to be of great importance under English rule. There one may see ancient buildings and tombs, and traces of the old mining operations, which must have been carried on several thousand years ago, perhaps more.

The gold of Ophir, mentioned in the Bible, came probably from these mines, and was brought to beautify King Solomon's temple at Jerusalem. At least, that is what some of the learned men think.

The natives from the interior used to bring down into other parts of the country quills



THE ROYAL MAIL-STEAMER "NORMAN," OUTWARD BOUND.

filled with gold-dust, which they offered for sale. This set people to thinking and looking, and following up rivers to their sources in the forest. After several different white men had found the old mines and seen the ancient ruins, they began to look for other gold.

A German named Mauch was the first man who discovered evidences of gold in the Transvaal, but, failing to interest his fellow-countrymen in mining in so difficult and distant a country, nothing came of his discovery. Not until an Englishman, Struben by name, found the gold of the Transvaal again, was any special interest taken in the matter. He spread the news, and in a year's time from the first opening of the country, twenty thousand people had arrived on the spot, eager to make fortunes. They came from every part of the world, and included every class of persons—miners from California and other Western States, younger sons of well-known English families, adventurers and speculators, and people who had given up respectable, steady occupations and businesses to join in the mad rush for gold. This crowd of excited, eager men (some women and children were among them, too) pitched tents, or nailed together a few boards for protection, or built frail, leaky shanties with roofs of iron bent into wavy ridges,—corrugated,—and began their new life.

They were over a thousand miles from the sea-coast, and some of them, who could not find any other method of traveling, or could not afford another, had come, after leaving the railroad, five hundred miles on foot.

There they were, when they reached the gold-fields, in a country without trees or vegetation other than grass, on the high, bare veldt (like our prairie), the great South African plateau, which is, in the Transvaal, about six thousand feet above sea-level, and to which all material for building, all conveniences and necessities for living, and much of their food had to be brought in ox-carts, and carried sometimes from even the distant coast.

This was in 1886, and now, where the first little wooden sheds and tents were put up, stands Johannesburg, a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, a fine town with good buildings, electric lights, and street railways. Stretching away from it toward the east and west runs the gold region, some forty or fifty miles in length. You will hear this reef, which was in prehistoric times the edge of a great ocean basin, called the Rand. This term is an abbreviation of Witwatersrand, which means white water ridge, and the ridge, or reef, forms the watershed between the Atlantic and Indian oceans. There are a great many of these Rand mines, and the amount of gold



"TREKKING"—TRAVELING BY OX-WAGON IN SOUTH AFRICA.

taken from them has long since exceeded the supply from any other part of the world. California and Australia are left quite behind in their production. You would not care for too many figures, but when you realize that two cents' worth of anything, for the smallest coin in use is what South Africans call a "tickey," and that is equal to an English threepenny piece, or six cents in American money. All expenses of living are very high,



A SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD-MINE.

the Transvaal gold has frequently reached a value of about five million dollars a month, it is quite an overwhelming thought how rich the mines are. Enormous fortunes have been made from them, and men who arrived in the Transvaal without a cent have grown rich, while, on the other hand, numbers of people have ventured everything and lost all they had. Johannesburg is a city where everybody speculates, and a great amount of money is wasted every day. People make money quickly, and spend it as fast, and one pays for almost everything a great deal more than it is worth.

How would you like a place where you could never spend less than six cents at a time? In Johannesburg there is no buying of a cent's or

and the food is not good. Eggs sometimes cost a shilling apiece, and a cabbage is sold at the same price. Fruit is the cheapest food, and is brought around to the houses by coolies, who wear long white robes and turbans. They bring you bananas and oranges, guavas and lemons and pineapples, and sell them for very little.

The servants in South Africa are the natives, generally known as Kaffirs, which is an Arabic word meaning unbeliever. They, of course, belong to a great many different tribes, and vary very much in appearance, customs, and language. The finest natives in strength and intelligence are the Zulus.

The native Africans who come to Johannesburg, or who work in the mines, leave their

homes for a part of the year, and if they do not spend their wages in drink or in buying clothes, they take the money back to their kraals. None of the family wear much except their own brown skins, unless when the weather is cold, and then they wrap themselves in a blanket.

In Johannesburg clothes are required, and nothing pleases a Kaffir more than to have a varied wardrobe. Waistcoats they admire particularly, and I have seen them with four or five such articles on at once. They are devoted to umbrellas, and carry them whenever they can, except in rainy weather, considering

In the hotel where we lived in Johannesburg our "chambermaid" was a big Zulu boy, called Jim, though that was not his real name, of course. He was quite thorough in what he did when he liked, and at other times would not be willing to do anything. I was a little afraid of him, he seemed so big and strong. His temper was rather uncertain, but we never had any real trouble with him. Some of the hotel boys, however, were very excitable, and one of them attacked with a broom a gentleman who remonstrated with him because he was not willing to clean a pair of boots.

The natives can be very kind and affection-



THE BULAWAYO HOTEL.

them too precious to be taken out in the wet. It does not make any difference how ragged or torn the umbrella may be, it is valuable in a Kaffir's eyes, and cherished most carefully.

The servants are sometimes very entertaining, though occasionally extremely exasperating. They expect and receive high wages, even when they cannot sweep or scrub properly, and their cooking is generally bad. They like to sit at the kitchen doors and talk, or sing their monotonous songs. One boy we knew had a mouth-organ, and used to drive us nearly wild by playing two or three notes, all he knew, over and over, almost every afternoon, directly under our open windows.

ate, but it is hard for white people always to understand them. They are often very bright, and can learn quickly, and missionaries have done a great deal to help and teach them, with frequently wonderful results. Most tribes have songs and stories of their own, which they are very fond of reciting and telling. The stories are generally about animals, and there is always a rabbit and a lion in them, just as there are in some of the Uncle Remus tales. Probably these old African legends are the source from which the negroes in America carried their stories of Br'er Rabbit and his friends. The Kaffirs know a great many things which white people do not, and their

senses are much more keenly developed than ours. No one understands how it is that news travels so quickly among them, but if anything happens in one place, it is known almost immediately by other natives miles and miles away. They seem to have some organized system of getting information that is beyond the power of the clever white man to find out.

The Transvaal would never have been known to the world as it has been, nor become of such importance, if it had depended on the Boers to develop the mineral wealth of the country. Foreigners, chiefly English and American, have done this, while the Boers prefer to sit still on their farms, which they cultivate just enough to supply their actual wants, or to look after their cattle, and to make hunting expeditions and ride about the country. This is a pity, for the soil is wonderfully fertile, and almost any kind of plant or tree could be made to grow.

Europeans knew nothing about the land of South Africa until 1486, when the Portuguese explorer, Bartolomeo Diaz, searching, like other voyagers of his day, for an ocean road to India, discovered the bold headland which he called the Cape of Storms, a title changed by King John of Portugal to Cape of Good Hope. It was Vasco da Gama who first went all the way around the Cape, touching at various points on his trip, to one of which, a green and fertile country, where he landed on Christmas Day, he gave the name of Natal, from the Spanish word for Christmas Day.

The way to India by sea having been found, many expeditions were fitted out, and ships of various nations sailed for the rich world of the Orient. After the war between Spain and

the Netherlands, and the union of Spain and Portugal, the Dutch were unable to carry on their Eastern trade through Lisbon, as had been their custom, and had to go to India for themselves. Then they organized what was known as the Dutch East India Company, formed for trading in India, and for gaining what advantage they could over the Portuguese. This enterprise proved most successful, and the Dutch merchants grew rich and powerful by it.

The men on the ships going to India suffered very often from disease, owing principally to the lack of fresh food during the long voyage, and it was thought advisable to make a small settlement at the Cape of Good Hope, where a garden could be planted and kept to furnish vegetables, and a hospital might be erected to take in sick persons from the passing vessels. The Dutch East India Company, therefore, sent out its first colonists in April, 1652. Before the settlement was actually made, the Dutch, as well as the English, had attempted to start a colony at the Cape, but nothing permanent had been done in that direction. At last, however, the first settlers arrived and began life in this new part of the world. They had a very hard time at first, owing to disease and drought; the natives



A DEALER WEIGHING IVORY TUSKS BROUGHT FROM THE INTERIOR.

and wild beasts were troublesome, but the plucky white men held on, and finally began to prosper.

In 1654 the first Boers (the word Boer, pronounced "boor," means a peasant farmer, like the German *Bauer*), mainly Dutch, but in

least, the Dutch and the English lived as friendly neighbors.

The Cape settlement remained in the possession of the Dutch until 1795, when, the French revolutionists occupying Holland, the colonists hoisted a flag of independence, and



TYPES OF SAVAGE NATIVES.

some cases Germans, began to arrive, and a little later the Huguenots driven from France joined them.

The introduction of slaves began ten years after the founding of the colony, and soon there were more blacks than Europeans.

As the number of people in the colony increased, and some of them grew much richer than others, the laws became more severe, and a feeling of dissatisfaction manifested itself. In spite, therefore, of a law forbidding the settlers on pain of death to move farther inland, because by so doing they would weaken the strength of the colony, many of the Boers pushed toward the interior, some of them reaching a point five hundred miles distant from the coast.

The land in this newly occupied part of the country being better adapted for pasturage than for gardening, these settlers became raisers of cattle and sheep, instead of gardeners, and soon owned large herds and many slaves. British colonists came out from England and settled down, and for some time, at

appealed to Great Britain for protection. The British accordingly took possession in the name of the Prince of Orange, who was at that time a refugee in London. You must freshen your memory of European history of that period, in case you have forgotten it, to understand how matters stood between the different countries. Then you will see how it was that when peace was restored after the Napoleonic wars, and Holland had been annexed by France, the latter country ceded to England the "Batavian Republic," which included, among other territory, the Cape Colony.

Under English rule matters improved for the colonists, and the administration was, on the whole, satisfactory, until the government ordered the slaves to be freed. The Boers, indignant at the loss of "property," for which they did not consider themselves sufficiently compensated, resolved to go beyond the reach of law and government, and what you hear spoken of as the "Great Trek" took place in the year 1835. Trek comes from the Dutch verb *trekken*, to draw or drag, and this journey

was so termed because the people who left the colony to seek another home farther inland traveled in huge ox-carts or wagons.

The first two hundred who left wandered on until they came to a country far from the sea, where, after many fights with the Matabele tribes, they held their own sufficiently to found the Orange Free State.

The second trekking party, among whom was the present President Krüger, then ten years of age, went over into the colony of Natal. There they failed in finding a resting-place, because they attempted to take land already in British possession. They, too, had their struggles with natives and many hardships to encounter, but finally they crossed the Vaal River, and soon after all the different settlers united themselves, for mutual protection, into a republic, under a man named Pretorius as president, and with Paul Krüger as commandant-general of the army.

It was not long before they found themselves unable to prevent trouble with the natives, and they appealed to England for protection. They were also heavily burdened with a debt, which they saw no chance of repaying. So Great Britain took them in charge, kept off the natives, and paid their debts, and at last, at the request of many of the settlers, the country was declared to be the possession of the British Empire.

It probably would not interest you to hear of all the political changes and discussions which have taken place in the country. It is enough to say that the Boers were not satisfied to be under English administration, and finally rebelled against it, with the result that, after a short war, their country was given back to them on cer-

tain conditions. These conditions not having been adhered to as England expected, the present war broke out. Let us hope for its early termination.

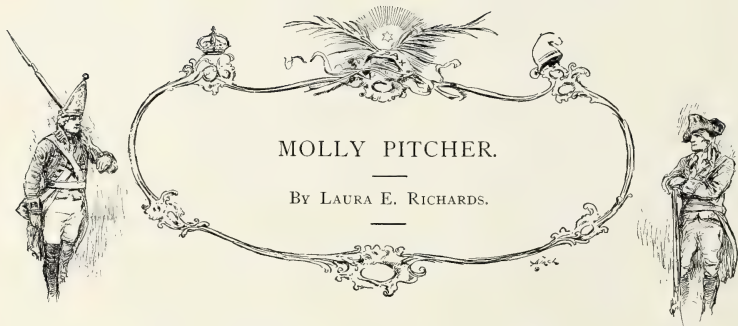
The more Africa is developed by enterprising people, the more valuable it will become in the world. Its size, three quarters of the earth's land area, makes it important, and its resources are unrivaled. I wish there were room to tell about the great ostrich-farms of the Cape Colony, and of the feather-market at Port Elizabeth; of the diamonds from the mines of Kimberley—how they are found and made perfect for the world to wear; of the vineyards and grain-fields, of the coffee- and sugar-plantations; of the endless grass-covered veldt, of the desert, and the lonely, bare mountains. You would like to hear of the quaint customs and curious foreign manners; of the 'riksha men (men who draw the jinriksha wagons), and the Boer policemen; of the cities—Cape Town, lying under the frowning mass of Table Mountain, tropical, beautiful Durban, Pretoria, the Transvaal capital, and the home of President Krüger.

We shall soon see the railroad and telegraph line completed from Cape Town to Cairo, and thus carried through what only lately were unknown and trackless regions from one end of the continent to the other. Then the secrets of the Nile and the Great Desert and the untrodden jungle will be secrets no longer, for all the world will know them, and Egypt, almost the

oldest civilized country, can shake hands with the other end of the African continent, where the British flag floats at Cape Town, and where the ships of the new as well as the old nations come into harbor from the world across the oceans.



A GROUP OF NATIVES DISPLAYING VARIOUS AFRICAN CURIOSITIES.



MOLLY PITCHER.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

PITCHER the gunner is brisk and young;
He 's a lightsome heart and a merry tongue,
An ear like a fox, an eye like a hawk,
A foot that would sooner run than walk,
And a hand that can touch the linstock home

As the lightning darts from the thunder-
dome.

He hates a Tory; he loves a fight;
The roll of the drum is his heart's delight;
And three things rule the gunner's life:
His country, his gun, and his Irish wife.

Oh, Molly, with your eyes so blue!
Oh, Molly, Molly, here 's to you!
Sweet Honor's roll will aye be richer
To hold the name of Molly Pitcher.

The sun shoots down on Monmouth fight
His brazen arrows broad and bright.
They strike on sabers' glittering sheen,
On rifle-stock and bayonet keen;
They pierce the smoke-cloud gray and dim,
Where stand the gunners swart and grim,
Firing fast as shot can flee
At the foe they neither hear nor see.
Where all are brave, the bravest one,
Pitcher the gunner, serves his gun.

Oh, Molly, Molly, haste and bring
The sparkling water from the spring,
To drive the heat and thirst away,
And keep your soldier glad and gay!

A bullet comes singing over the brow,
And — Pitcher's gun is silent now.
The brazen throat that roared his will,
The shout of his warlike joy, is still.
The black lips curl, but they shoot no
flame,
And the voice that cries on the gunner's
name

Finds only its echo where he lies
With his steadfast face turned up to the
skies.

Oh, Molly, Molly, where he lies
His last look meets your faithful eyes;
His last thought sinks from love to
love
Of your darling face that bends above.

"No one to serve in Pitcher's stead?
Wheel back the gun!" the captain said;
When, like a flash, before him stood
A figure dashed with smoke and blood,
With streaming hair, with eyes of flame,
And lips that falter the gunner's name.
"Wheel back *his* gun, that never yet
His fighting duty did forget?
His voice shall speak, though he lie dead;
I 'll serve my husband's gun!" she said.

Oh, Molly, now your hour is come!
Up, girl, and strike the linstock home!
Leap out, swift ball! Away! away!
Avenge the gunner's death to-day!

All day the great guns barked and roared;
 All day the big balls screeched and soared;
 All day, 'mid the sweating gunners grim,
 Who toiled in their smoke-shroud dense and
 dim,

Sweet Molly labored with courage high,
 With steady hand and watchful eye,

And looks where our gallant Greene doth
 lead

A figure clad in motley weed —
 A soldier's cap and a soldier's coat
 Masking a woman's petticoat.

He greets our Molly in kindly wise;
 He bids her raise her fearful eyes;



“‘HIS VOICE SHALL SPEAK, THOUGH HE LIE DEAD;
 I ‘LL SERVE MY HUSBAND’S GUN!’ SHE SAID.”

Till the day was ours, and the sinking sun
 Looked down on the field of Monmouth won,
 And Molly standing beside her gun.

Now, Molly, rest your weary arm!
 Safe, Molly, all is safe from harm.
 Now, woman, bow your aching head,
 And weep in sorrow o’er your dead!

Next day on that field so hardly won,
 Stately and calm, stands Washington,

And now he hails her before them all
 Comrade and soldier, whate’er befall.

“And since she has played a man’s full part,
 A man’s reward for her loyal heart!
 And Sergeant Molly Pitcher’s name
 Be writ henceforth on the shield of fame!”

Oh, Molly, with your eyes so blue!
 Oh, Molly, Molly, here ’s to you!
 Sweet Honor’s roll will aye be richer
 To hold the name of Molly Pitcher.

LIZ AND BEDNEGO.

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.



"'I GWINK GIVE DAT BEDNEGO ER WAKIN' UP ONE TIME,' CHUCKLED LIZ." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

MRS. WILLIE CABELL was sorry afterward that she had taken Mrs. Wingfield around the house by that path.

They had just been discussing the relative merits and virtues of boy and girl nurses; and Mrs. Cabell had become quite earnest—indeed, almost enthusiastic—over the trust and reliance she felt she could place in her girl Liz.

Then they turned the corner of the house. There, seated on a quilt, spread like a royal carpet upon the grass, was sixteen-months-old baby Cabell, laughing, clapping his hands, and following with big delighted eyes the motions of a fantastic figure which strutted in irregular, erratic circles around him in a sort of "crow dance." It was Liz, the model nurse-girl!

Liz was what the negroes call a "reg'lar

Guinea"—small, wizened, active; and black with an ebony, dusky blackness which suggested the action of time, wind, and weather upon her features.

She had a pert, apish countenance, and lips which were not thick, but were thrust out to an astonishing degree, forming a sort of shelf upon the lower part of her face.

She was as fond of collecting castaway odds and ends as a monkey or a jackdaw. Just now she wore, carefully balanced upon her head, one over the other, forming a stack about two feet high, some four or five old hats which her mistress had given her from time to time. As she hopped solemnly around in her crow dance, lifting her bare feet very high, and treading carefully upon their outer edges, she

looked so grotesque and outlandish, so utterly unlike a responsible human creature, that Mrs. Wingfield could hardly be blamed for saying, laughingly, after they had passed her:

"She 's not just *my* ideal of a good, reliable nurse."

"Really," answered Mrs. Willie, with a deprecating smile, "I never saw Liz look quite so ridiculous, I admit. She 's ever so much better and more sensible than she appears, though. She is such a queer, sly, woodsy creature, she always looks about as comfortable in her clothes as a squirrel, or any wild creature, would if caught and dressed up."

"She looks to me," said Mrs. Wingfield, "as if she might seem quite natural and suitable in Africa, with a waist-fringe for costume, a basket of mealies on her head, and a group of beehive-shaped huts for background. Truly, now, I think if I should meet her out walking some fine morning, in the heart of Africa, I should take her for no less than a member, in good standing, of the Hooey-ooey tribe."

Mrs. Willie Cabell could not help laughing at her friend's very apt and humorous description of Liz. But she was only amused, not influenced, and she said: "Liz is a faithful creature, brave and sensible in spite of her looks. I'd much rather trust her with my baby than trust any boy of her age that I ever saw."

"Some day, I think, you 'll find," said Mrs. Wingfield, "that a boy is best. He is so much better able to take care of himself, and the baby, too. Boys are stronger and braver; if there 's any danger or alarm—or if anything really happens—boys know what to do, are able to do it, and not frightened, you know."

"Huh!" said Liz, to whom scraps of this conversation had floated back, "reckon she 'spec' dat ole saddle-cullahed niggah boy she got gwine 'membah 'bout dat ah baby o' huhn, 'f ennythink skeer 'im?"

Baby Cabell, to whom this query was addressed, made no reply.

"I boun' yo', he gwine drap dat chile plumb smack in de branch, 'f er feesh flap 'is tail at 'im!" grumbled Liz. "He ain' got de sense he 'uz bawn weth. I say 'boy nuss'? Dat Wingfiel' chile ain' git'n' no mo' 'tention 'n er po' white trash; 'n 't ain' gwine git no man-

nehs, ner nuthin' larnt hit, ef dey puts 'pen'ence in dat ole no-'count, sleep-walkin' niggah boy! I gwine ten' on *you*, an' raise yo' like quality is ort ter be raise! I gwine fotch *you* up ter be er credick ter de fambly!"

Liz thoughtfully picked up the stack of hats, which she had absently dropped off as she talked, shunted them dexterously through a neighboring cellar window, gathered up her baby and quilt, and sallied forth, with a new grudge, to find and do battle with her ancient foe, Bednego.

Bednego was nurse to little Paige Wingfield, two months older than Baby Cabell. The Wingfield and Cabell lawns joined, sloping softly down, together, to the waters of Bosque Creek, and separated only by a Cherokee-rose hedge—a low wall of luxuriant green, snowed all over, in early spring, with a riotous waste of bloomy sweetness guarded by sharp thorns.

Over this flowery barrier many a wordy battle had been fought, Liz on the one side and Bednego on the other.

The great drawback to Liz's enjoyment of these encounters was Bednego himself. "Miz-zable, no-'count, 'Yassum-no'm' sort er niggah!" she snorted contemptuously; "has ter walk cross-legged faw ter git 'is wits woun' up! 'T ain' no fun fightin' 'im; 'e ain' good erwake maw'n half de time!"

Liz was in fortune this morning. Under the great cottonwood near the rose hedge lay her despised enemy, fast asleep, his round, fat, yellow face turned up to the sky, wearing the intelligent expression of a pat of Jersey butter. The Wingfield baby lay asleep beside the unconscious "boy nurse."

"I gwine give dat Bednego er wakin' up *one* time," chuckled Liz, as she slipped through a gap in the hedge, possessed herself of little Paige, and crept softly back.

Babies were no trouble to Liz. She had a certain faculty with them. They were never unhappy, nor fretful and bothersome, in her hands. Lacking the cultivated intelligence which civilization and teaching give, the young girl supplied its place by the sure, unerring instinct with which a wild creature cares for its young.

She now proceeded to the other side of the

Cabell house, out of sight in case of Bednego's possible awakening.

Having laid both little fellows down on Baby Cabell's quilt, she fetched out two large baskets from the woodshed, tied them securely one to each end of a long clothes-pole, and laid it across the low limb of a scrubby tree. Putting a baby deftly into each basket, she see-sawed them up and down, like an old-fashioned balance, with such success that Baby Cabell was soon as fast asleep as little Paige.

In about half an hour Liz was gratified to hear Bednego's distressed voice at the side door: "Mis' Cabell, is yo' saw en'thing er li'l' Paigey — whey is Liz, pleezzum?"

Liz continued to operate her see-saw, and to sing in a high, consciously offensive voice:

"Oh, Ham, Sham, an' —

A-bed-ne-go!

They 's a meetin' hyer to-night!

Git ready, they 's a meetin' hyer to-night —

Come erlong, they 's a meetin' hyer to-night —

I knows yo' by yo' *daily* walk —

They 's a meetin' hyer to-night!"

This hymn had been made (by dwelling insultingly on the *A-bed-ne-go*) a cause for quarrel, before now. As Bednego's troubled yellow face appeared in the doorway, Liz added: "Knows yo' by yo' *daily* walk — seems ter be mos'ly er *crawl*, same ez er tukkle."

But Bednego was in too much trouble to take up the very evident challenge. "Is you saw li'l' Paigey ennywhuz?" he asked in a scared voice.

"My lan'!" said Liz, in apparent wrath, "whut bizzness I got seein' li'l' Paigey? I is saw my own chile, an' I is ten' ter 'im, an' put 'im ter sleep, hyer in dish yer bastick, wid — er — sumpin' ter balance 'im, in de urr eend. How I gwine min' out 'bout yo' 'li'l' Paigey?' mimicking his voice. "'Spec' mebbe somp'n' done cyah 'im off w'ile yo' 's dah sleepin', lak I seed yo', wid yo' mouf op'n, an' de sun a-waup-in' yo' tongue tell hit cain' tell de trufe."

"I b'leeve I done los' 'im," said Bednego, the corners of his mouth going down.

"Um-m-m!" sneered Liz, with fine sarcasm. "Whey is yo' think yo' drapped 'im? Mebbe yo' mislaid 'im uv a yistiddy? Is yo' remembah hav'n' 'im ennywhuz ter-day?"

"Brack gal!" burst out the tormented Bednego, almost in tears, "doan' yo' fool wid me, I mought huht yuh! I b'leeve yo' is tuck my li'l' Paigey, yo'se'f!"

Liz made a derisive hissing sound, like a shrill wind through a keyhole.

"Say, yo' know whey is he at?" pleaded Bednego, in a sort of weak whine.

"Noh!"

"You know who *do* know?"

"Naw-awr!"

"You know 'f *en'bod*' who do know?"

Paigey himself here terminated the catechism by sitting up in his basket and calling for "Ben'go!"

Bednego shuffled forward, under fire of Liz's biting comments; divided between blessed relief and slow anger, he took possession of the baby, and shambled off, muttering, followed by the maddening skirls of Liz's shrill triumphant laughter, as she rolled and capered over the grass in excess of apish delight.

It is to be feared that Bednego's version of this performance did much to confirm Mrs. Wingfield's expressed opinion as to the relative merits of her nurse and Mrs. Cabell's. But the hour and the occasion drew near which were to exactly reverse the relative positions of Liz and Bednego in her confidence and respect. It was to come with that sort of thunderclap of an emergency which startles the actual nature of people to the front, and shows clearly and instantly who is brave, capable, self-forgetful, and who cowardly, helpless, and selfish.

It was a hot afternoon — the kind that makes older people cross, and causes babies to cry themselves sick or to sleep. Even the warfare between Liz and Bednego felt the influence of the weather and languished.

They had established their two charges on one rug, under the live-oak down near the creek at the foot of the Wingfield and Cabell lawns.

Both babies were fretting with the heat; indeed it was only this which made Bednego seek Liz's usually shunned society. She had a magic faculty for straightening down a baby's little garments free from wrinkles, establishing

him in a cool spot, giving a few sweeps with a palm-leaf fan, and blowing away tempers and tantrums, that was Nature's own witchcraft. Bednego was wont, when his duties grew too trying, and little Paige was past his pacifying, to call a truce, make his peace by any abject concessions Liz chose to demand, and to avail himself of her help.

Her skill did not fail this time, and both babies were soon lying contentedly on their backs, looking up into the cool green depths of the big tree, each playing sweetly with a fluffy gray turkey-feather with which he had been thoughtfully provided, and which, it is safe to venture, he would have scorned as a means of entertainment from any hands but Liz's.

Bednego went promptly to sleep, and Liz lay softly kicking her slim bare heels on the soft, thick mat of the Bermuda grass, listening to the cooing of the babies and the soft lisp of the creek below.

Suddenly, as she was almost dozing, she heard Baby Cabell say, "Pitty, pitty! Pitty sing!"

Liz raised her head and looked to see what the baby meant.

Baby Cabell was sitting up; right in front of him lay what looked like a tangled skein of yellow-and-brown zephyr. It was a "cotton-mouth," one of the most venomous snakes known to the Southern States. Its evil, diamond-shaped head was raised and swaying, and Baby Cabell's dimpled hands were stretched toward it, following its motion, as he cooed, "Pitty, pitty!"

A quiver ran through Liz's body as she looked.

"Oh, Mawstah! Oh, good Mawstah!" she whispered in a small, husky, stifled whisper, her starting eyes glaring whitely.

There was no time for action to result from conviction of duty, from reasoning, or from training; there was but the space between one breath and the next for her sharp, quick eyes and wits to perceive the baby's deadly peril. With the instinct of her brave, simple, loyal nature, she launched herself bodily upon the lithe yellow-and-brown coils. Her little rusty-black hands, with all five fingers spread, shot out like pieces of swift machinery. They grasped

blindly at the snake, caught around the neck just back of the head, and closed convulsively.

Then Liz recoiled, lost her balance, and rolled over, never relaxing her hold. Now she was on the steep bank of the creek. Dig her toes in as she might, she could get no hold. Her headlong descent could not be stopped unless she flung away the writhing, threshing snake and used her hands.

But the babies above — the reptile mad with rage as it was! No! Liz was faithful — faithful unto death, as she believed; and girl and snake, snake and girl, rolled over and over till a splash told that they had landed in the creek.

The last turn of this wild whirl proved fatal to the snake, the full weight of Liz's body falling on its head, just beyond her hold, and snapping its neck, so that it fell into the water beside her, an inert mass.

At Liz's violent onslaught and struggles, both babies had set up a frightened crying. Bednego, roused thereby, sat stupidly up, pulled his few and heavy wits together, and, as he saw Liz's bare black heels and the whole latter part of the snake going over the bank, became, for the first and last time in his history, thoroughly excited.

Jumping up, without a thought for the safety of the babies left behind, he rushed madly toward the Wingfield house, shrieking, "Fi-ah! Fi-ah!" at the top of his voice.

His cries instantly brought Mrs. Wingfield, Mrs. Cabell, and the Wingfield gardener to the scene.

The babies were caught up, felt over, and found to be unharmed. Then Bednego was discovered to be pointing wildly toward the creek.

They all ran down, and saw, lodged against the fence which ran across the swift little stream, a small black face bobbing up from among the lush green masses of tangled water-cress.

Upon the instant of their seeing her, the current reversed Liz, and instead of her countenance, two large flat soles were suddenly presented to their anxious eyes.

The gardener instantly jumped in, and soon brought her out, wreathed, garlanded, garnished,

head, hand, and foot, with long, luxuriant green streamers of cress, off which ran brisk little rivulets of water—a sort of negro-minstrel Ophelia.

Soon, sitting on the bank, and nervously pulling off the cress as best she could, Liz told in her own way, and in a few brief sentences, the exciting story of the killing of the snake.

But Liz could not spare Bednego.

"'F I 'd er hed time," she concluded, regarding judicially a stem of water-blossom she had just plucked from her wool, "I 'd er fed out dat ole fat Bednego ter de sarpint. H' yain' fitten fer nuthin' else, far ez I kin see; but I 'low he 'd mek right good snake-feed."

AS TOLD TO LITTLE BEN.

BY WILLIAM B. MACHARG.



THE "Marion Squizzle" it were she was,
Wi' lumber from Manistee;
An' 'long about noon it come on to blow—
Blowed food-fer-th'-fish (says he).

I seen some men in my life (he says)
It been jus' a pleasure to eat,
But fer out-an'-out-an'-come-in-ag'in,
Gi' me that Cap'n Pete.

He come on deck in that ter'ble blow,
In that howlin', wallopin' gale,
An' he rousts th' han'ses up from below,
An' he sets a foretopsail.

"Don't none on ye tech that sail," he says,
"By the rollicky jamboree!
Don't none on ye tech that sail," he says,
"Without you speak to me!"

He says it partic'ler to me an' Jim,
 An' he ups an' goes below,
 An' we ain't no more los' sight o' his head
 But she buckles right on to blow.

The Marion Squizzle she bends that much,
 A-standin' aft by th' wheel,
 I can't see th' lookout for'ard at all;
 She 's a reg'lar squirmin' eel.

An' Jim, he bein' th' cap'n's son,
 An' lookin' consider'ble pale,
 "Gee-whillicker-rockets, boys!" he says,
 "I 'm goin' take in that sail."

"You better speak to Pete," I says;
 "I know he 'll be madder 'n sin."
 But Jim he rousts th' han'ses out,
 An' he goes an' takes her in.

An' Cap'n Pete he comes up on deck,
 An' th' very firs' thing he see
 Is his mas' a-standin' thin an' black
 Where his tops'l oughter be!

"Who 's took in that sail?" says Cap'n Pete.
 "Who 's taken her in?" says he.
 "Who 's went an' taken that tops'l in
 "Without fust speakin' to me?"

"I taken her in," says Jim, he says,
 "Or they 'd 'a' been trouble to mend;
 If I had n't 'a' went an' taken her in
 She 'd a-stood us right up on end."

"You git in that boat!" says Cap'n Pete.
 "Git into that boat!" says he.
 "The Marion Squizzle don't carry none
 "But takes their orders o' me."

We begs of Pete like he was *our* pa—
 Beseeches him hard an' swif';
 But he puts that Jim in a open boat,
 An' he turns him orf adrif'.

An' that boy Jim he comes safe ashore,
 An' he don't never ship a sea;
 But the Marion Squizzle turns bottom up,
 An' we all was drowned (says he).

A CAMERA IN MID-AIR.

BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

THE Statue of Liberty is situated on a very small island, in the center of a star-shaped disused fort completed November 9, 1814. The fort is so large in proportion to the size of the island that on three sides of the statue there is only a narrow roadway adjoining the water. I found it impracticable to fly kites from the interior of the old fort, from which the pedestal and statue project, because the high stone walls of the fort are surrounded by deep dry moats, which are accessible only from two narrow entrances. I had already decided that I must send my camera up into the air from the ground, and at a distance from the statue, out over the water.

The only winds sufficiently strong and steady to maintain the kites aloft during the several hours necessary for aerial photography

were from the west and northwest. The statue, with its torch three hundred and twenty-eight feet above the water, faces eastward, and owing to the direction of the wind I was compelled to send up my camera-sustaining kites from the south side of the statue, and from the narrow path which passes along the high bank outside the fort. This pathway curves so rapidly that in laying out my line to send up the first kite I was at once forced to swing the kite sidewise over the water which laps the base of the high stone wall bounding the island. I had thirty-five kites, five, six, and seven feet in diameter, and a powerful reel with a steel shaft. This large supply of kites seemed to me necessary, because I believed that my experiments over the water would result in the loss of some of the kites—perhaps

a whole tandem line of them. I had planned to take as many pictures as possible during a week's vacation.

Of the six days during which my kite experiments were carried on, three were not favora-

radiating from the larger main line, like branches radiating from the trunk of a tree. Each branch of string had a kite at the end of it.

My camera, which, with its bracing-frame, weighs about three pounds, is hinged to a



A KITE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LIBERTY STATUE.

TAKEN BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

ble for photography, and on the other three the wind was so high that two kites were torn to pieces in the air, and two were driven into the water and partly destroyed by being hauled ashore over the wave-washed rocks.

By using kites with very stout frames I finally succeeded in maintaining my camera aloft during several hours on two days; but so powerful was the wind that all the lifting was done with two tailless kites six feet in diameter, flown tandem, each kite with its individual line

small whirling table of wood, which can be set to point in any direction, regardless of the direction in which the kites are flying. Before it left the ground I pointed it back at the statue and braced it rigidly into the upward-slanting kite-cable. When this kite-cable was paid out, the camera, being part of it, like a knot, went upward, exerting a fifty- to seventy-five-pound pull, and it moved out over the water to the eastward and away from the statue. As I continued to let out the kites,

the camera rose higher than the torch of the statue. When the camera had gone as high as I dared to send it—for the higher it goes the greater and more dangerous is the pull—I snapped the shutter and took the picture by

the front of the camera to snap open and shut in about one twenty-fifth of a second. The picture is taken so quickly that the camera usually has no time to cause a blur in the photograph due to the swaying motion



A SECOND PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN FROM A GREATER HEIGHT.

TAKEN BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

means of a special thread, separate from the kite-cable. I pulled this thread, standing at a point by the sea-wall nearer the camera than where the kite-cable was held by the reel, which was pinned to the ground with iron pins.

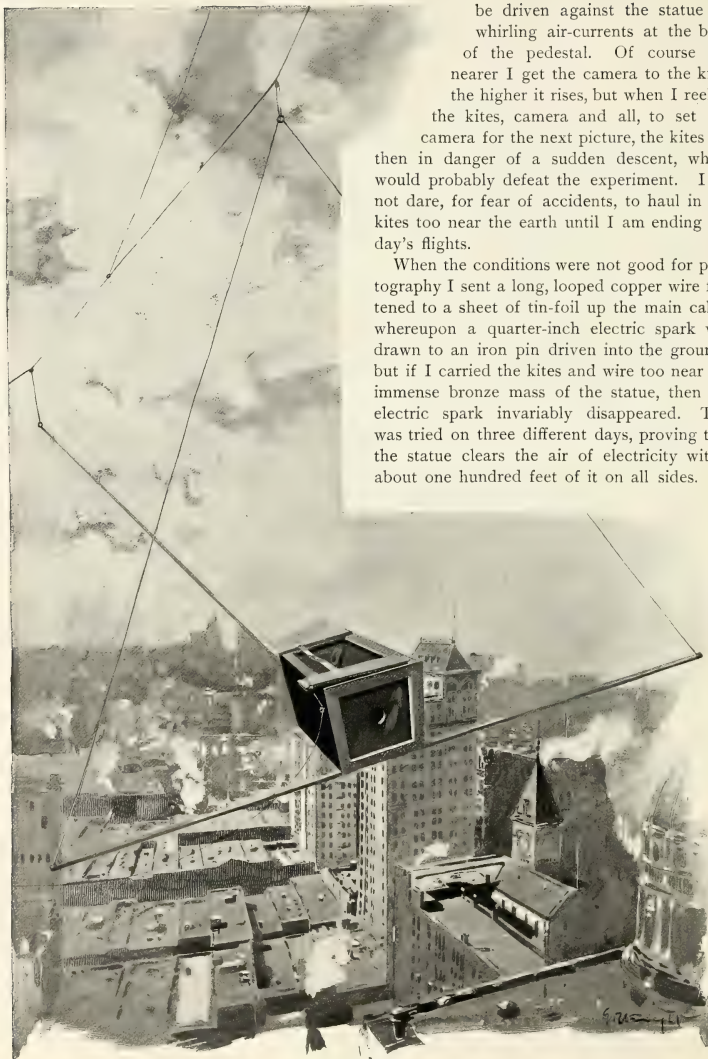
The special thread, very thin, is fastened to the slightly projecting cross-bar on top of the camera, and when the thread, which is paid out upward as the camera rises, is pulled, it presses downward the spring-restrained cross-bar upon a button, which causes the shutter in

caused by the ever-moving kites. There is no certainty that the picture has been taken, up there, until the camera has been hauled down to the earth and the shutter examined to see if it has sprung. Then a new picture-receiving surface is rolled into position, and the camera makes another ascension.

I did not pull in the kites too far when fastening the camera into the main kite-cable, because of the fear that the kites might come down into the water during a sudden lull, or

be driven against the statue by whirling air-currents at the base of the pedestal. Of course the nearer I get the camera to the kites the higher it rises, but when I reel in the kites, camera and all, to set the camera for the next picture, the kites are then in danger of a sudden descent, which would probably defeat the experiment. I do not dare, for fear of accidents, to haul in the kites too near the earth until I am ending the day's flights.

When the conditions were not good for photography I sent a long, looped copper wire fastened to a sheet of tin-foil up the main cable, whereupon a quarter-inch electric spark was drawn to an iron pin driven into the ground; but if I carried the kites and wire too near the immense bronze mass of the statue, then the electric spark invariably disappeared. This was tried on three different days, proving that the statue clears the air of electricity within about one hundred feet of it on all sides.



EDDY'S AÉRIAL CAMERA.



BOOKS AND READING.



HIS PRESUMPTION.

WHEN Beethoven was a young man he once remarked that he wished he might find a publisher, as Handel and Goethe had done, who would take all he wrote and pay him a certain income. But the gentleman to whom he said this answered :

"My dear young man, you must not complain, for you are neither a Handel nor a Goethe, and it is not to be expected that you ever will be, for such masters will not be born again."

BOOK-LENDING.

A GOLDEN rule is : Lend your books to those who are not fortunate enough to possess them. Of course, in these days of free libraries and cheap literature, such demands are not so often made upon your private fund, but the true lover of books is always willing to share the pleasure they give. On the other hand, those who borrow should appreciate the favor, and accept the responsibility of returning books promptly and in good condition.

THE OLDEST LAW-BOOK.

IN the Library of San Lorenzo at Florence, there is preserved, among other rare and curious works, a manuscript volume known as the "Justinian Pandects." This book is of the greatest value, and no other copy of it exists. It was taken from the people of Pisa by the Florentines, and the Pisans had carried it away from the famous Library of Amalfi, near Naples, where it had been carefully kept for years.

The book was drawn up in the reign of the Roman Emperor Justinian, and is a summary and arrangement of all the laws up to his time. When he came to the throne, finding great confusion prevailing as to the laws, he appointed a commission to arrange and classify them. This work they successfully carried out, though they had to read through no less than two thousand

treatises, comprising three million sentences. This volume in Florence was made in 534, and on the system it contains all modern law is founded. So there is reason for keeping such a curious and venerable work most carefully.

"CRITICISM."

THERE is no word in the dictionary more awe-inspiring to young people, who associate it in many ways with their school trials and tribulations ; it splutters in inky blotches over their composition-books and their exercises in French or German or Latin, and is, to their vivid imaginations, a most unpleasant stumbling-block. Doubtless they think so because of those very blotches, which mar the painstaking writing and make the detected faults very glaring. But when they quite understand that criticism is not always fault-finding, they find there is a pleasant side to the character of this sometimes stern judge.

Especially in one's reading, the cultivation of a certain attitude of criticism doubles the pleasure of the book. Instead of saying, "I like it," or "I don't care for it," it is twice as satisfactory to give a reason. We find it so easy to ask "Why?" that we should naturally take delight in answering our own questions. For no matter how young or how old we are, we all like to express our opinions ; and instead of *talking* over what we read, and forgetting it, very likely, with our interest in the next new book, would we not save much time and trouble, and acquire many happy memories, if we *wrote* down our impressions, our *criticisms*, in fact, which are none the less criticisms though coming from us, and not from those who have made the judgment of books a life-work ?

Children are often excellent critics; they are too honest to hide their real feelings, and if they read what is best suited to their age and intelligence, their opinions are worth having. Many authors, believing this, have found their best encouragement in the hearty approval of their young friends; but apart from the author's standpoint, this criticism is delightful mental training, with no enforced study or laid-down rules. I can call to mind several instances, but there are two which stand out most prominently, because they accomplished the same purpose in different ways. One girl kept a book of clippings, all about well-known authors, their sayings and doings and writings, adding criticisms of her own when the extract referred to some favorite author. The other received no help from outside. She read a book—romance, history, poetry, biography, it made no difference; then, with the reading fresh in her thoughts, she wrote down her ideas about it, expressing her views simply and honestly, in a few well-chosen words. She kept these criticisms until the end of a year, brought them forward for review, and in reading them aloud she surprised herself, as well as others, not only by the amount of good reading she had thus recorded, but by the little volume of valuable essays which she had unconsciously collected.

ARABIC NUMBERS.

DID you know that the system of numerals which we call the Arabic notation was not in general use in Europe until about the thirteenth century? Before that time the Greek and Roman notation prevailed. The Arabic numerals came into Spain through the Arabs, but these latter people, though they had known and employed the system for hundreds of years, did not originate it. It came from India, and can be traced to the early years of the Christian era, at least. You might remember that the first European writer who used the Arabic figures in decimal fractions, and explained them, was Simon Stevin de Bruges, known as Stevinus.

SCOTT'S "TALISMAN."

THE "Lee Penny" which suggested Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman" is preserved by the

Lockhart family in Lee House, Lanarkshire, and its history is curious. It is nothing but a triangular piece of pebble set in an ancient silver coin, and was long supposed to act as a charm against various diseases. When Bruce died and his heart was taken, as he had requested, to be buried in Palestine, one of those who went on that expedition was Sir Simon Lochard of Lee. As part of the ransom of a Saracen chief, he received this supposed magical stone, and brought it home with him to be kept ever since by his family. His name, by the way, was changed to Lockhart because of services connected with the burial, in a locked silver casket, of the heart of Bruce.

ALADDIN'S LAMP.

BY EDGAR WADE ABBOT.

ALADDIN'S Lamp! If it were mine,
With all its wondrous magic might,
Around my hearth on faces bright
This pleasant evening it should shine!
For I would bid to feast and dance
The blessed children of romance,
If, like that Oriental scamp,
I had an all-compelling lamp!

I'd bid that lass from Wonderland
Return to us this moonlight night,
And bring with her the Rabbit White,
The Guinea-pigs and Hatter bland,
The Cheshire Cat with grin unique,
The Duchess and the Dormouse sleek;
I'd bid the Lobster, too—though damp—
If I but had Aladdin's Lamp!

You, patient, gentle Little Nell,
Acquainted with the world's neglect,
Protecting him who should protect,
You, whom I've loved so long and well,
I'd give you of my choicest, best,
I'd give you comfort, dear, and rest,
After your long and weary tramp—
If I but had Aladdin's Lamp!

You, too, dear lad with manly ways,
Brave-hearted, honest, noble boy,
Cedric, my young Lord Fauntleroy,
And all your friends of earlier days—
"Dearest," of course, and bootblack Dick,
The old Earl, leaning on his stick,
And honest Hobbs with hearty stamp—
If I but had Aladdin's Lamp!

That round and rosy young Dutch pair,
Gretel and Hans, on silver skates,
Should come, and bring their merry mates,
To meet the jolly young folk there!
Then Tiny Tim should start the fun
With sweet "God bless us, every one!"
Aladdin! why did you decamp
And not leave me your magic lamp?



IF YOU ARE READING A "SPLENDID" BOOK, AND THE FISH ARE BITING, AND YOU HAVE TO LOOK AFTER THE BABY, WHY—WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO?

PRETTY POLLY PERKINS.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

[This story was begun in the May number.]

CHAPTER V.

MISS WHEELER'S STORY.



WHEN Mrs. Temple and Miss Wheeler returned to their rooms they found Mabel snuggled up as comfortably as a dormouse and fast asleep.

"There!" exclaimed kind Miss

Wheeler, "that 's the best medicine, and she will waken fresh and happy as she can be. Meanwhile, Mrs. Temple, you lie down and rest, while I unpack trunks and make the room seem a little more homelike."

"But, Miss Wheeler," Mrs. Temple remonstrated, "you, too, are tired from your journey, and need rest as much as I. I cannot let you do quite everything."

"But I 'm going to have my rest, too, when my charges are tucked safely away," Miss Wheeler answered, plumping up the sofa pillows on the big sofa in Mrs. Temple's room.

"How do you manage to make people do

so exactly as you wish to have them?" asked Mrs. Temple, from the comfortable old sofa.

Miss Wheeler laughed as she laid the rug carefully over Mrs. Temple. "Oh, I don't know. Perhaps when nature made me for a nurse she also gave me a masterful eye."

Mrs. Temple laughed. Nothing could have been softer or more winning than Miss Wheeler's gray eyes.

"Some day you must tell me how you happened to become a nurse," said Mrs. Temple. "I often wonder what special good fortune sent you to us."

"And have I nothing to be grateful for, I'd like to know?" Miss Wheeler asked. "Do you know how long I've been with you?"

"Always, I believe," was Mrs. Temple's affectionate reply.

"The time I have been with you—and it will be exactly seven months on the 24th—has been one of the happiest times of my life."

"I hope the future holds only happiness for you," replied Mrs. Temple; "you certainly merit it."

"Let me think it does, anyway; for the past could have been improved upon, I assure you."

"Was it so very hard, then? Don't think I am curious, but there have been times when I fancied your life had not been happy."

"And you were right," was the answer,— "at least, not since I was a child. I do not remember my mother, but father was my all"; and a break came in the usually cheery voice.

"Come, sit beside me, dear, and tell me all about it while I rest," said Mrs. Temple, very gently.

And Miss Wheeler seemed glad to sit beside her kind friend and accept the offered sympathy.

"There isn't much to tell," Miss Wheeler said, as she leaned back in the little old rocking-chair, "and I'm afraid it will sound stupid when told, but I *shall* be glad to tell you.

"To see you, Mr. Temple, and Mabel together daily has given me a glimpse of what the word 'home' means. Had father lived, we, too, could have had a home, but I was only twelve when he died, and that ended every-

thing for me. Father was a physician, and I suppose that is the reason I am fond of 'mending' people, too. When he died I was utterly desolate, and it seemed to me that I neither could live nor wished to live without him.

"Father's brother came to see me, but he was no more like father than day is like night. I went home with him, but it did not take me long to discover that it was anything but what the word 'home' meant to me.

"They had a big, beautiful house, but it might as well have been a barn, for all the comfort it afforded them. I was sent to school, and as long as all went well nothing was said. I graduated with honors, but not a single soul I knew was at the commencement exercises. I was the only girl who did not have some friend there. Uncle and aunt offered me a home, but I preferred to go elsewhere.

"When I announced my intention of entering the training-school it produced opposition at once. However, I carried out my resolve, and found the work all I had hoped. It was no child's play, for it was hard—very hard; but it helped me to forget myself and think of others, and just then that was my salvation.

"I have been at work for three years now, and have never been so happy since before my father died."

"Tell me, dear," Mrs. Temple asked,— "and do not think me curious for asking the question,—did your father leave nothing for your support? Were you entirely dependent upon your uncle?"

"No, not entirely. Father left a few thousand dollars, and uncle invested it for me; but the income was not sufficient to live on, and I would not stay there and do nothing. Father had a good practice, but he was too generous to save much. Well, I have enough, and am strong and healthy, so why need I worry?"

"No need, I'm sure; but try to forget the unpleasant things that have happened, and we will see if we can't bring to you a little of the home love for which you are so hungry."

"Do you know that yours is the first motherly kindness I've ever known? And you can never, never know how much it means to me!" said the young girl.

"Indeed, dear, you deserve far more; for Mabel has grown to love you dearly, as, indeed, we all have, and we will be very loath to have you leave us. Do you think it would be a great sacrifice to become governess for a time? Mabel is gaining, I think, but it will be a long while before the school duties can be resumed, and what could be more delightful?"

"How do you always think to say just the right thing, Mrs. Temple?"

"That is a serious question," said Mrs. Temple, laughing, "so while I think over an answer, you go out and breathe this delicious air and make the acquaintance of the farm-folk."

CHAPTER VI.

"MERRY MOLLY" AND "MERRY POLLY."

RUNNING downstairs with her quick, elastic step, Miss Wheeler found her way to the kitchen, where Ruth was just placing her nicely browned pies upon the shelf to cool, and little Polly was hanging up her snowy dish-towels.

"Pretty Polly Perkins, will you come and walk with me?" she sang merrily as she entered; and then, seeing Ruth, and fearing that her remark to Polly might seem slighting to Ruth, she said, "Oh, what delicious pies! I almost wish it were tea-time this minute, except for that last big doughnut I ate for dinner. Did you make those, too?"

"Yes 'm," answered Ruth. "Ma likes me to do the cakes and pies, she has such a lot of other things to tend to. I 'm glad you think they are nice."

"Nice! That does n't begin to express it. They are simply wonderful. I never saw such artistic pies. Can't you put one on the table in the parlor? It will be as pretty as a bouquet."

"A pie in the parlor!" And Polly went off into a gale of laughter, while more sedate Ruth said: "Ma would think we were crazy." But nevertheless she was well pleased with the praise bestowed upon her.

"I want you to take me out and introduce me to all the farm-folk," said Miss Wheeler, gaily, when Polly had hung the last towel.

"Oh, I'd love to!" cried Polly, eagerly; and catching her little sunbonnet from its peg, she skipped toward the back kitchen door, Miss Wheeler lingering to ask, "Can't you come too, Ruth?" To which Ruth answered, with a pleased smile at being remembered, "I have got to help ma make up the butter rolls. We churned this morning, and she likes to have her butter nice and fresh."

"And I can have some of the butter for tea? Be sure to tell me which pat you made. Make a little R on it, and save that one for me."

And she ran out to catch Polly, who had walked toward the barns. Overtaking her, she took hold of the small hand and said:

"Now we will be very merry; for you are Mary, and I am Mary, so you are 'merry Polly' and I am 'merry Molly.'"

Polly looked puzzled and asked: "Are they both nicknames for Mary?"

"They surely are, and I 'm very fond of them, too, so perhaps that is the reason we are fond of each other; at least, I 'm fond of you, and you 're going to be fond of me, are n't you?"

"I am already," answered Polly, quickly. "I don't see how I could help being, for you are so nice to me."

"We shall have capital times together, I know; and now, take me to your favorite spot."

"Do you really want to go there?" said Polly, eagerly. "How did you know I had one? I never told anybody, 'cause they 'd laugh at me. But down in the woods is the sweetest place you ever saw, and I make believe it is where the Sleeping Beauty lives. I do wish I knew all the story. I found a book up garret ever so long ago, but part of it was lost, and I could n't tell how the story came out. I wish I knew," wistfully, "for it was lovely; but I 'll tell you all I know, if you want me to, and maybe we can get a book some day."

"Yes; that will be lovely," said Miss Wheeler, her eyes beginning to twinkle at thought of the surprise she could give Polly.

Hand in hand, they crossed the meadow and began to ascend the gentle slope which brought them to the edge of the woods.

"Oh, how delicious this is!" cried Miss Wheeler, as she drew in long whiffs of the sweet woody smells and stooped down to gather a handful of anemones that waved at her feet.

"*Is n't* it pretty?" said Polly, delighted to find at last some one who could enjoy it with her. "Now I'll tell you the story, for we will soon be at the princess's palace"; and Polly began the old tale of the Sleeping Beauty.

While they talked they walked on into the woods, and presently came to a little babbling brook. Following up its stream, they came to a quiet pool where the brook seemed to have gone to sleep, and the water was as placid as a mirror. Through the openings in the branches the sky and leaves were reflected in the still surface, and once in a while a stray sunbeam glanced across.

Miss Wheeler at once fell to praising it, and Polly's heart danced with joy.

"I'm so glad you like it. Nobody knows it but me, for they are all too busy to come out here to see where my princess lives. Her palace is right over there in the woods."

"Please tell all you know of the story. I'm so interested," said Miss Wheeler, as they seated themselves on an old log; and Polly, taking up her story where it had been dropped, continued: "So he crept on and on through the palace, and all about him everybody was sound asleep—and that's all I know about it," added Polly, despondently.

"He entered on tiptoe, and glanced carefully all about him, and—"

"Oh, oh, oh! do you know the rest of the story?" broke in Polly, in an ecstasy, "and I never guessed you knew it a bit. Oh, Miss Wheeler, I *am* so glad!" And in her excitement Polly jumped up and threw her arms around kind Miss Wheeler's neck.

Polly listened breathlessly and when all was finished said: "Miss Wheeler, I've wanted to know the rest of that story so long that I just can't remember when I began to want to! And now I'm so happy that I could n't hold another mite if I tried ever so hard!"

"But that is only one story, and I've dozens tucked away in my head," said Miss Wheeler, as they rose to return to the house.

Mabel was wide awake and much refreshed from her "forty winks" when Polly and Miss Wheeler ran up to her room to tell her of the pretty woodland nook.

"But we must first take you out on the lawn and make you comfortable under one of the big elms," said Miss Wheeler, "and then Polly will bring Bonny and all the other pets to see you."

In a very few minutes Mabel's wheeled chair was placed under the big tree, and she was enjoying the pretty view and soft air. The lawn sloped gently to a little river which flowed through the meadows beyond, and the June sunshine sparkled and danced upon its tiny waves.

Old Nero, feeling that he should welcome the new guests, came up to Mabel's chair, and, after regarding her gravely for a few moments, laid his great soft head in her lap and looked at her with his big, beautiful eyes.

"Oh, you precious dog! I know you are trying to tell me you are glad I came, and I just love you dearly!" cried the delighted child.

Meantime Polly had run off for Bonny, and they made a pretty little picture as they came prancing across the lawn.

CHAPTER VII.

A VISITOR FROM ANOTHER CITY.

"I SAY, ma," said Bob, bursting into the pantry, where his mother was busy putting away the dishes, one morning, about a week later, "who do you think is over to the Col-linses'?"

"How should I know, do you s'pose?" asked Mrs. Perkins, briskly piling away saucers.

"Well, it's their cousin Jamie from down Boston. Don't you remember him—that feller that came out here last summer to hunt bugs and worms and such critters? Well, he's there again, and I want to ask him over here to stay all night. Can I?"

"Good land! ain't there enough folks here now, but you must go ask that moonin' boy, too? Like as not, he'll find a dozen or two crawlin' critters and take 'em into the house

with him. I never did see such a crazy Dick as he was over such rubbish!"

"No; I'll tell him he's got to keep 'em shut up tight. But can I ask him over? He won't bother."

"Yes, yes; go along and ask him."

Off started Bob, and was soon tearing down the road to the Collinses', where the much-desired city cousin was visiting. He found him examining a butterfly-net and holding forth upon the beauties of its intended victims.

He was a tall, slender lad with rather a serious face. From a tiny child he had loved all living creatures, and possessed a remarkable power over them, and as he grew older it became more marked. Seeing how much it all meant to him, and how great a source of happiness it was, his wise parents let him follow the bent of his inclinations.

Each summer his visits to his Endmeadow cousins were an endless source of delight to him, for there he could live in his bicycle-suit and scour the fields and meadows for his precious "bugs."

Bob arrived breathless, and fired off his invitation in characteristic style. "Hullo, Jim. Come on over and sleep at our house to-night; will you, old bug-hunter? Ma says if you'll keep yer critters shut up she won't mind."

"I shall have to catch them first," was the reply. "I have n't found one new specimen yet. But up the creek yesterday I saw a Camberwell Beauty, and I tell you he was a dandy."

"How do you find out all those names?" asked Tom, the cousin Jamie was visiting. "I don't believe I ever could remember half of 'em."

"Yes, you could, if you liked such things and read about them. I've got a lot of books about insects, and birds, too; I brought a few along, for I often get mixed."

"There, that net's all O. K.; now let's go and have a hunt."

The three boys started down to the little creek which wound its way in and out through the meadow.

Jumping into the old boat, they rowed upstream, with Jamie as pilot.

"Say," asked Bob, eager to have the question settled, "will you come along over to-

night? I've told Mabel about you, and she wants to hear more about your collection. Will you come?"

"Yes, I'll come, thank you; who's Mabel?"

"She's that lame girl from the city that's boardin' up at our house this summer. Only come last week, but we like her lots. Bring along your bugs and butterflies, if you get any, and show 'em to her; she'll like 'em."

By this time they had reached Jamie's happy hunting-grounds, and running the boat against the bank, the boys jumped out and scrambled up, Jamie carefully carrying his net.

"Let's lie down here in the clover," he said; "it's a fine place to watch for my beauty. He is a dainty fellow and likes to get his breakfast in the clover-blossoms."

Stretching themselves upon the clover, the two lads watched Jamie as he unrolled his net and settled himself to await his expected visitor.

"What do you do with them all, when you've got 'em?" asked Bob, squirming about in the grass, for he was too fidgety to keep quiet long, and, although glad to be with Jamie, found sitting still rather stupid.

"Why, I put them in my cabinet. Father gave me a beauty last birthday, and I've got a fine collection already."

"Hi! look yonder," interrupted Bob. "There's your butterfly."

Both boys started and looked in the direction in which Bob was pointing.

"It is, by George!" cried Jamie, "and isn't it a dandy! Come on, fellows, and we'll soon have him."

All three chased over the meadow helter-skelter, but how the other boys expected to capture the treasure without the aid of a net they never stopped to consider. Jamie the long-legged was soon in the lead, darting hither and thither after the coveted prize, which led him a lively chase. Just at that point the ground rose rather abruptly and formed a steep bank to the little creek flowing below. Bob, lost to everything but the butterfly, which was hovering just above the steep bank, with Jamie's net perilously close to it, came tearing up, and just as the net fell over the victim, Bob tripped over a brier, plunged

forward, and rolled heels over head down the bank, souse! into the shallow water below.

"What a chump!" blurted out Tom. "Now you 'll have to go back home and be hung up to dry!"

"Gee whillikins! did n't I go head first that time?" cried the muddy, dripping Bob.

"Come on out, you noodle," said Jamie, laughing. "What are you sitting in the middle of the creek for? And let's hurry back, for I want to fix up this fellow before he stiffens out. You can't do much with them unless you mount them soon after you catch them"; and he regarded his long-sought treasure with pride.

So they made their way to the boat, and were soon rowing back to Tom's home, where they parted company and sent Bob dripping homeward.

"Be sure you come over after dinner," was his parting admonition.

"Yes; I'll be over about five o'clock. Tom and I are to take Aunt Sarah up to Springfield this afternoon, so I can't get over earlier."

CHAPTER VIII.

"A TRIP TO FAIRYLAND."

"MABEL," said Mrs. Temple, coming out upon the piazza, where Mabel lay in her hammock and Miss Wheeler sat reading beside her, with little Polly curled up at her feet, "papa writes that we may expect him sometime Saturday morning, instead of in the afternoon. Isn't that delightful?"

Mabel, in a dainty Scotch plaid gingham, with her beautiful hair falling over her gay pil-lows, made a pretty picture as she turned to her mother, for the week in the clear air had already begun to bring a faint color into the pale cheeks.

"Oh, how glad I am! It only needs him to make everything perfect."

"But, meanwhile, do you know I have a most beautiful plan in my head?"

"Oh, what, what?" cried the children, eagerly, for Mrs. Temple rarely let a day go by without some delightful thought.

"May I help in this plan?" asked Miss Wheeler, as she closed her book.

"Help!" exclaimed Mrs. Temple. "Why, we could n't possibly get along without your help, my dear!"—for since their confidential talk on the day they arrived Miss Wheeler had seemed more than ever one of them. Mrs. Temple had told Mabel Miss Wheeler's story, and her generous, unselfish nature had responded instantly.

"I've been having a little private talk with Mrs. Perkins," continued Mrs. Temple, "and she has given her consent."

"Not long ago a little bird told me that up in the woods there was a most enchanting spot; indeed, I believe I should say 'enchanted,' for until lately a sleeping princess dwelt there."

"This little bird also told me that the spot was never so enchanting as in the afternoon at about five o'clock, and that if I would come there then, and bring with me a dainty little supper, it would taste as it could not possibly taste if partaken under ordinary conditions. But we have first to win the consent of the guide to this enchanted spot."

"I'm the guide! I'm the guide!" cried Polly, jumping up. "And am I really to take you and Mabel and Miss Wheeler there, and are we to truly eat our supper in the woods?" Little Polly looked quite wild in her excitement.

"We truly are, my sweet P., and Bob has confided to me that a young friend is coming to stay over night with him, and they are to add to our party."

"But how am I to reach this enchanted spot?" asked Mabel.

"That is another nice part of my plan, but it is not to be told just yet. But now Polly and Miss Wheeler must go out to the kitchen and help Mrs. Perkins and Ruth pack our supper-basket."

Polly vanished, and Miss Wheeler ran after her.

In less time than one would have supposed it possible, Polly and Miss Wheeler returned to announce that all was prepared, and they only awaited the arrival of the chariot which was to convey them to the princess's domains.

"Very well," said Mrs. Temple, laughing; "I will blow a blast upon my fairy bugle and my chariot will appear." She stepped into the hall,

and came back with the tin dinner-horn, upon which she blew two long and two short toots. All broke into shouts of laughter, which only increased when Lady Grey appeared around the corner of the house, dragging behind her

Up came Josh saying, "Reckon I 'm the heftiest man round here, and I 'll lift you in quick as a wink": and reaching his strong arms about her, and lifting as gently and skilfully as Miss Wheeler could have done, he carried her



MABEL IN HER "CHARIOT."

the big stone-boat, with Josh acting as charioteer.

A small, soft mattress was laid upon the boat and covered with a bright plaid shawl. Two or three sofa pillows added to its luxury, and there was a chariot fit for a princess. Lady Grey was evidently delighted with her reception, and seemed to consider it gotten up for her special honor.

"Now, what have you to say of my chariot?" asked Mrs. Temple, after Mabel had had time enough to examine it.

Mabel reached up her arms and drew her mother as close down to the hammock as she could squeeze. "There!" she exclaimed, "I think just *that* of it. And now, help me into my chariot, please, so we can set out."

down to the chariot and placed her tenderly upon its cushions. Miss Wheeler settled the pillows comfortably, and Josh placed the reins in Mabel's hands.

"There you are, ma'am, as fine as a fiddle!" and catching up the basket of good things, he added, "I 'll lead the grey Lady, and she 'll lead the little one."

Off they started, Josh guiding Lady, carefully along the smooth grass out to the path which led over the meadows to the wood beyond. The old stone-boat slid smoothly along, Mabel scarcely feeling the slightest jar.

Miss Wheeler walked on one side, and Polly danced along on the other, while Mrs. Temple followed as body-guard behind, and carried a few extra shawls and a book to read.

(To be continued.)



NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY

EDWARD F. BIGELOW



"Flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound."

BRYANT.

CHEBEC VERSUS ROBIN.

"THE Chebecs must go!" said Robin. He said it in the robin tongue; but I understood perfectly what he meant, and so did Madam Chebec, who may be known to some of

you as the Least Flycatcher. What did it matter to him that Madam Chebec had nearly finished her little gray cup in the crotch of the white birch? That big crotch suited his mate, Madam Robin, and few birds of spirit will tolerate another nest in the same tree with their own.

Madam Chebec adopted a policy of non-resistance. She could not well do anything else, being about half Robin's size. While Madam Robin was busy at her nest the little bird quietly slipped into hers. But this did not suit Robin, keeping guard on a near-by tree. With loud cries he flung himself upon her, and drove her away. Silently she flew after more dead grass for her nest, and came back. Robin could not believe his eyes. He shrieked and again came at her in a fury.

All day the quarrel went on. Madam Chebec always darted away when Robin launched himself at her like a catapult; but then, she as regularly came right back again. Robin raved, and, flying directly at the crotch, would come down hard on the nest, till I feared it would

be scratched to bits by his strong claws. But as the afternoon advanced he seemed quite worn out by Madam Chebec's quiet persis-



"THE ROBIN LAUNCHED HIMSELF AT THE CHEBEC
LIKE A CATAPULT."

tence, and actually let her go unmolested several times to her nest.

In the morning, however, he was as bad as ever, and gave her no peace of her life. For several days it went on in this way. Battle

ragged hot and furious in the morning, gradually cooled off toward evening, only to begin again next day. But at last Robin, finding madam's obstinacy too much for him, wisely made up his mind that she was beneath his notice, and ignored her existence entirely, which suited her exactly.

But where, all this time, was Madam Chebec's mate? Before the Robins came, he was easily to be seen; for he had to be on hand to guard his territory. You see, he laid claim not only to the white birch, but to all that end of the orchard in which it grew; and he tried his little best to keep every one else out of it—dashing at them furiously, crying, "Quit, quit, quittle!" and sometimes clenching with the intruder in the air. Where was he now? Surely this was a good time for him to come forward and protect his mate. Did he come?

Well, no; I must confess that he did n't. And you could n't blame him much. Poor little fellow! What could he do against the big Robin? So he stayed discreetly out of sight, leaving his mate to circumvent the red-breast, which we know she did successfully.

Whether these two pugnacious birds would have gone on and raised their families in peace will never be known; for when, wishing to study the nesting of the Chebec, I moved from a distant point of observation to one within ten feet of the tree, Madam Robin found it impossible to endure human society, and deserted her nest. The Chebec, however, wisely stayed, and raised her family undisturbed.

MARY MANN MILLER.

THE MUSKRAT'S "BANANA."

If you know where there is a colony of muskrats,—and if you don't know you can easily find out; any farmer or hunter will show you their village of grass houses by the river,—you can have no end of enjoyment by going there at twilight and calling them out. Squeak like a mouse, only louder, and if there is a pointed nose in sight, making a great letter V in the water, it turns instantly toward you. And if the place is all still, you have only to hide and squeak a few times, when two or three muskrats will come out to see what the

matter is, or what young muskrat has got into trouble.

If you go often and watch, you may see a good many curious things: see "Musquash" (that's his Indian name) digging a canal, or building his house, or cutting wood, or catching a trout, or cracking a fresh-water clam, or rolling a duck's egg along on the water's edge, so as not to break it, to his little ones in the den far below. And if you like bananas, you



THE MUSKRAT EATING THE SOFT, WHITE PART OF A RUSH.

may sometimes smack your lips at seeing him eat his banana in his own way. This is how he does it.

First, he goes to the rushes, and, diving down, bites off the biggest one close to the bottom, so as to save the soft, white part that grows under water. Then he tows it to his favorite eating-place. This is sometimes the top of a bog, sometimes a flat rock on the shore, sometimes a stranded log; but, wherever it is, he likes to eat in that one place, and always goes there when he is not too far away, or too hungry to wait.

Crawling out to his table, he cuts off a piece of the stump of his rush, and sits up straight, holding it in his fore paws. Then he peels it carefully, pulling off strip after strip of the outer husks with his teeth, till only the soft, white, luscious pith remains. This he devours greedily, holding it in his paws and biting the end off,

and biting it off again, until there is n't any end left — exactly as a school-boy often eats a banana. Then he cuts off a second piece, if the rush is a big one, or swims and gets another, which he treats in the same way.

And if you are a boy watching him, your mouth begins to "water," and you go and cut a rush for yourself, and eat it as Musquash did. If you are hungry it is not very bad.

WILLIAM J. LONG.

THE PINE-TREE AND ITS SEEDS.



AN AGED WHITE PINE.

FIFTY little seeds of the pine-tree were tucked away in the cone, like babies in a cradle. The cradle rocked in the wind, and the babies fell out. In many odd places the seeds fell, for the wind car-

ried them. One was driven beneath a stone, and there it died. Six of them were blown into the river, and were carried away and away. One was caught in the rough bark of an old elm-tree, and could not get loose. Eight of

them were carried off by John the gardener, when he came to the woods after leaf-mold for his garden. Ten of them were blown down the hill and into the town, and there they were gathered up by the street-sweeper and burned.

Twenty-four were left; and each would make a tree as big as the one from which they all fell. In the black mold on the edge of the forest they sprouted and grew, in the soft, warm

days of spring. On the Fourth of July their slender green arms stood above the leaf-carpets



PINE-SEEDS FALLING FROM THE CONE.

of the woods — twenty-four little pine-trees. But that night old "Puss," the farmer's cow, jumped the fence of her hot pasture and lay in the cool woods; and nine little pine-trees were crushed by her great hoofs. Then came the fire — crackling and snapping down the slope, licking up every little living thing that

stood in its way; and seven more of the little pine-trees perished.

Eight little pine-trees struggled on into the winter; but when the heavy snows melted in the spring, only five little pine-trees were to be found. The Fourth of July came again, and two little pine-trees had been smothered under the great roisterous leaves of the maple sapling. Then the farmer mowed the weeds along the edge of



BEGINNING TO GROW AMONG THE LEAVES.



JOHN THE GARDENER GETTING LEAF-MOLD.

the forest, and there were only two little pine-trees. The sly old woodchuck—he who ate the farmer's melons at night—dug a hole on

NOT ONE LITTLE SPRUCE-TREE.

THERE'S a little grove of beautiful evergreen trees on a lawn near by. The lower limbs have been trimmed off up to a distance of about fifteen feet. From that up to a sharp point at the top, every graceful branch bears a number of cones. Many of these very ornamental Norway spruce-trees are to be found near your home, and no doubt you are familiar with them.

Usually the little seeds from these cones are even more unfortunate than those of the white pine that Professor Bailey tells us about on this page.

Except in very rare cases, not one of the hundred seeds develops into a tree. They do not easily get a foothold in



CONES ON A BRANCH OF NORWAY SPRUCE.

the sod, or else the ground has not been tilled and cared for to meet their needs.

HOW THE SNAKE SHEDS ITS SKIN.

ONE beautiful afternoon in May, my little five-year-old daughter came running into the house to me, exclaiming: "Oh, papa, one of your big snakes is blind; his eyes are all white, and he can't see where he is going." Catching her up in my arms, I answered: "Is that a fact? My, my! we must go at once and see what the trouble is." When we reached the "snake-box" in my "den," where I kept my pets, I saw, sure enough, that one of my big pine-snakes, about six feet in length, looked as if it were "stone-blind." But it was not really blind; it was simply ready to "shed" its old, loose skin.

Now, as a snake grows larger its skin becomes too tight for comfort, and then the snake has the power to "cast," or shed, its old skin. A snake's eyes have no lids, but are protected by thin, nearly transparent skin, like the crystal of a watch. When the snake is ready to cast



"PUSS," THE FARMER'S COW.

the edge of the forest, and another little pine-tree perished.

It was in the warm and mellow Indian summer that I strolled along the edge of the forest. There I saw the one lone little pine-tree, and I saw that a great blackberry-bush would choke



THE PINE-TREE BY A COUNTRY HOUSE.

it. In pity, I dug it up—carefully, tenderly; and now the one little pine-tree grows near a house, and it and I are happy. L. H. BAILEY.

its old skin, then the skin over its eyes becomes loose, and thus gives to the eyes a dull, whitish appearance, as if the snake were truly blind. bushes, and thus rubs its old skin off its body, generally tearing it in the act.

SNAKES AS PETS.

It is well that scientific men keep snakes in confinement for purposes of investigation, for their true life-habits present interesting phases for the thoughtful student. It is well for young folks and grown-up people to know something of these facts in the life-history of snakes. But it is not advisable for any one to keep them as pets, for they are lacking in those ennobling characteristics that many of nature's creatures have, the study of which helps to develop and strengthen our best natures. Their feeding habits are very cruel, and there is absolutely no evidence of appreciation of care and kindness, such as is plainly shown by many of our familiar pets. It is not advisable for boys to pick up snakes

in the field, as they often do, for not all are harmless, and with a swiftly gliding snake it is easy to make a mistake. F. ALEX. LUCAS.



ASSISTING THE SNAKE TO SHED ITS OLD, DRY SKIN.

Taking the big snake out of the box, carefully, so as not to irritate it, I told the children to be very quiet and watch me help the snake shed its old, dry skin. Placing it on the floor of the den very gently, I carefully loosened the old skin about the snake's jaws, then gently pulled it back over the head to the neck; and after thus starting the operation, I held this loosened portion firmly while the snake slowly crawled out of the thin, dry skin, turning it inside out during the operation, and in a few minutes left in my hands a perfect shed skin, or "slough," as it is called. After this experience the snake was as bright and glistening as a piece of china.

Now, these snake-skins, or sloughs, are of a dirty whitish color, without marks or spots, even when the snake is beautifully marked. When cast they are soft and pliable, but they soon become, especially big ones, dry and brittle.

Young, growing snakes frequently shed their skins, but full-grown ones seldom cast their sloughs more than twice a year. The reason why the boys who ramble in the woods and fields seldom find complete cast snake-skins is because, when the snake is ready to shed its skin, it pushes its way through grass and low



THE SNAKE AND ITS CAST SKIN.



*"We will write
to ST. NICHOLAS
about it"*

THE BEAUTY OF MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES.

PENN VAN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a great interest in insects. This year I collected sixty specimens. I did not think they could be so beautiful. The moths are the handsomest, but the butterflies are very pretty. Some kinds of moths can be seen in the twilight hovering over the flowers. The butterflies do the same in the daytime. A fine collection of moths may be obtained with a net under a strong electric lamp.

Yours truly,

GEROME OGDEN.

You will find that all nature is beautiful and interesting. Which butterfly do you like best, and why? What is the most interesting fact that you have learned about butterflies?

TO TELL AND TO ASK.

WHETHER you have learned some new and interesting fact, or want to know about something, write to ST. NICHOLAS about it. I am pleased to learn that my sharp-eyed friends are also writing to one another. A correspondent who sent an interesting observation received several letters from others interested in the same things. The address is published with each letter; and that reminds me to say, always give your full address. Some of my letters have been returned, evidently because the full address had not been sent me, and several letters are unanswered because no post-office or State was given.

Don't forget to send stamped, self-addressed envelope (giving full address) if reply is desired by mail.

The voting for favorite animals, as suggested in the March number, closed on April 25, and the names of prize-winners will be published in the July number.

Six prizes, amounting in value to nineteen dollars, were offered in the April number for the best letters and drawings sent during spring and summer. Please re-read that offer now, if you overlooked or have forgotten the conditions. It would be well to make your observations and drawings as early in the season as possible.

EARLY SPRING OBSERVATIONS.

WATERSIDE SCHOOL, STAMFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been trying to keep my eyes open, and went to the fields on a little exploring expedition in the early part of March. I found that the strawberry, buttercup, and daisy plants were up out of the ground, and had quite a number of fresh green leaves already. They were partly covered over with a layer of damp, dead leaves. There were several ferns growing by the stone wall. I noticed some other green plants. The tender green shoots of grass were peeping up from under the dead leaves and grass.

In the school-room I sit by the window, where I can have a good view of the fields and water. There is a robin's nest in the tree in front of the window, but its occupants have not yet arrived from the South. Every day this winter I have fed a flock of sparrows. They are quite tame and friendly. One little fellow, who is quite bold, is very greedy. He will put his head on one side, look at me with his bright black eyes, give a little chirp, and, grabbing the largest piece of bread there is, fly away to enjoy his feast. The trees look very beautiful when the sun shines on them after a rain-storm. Every drop of water sparkles like the most brilliant diamond.

HAZEL K. COLE.

INTERESTING EXPERIENCES WITH A PET OWL.

PORT PERRY, ONTARIO, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day last summer a poor, sick great horned owl came into our possession, and under good care it developed into a fine specimen. He could turn his head around till his beak rested over his backbone; and if watching any one, and he wanted his head to turn more, he would turn it like a flash, and the great yellow-and-black eyes would still be watching you

with a gaze which seemed to go right through you. It seemed as if there was some basis of fact in the comical story of the Irishman who stated that he saw an owl in a tree, and "killed it by walking around the tree till the owl twisted its head off."

Our owl was very tidy, always putting his meat in one corner, and his bread and corn in the other.

One day we observed his way of getting at the water under about a half-inch of ice. Standing on the edge of the pan, he struck blow after blow with his beak till it was broken.

PERCY WHITLOCK.



THE GREAT HORNED OWL.

PINE-GROSBEAK AND AMERICAN CROSSBILL.

The pupils of a school in West Warren, Massachusetts, had a very pleasant visit from a pine-grosbeak early in March. The experience is told in the following extracts from letters from Dora Delage, James Kennedy, and Willie Pratt:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When Charlie Reim and his brother were coming to school they saw a bird eating under a tree. They walked slowly down and caught it by putting their caps over it. Then they brought it to their teacher, Miss Kelly, at our school. She got a



PINE-GROSBEAKS GETTING THE SEEDS FROM THE CONES.

cage for him, but that one was too small, so Richard Moody and Ernest Sharpe were sent for a cage which was very much larger. Miss Kelly put a cone and sprays of pine in the cage, and we kept the bird for a day and a half, watching him all the time he was there.

He would get off his stick and go down and eat some cracker, then go up again. When Paul went to see him he hid his head under a pine-branch. That is like an ostrich. When he ate a cracker he left marks like the teeth of a saw. After eating he would jump up and wipe his bill on the wires, then hop around the cage and eat some more crackers. He also picked the seeds out of the cones of the pine and Norway spruce.

When the fourth grade was reading he sat on his stick and did not stir till they finished. He did not try to get out of the cage, but sat still when he was not eating. He would peck Miss Kelly's finger. She let him go. He stopped on a little maple-tree in the school-yard, and shook his feathers, wiped his bill, stayed there a few minutes, and then flew toward the woods.

Joseph Lawrence, of the same school, sends an interesting account of the red cross-bill that his father caught on the lawn. He writes a letter from which we quote this extract:



AMERICAN CROSSBILL.

He must have got into a combat, for his tail was gone. He was very tame. We let him go and he came back. They like cold weather and the cones of the Norway spruce. I wonder why his bill is crossed? Does it help him to get at the seeds? When they are eating the seeds out of the cones on the tree they cling to the cone and eat. Sometimes they hang head down. I saw him hang on the wires of the cage and do that.

It is probable that the curious crossed bill is well adapted to extracting the seeds from the cone, by a twist of the bill, forcing out the scale at the base of which is the seed, probably easier than the grosbeak's heavier bill, which may be better adapted to breaking the seeds. Both are very gentle birds, probably because, coming from the northern wildernesses, they know so little of people as to have no fear of them.

BIRD-HOUSE OF SHINGLES AND A WASH-BOARD.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I made a bird-house which is rather queer considering the materials used. One night after school I thought how to make it. I got four shingles and cut off the thickest ends and put them to-

gether to form a roof. So you see I was like the man who began at the top of his house and built down.



THE ROOF.

After that I was wondering where I would get the rest of the material, when I went out into the shed for a pitcher of water. There I saw an old wash-board, that I took and tore to pieces, and made the ends and bottom of my house. I put it on a post near the house, but afterward took it down to make an alteration in the back, and put it up at the corner of the barn.

Later I made another which seemed to me better. I had a box which was right size; I took the zinc that was on the wash-board and bent it in a curve over the box; then I cut two pieces from a board for the ends and glued it together tightly. I put my house on the grape-vine arch at the end of the garden, fastening it there by wires, as I have shown. OTIS W. FITCH.



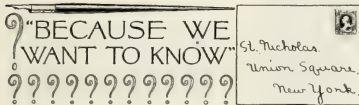
THE BIRD-HOUSE.

Accompanying this were several other very interesting letters. Ralph F. Phillips describes a wren-house made from a chalk-box, and a larger bluebird-house from a larger and heavier box, with roof made of two boards nailed together at the edge.



CURVED ZINC ON BOX.

Several letters from other boys tell about the humming-bird. It appears that Lockport birds are well appreciated and cared for. The suggestions for bird-houses are well worth carrying out by others.



ESCAPE BY DODGING, RATHER THAN BY FLIGHT.

WESTCHESTER, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have noticed that the woodpeckers and the birds that make their living by searching the tree-trunks for bugs, when frightened, do not fly, but only hop down the trunk until out of sight. I would like to know why this is, as they can fly very well.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS.

Such birds evidently prefer protection from enemies by dodging out of sight in moving up, down, or around the trunk or branches of the tree, rather than by long flight, except as a final resort. Perhaps you, in a similar manner, have

tried to escape from a pursuing playmate in a game by skilful dodging or hiding near by rather than by a long race.

GARTER-SNAKE OF UNUSUAL LENGTH.

COLUMBUS AVENUE, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what kind of a snake it was that I saw? It was about three feet long, and colored like an ordinary garter-snake, but I never heard of or saw one so long as that. I saw it at York Harbor, Maine, crawling under a shed at the back of a house. Are there any poisonous snakes in that part of the country except the copperheads and the rattlers?

MARSTON HAMLIN.

This question does not give many details of description, but the main point is the length of the snake, at which our young friend is rather surprised, as he had never seen so long a garter-snake. It was, without doubt, a full-grown garter-snake. They are sometimes caught fully three feet long and of good size, but such are rare nowadays. The species is friendly in its habits, and harmless, and yet boys who have not been better taught, in their ignorance and prejudice regarding snakes, kill the harmless garter-snakes before they attain their full growth.

A VERY TAME HUMMING-BIRD.

GREENWICH, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The question "What bird never lights on trees?" reminded me of something I saw last summer. I have always heard that a humming-bird would never alight on a tree; but I found that this was not true, as I saw one do it. We have some honey-suckles in front of our house, and every year there is a small humming-bird that builds its nest somewhere near them. He is very tame, and even comes up on the porch when people are sitting there talking. One day my father and I were sitting on the porch when he came there, and some little noise frightened him. I suppose he did not want to go straight to his nest, so he flew to a cherry-tree near by, and stayed on one of the small dead branches until he thought we were not looking at him, when he flew to his nest.



THE HUMMING-BIRD.

HAMILTON M. BRUSH.

It is not unusual for humming-birds to alight on trees; but, according to the observations of many ornithologists, they always select a small dead branch in the vicinity of their nests.

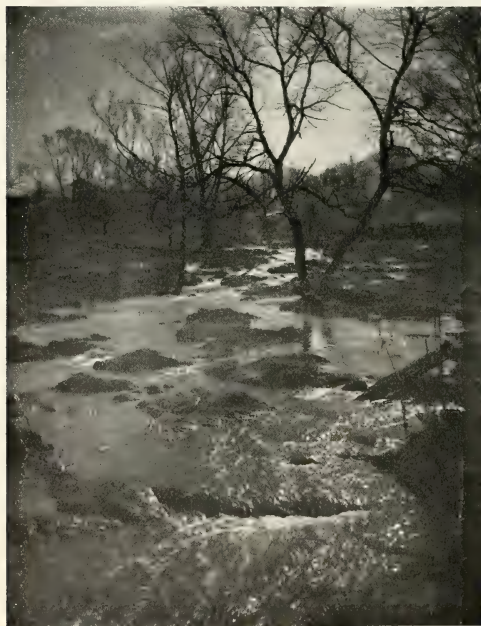


Night with unstinted largess flings her jewels on the lawn;
The new-returning swallow wings a furrow through the dawn.

ALL the best things that poets could think and write have been thought and written about June. And yet June is so rare and sweet and beautiful that poets shall never cease to sing her praises. It is the time when

old and young alike would gather into their arms the bloom and joy of nature, and hold it so close and so lovingly that drought might never wither nor frosts again decay. Where the sun filters through the pines, face down on the fragrant needles, there one may breathe in the balm of living, and lie so close to the heart of eternity, that all the daily round of toil and study and forgiveness dwindles, fades, and is forgotten.

June is especially the children's month. It is the time when their long school term ends, and plans for the summer vacation are being completed. It is pleasant to know that in every part of the world this year, by the sea-shore, among the mountains, in the woods, and on the prairies, the readers of ST. NICHOLAS may recognize each other and, perhaps, form pleasant acquaintances through the badge of the St. Nicholas League. Here and there a gold or a silver button will ap-



"MARCH DAYS." BY CARRIE EUGENIA DICKENSON, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

pear, and the wearers of these will be recognized as those who have striven with that faithful perseverance which means reward.

There are still a few contributors, a very few, who write on both sides of the paper. There are others who forget their address, age, or parent's indorsement. Some write poems or prose of any length, regardless of the rules. The rules are very few and very necessary, and it seems too bad that work otherwise good should not compete because of something easily avoided. To any one who has lost the instruction leaflet, or even their League badge, we will send others on application.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 6.

THE number of contributions received this time was almost one hundred per cent. greater than in any preceding competition, and the standard of quality is well maintained. In making the awards, contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

POEM. "The Nineteenth Century's Last Springtime."

Gold badges, Marion C. Woodworth (age 13), 15 Buena Vista Park, North Cambridge, Massachusetts; and Clara S. Cutler (age 10), 470½ East 177th Street, New York City.

Silver badges, Ruth S. Loughton (age 16), 6 Kirkland Road, Cambridge, Massachusetts; and Maria Letitia



"MARCH DAYS." BY J. HARRY STOTHOFF, AGE 15.

Stockett (age 15), 2021 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

PROSE. Title to contain the word "wheel" or "wheels."

Gold badges, Katie Bogle (age 12), Danville, Kentucky; and Gladys Hilliard (age 9), Brighton, Illinois.

Silver badges, Louise Saunders (age 12), 112 Rockview Avenue, Plainfield, New Jersey; and Elmer F. Andrews (age 9), Upper Montclair, New Jersey.

DRAWING. "First Signs of Spring."

Gold badges, Edward C. Day (age 15), San Anselmo, California; Dorothy Lyman Warren (age 12), care of Henry P. Warren, Albany, New York; and Marjorie Lewis Kearsbey (age 10), Berkley Avenue, Orange, New Jersey.

Silver badges, Fred Hopp (age 16), 1006 North Albany Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; and Mildred Wheat (age 13), The Pennhurst, Atlantic City, New Jersey.

PHOTOGRAPH. "March Days."

Gold badge, Carrie Eugenia Dickenson (age 13), Castlewood, Virginia.

Silver badges, Laura Willard Platt (age 14), Great Barrington, Massachusetts; and Bernice A. Chapman (age 8), 1220 Wilcox Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

PUZZLE. Answer to contain something likely to bring happiness in June.

Gold badge, Charles Jarvis Harri- man (age 15), Windsor, Connecticut.

Silver badge, Marie H. Whitman (age 14), 10 Center Street, Keene, New Hampshire.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete to March puzzles.

Gold badges, Mary Ruth Hutchin- son (age 12), 412 Gunnison Street, Burlington, Iowa; and Eleanor Cowen (age 10), 775 Holly Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Silver badges, Charles G. Durfee (age 14), 1517 Perry Street, Davenport, Iowa; and Sumner Ford (age 12), 40 Eighth Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

SPECIAL WILD ANIMAL AND BIRD



"MARCH DAYS." BY CAROLUS T. CLARK, AGE 13.
(WINNER OF GOLD BADGE IN JANUARY.)



BY LAURA WILLARD PLATT, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

PHOTOGRAPH. 1. Five dollars and gold badge. "Owl," by Victor N. Camp (age 17), Westfield, New Jersey. 2. Three dollars and gold badge. "Traveling Turtle," by Edna M. Duane (age 12), Daggett, California. 3. Gold badge. "Robin," by Margaret Paudentia Wotkins (age 10), 815 Orange Grove Avenue, Pasadena, California.

MERCURY ON A WHEEL.

BY KATIE BOGLE (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

It was one bright spring day while the gods were sipping their after-dinner nectar that Ganymede stepped up to Eros and handed him the "Olympus Herald." Eros opened the sheet at the "Locals," and glanced over them, occasionally reading aloud such items as these: "Pegasus has the pink-eye, and Bellerophon will be forced to turn him out to pasture for a while"; or "Vulcan has burned himself so badly, while making arrows for Diana, that he will be obliged to suspend work for some time." Suddenly Eros burst into a laugh, and exclaimed: "Psyche, what do you think? Old Merck has taken to a wheel!"

"To whom do you refer?" asked Psyche, chillingly; for she had just had a quarrel with her spouse, and did not propose to "make up" so soon.

"Why, to Mercury, of course," replied the other. "Just listen to this!" And he read aloud: "'Mercury has just procured a bicycle, and will practise on the north side of Mount Olympus this afternoon.' He expects to be able to ride *at once*, without any trouble, and hopes the wheel will be of very great service to him in performing his duty.' What a lark! Let's all go and see him."

Every one assented, and the party soon set out. They were slightly ahead of Mercury, who soon appeared, however, and with great dignity brought out the machine, and mounted amid breathless silence.

At first all to be made of the pile was a jumble of limbs and wheels; but it gradually resolved itself into something definite. The second and third trials had no better results, and on the fourth, when the bicycle *did* run a short distance, one of the wings on Mercury's heels caught in the chain, and several feathers were torn therefrom. We will not attempt to describe the unfortunate god's mishaps; but when, after repeated failures, Mercury's winged hat fell off and was run over and bent out of shape, its owner's patience gave out, and, with one push of his hand, he sent the machine spinning merrily adown the road to Hades, where it struck Cerberus a hard blow in the side, making him howl with all his three heads for very agony; and then, rolling on past, it became the shade of a bicycle, having done all the mischief in the world that could be expected of an ordinary wheel.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY'S LAST SPRINGTIME.

BY MARION C. WOODWORTH (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

OH, shine away, dear springtime!
Bring smiles instead of tears,
For thou must finish gladly
The springs of fivescore years.

The birds must sing their sweetest;
Oh, softly falling rain,
Awake the golden jonquils
And daffodils again!

And when thy time is over,
And summer months are nigh,
And buds break into blossoms,
Sweet springtime, then good-by.



BY BERNICE A. CHAPMAN, AGE 8. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY'S LAST SPRING.

BY CLARA S. CUTLER (AGE 10).

(Gold Badge.)

WHAT is the song that the robins are singing,
Over the fields where the flow'rs are upspringing?
What is the chorus that rings through the air
Out in the orchard and everywhere?
This is the song that the robins all sing:
"This is the century's last fair spring!"

What is the tale that the flowers are telling
While in the sunshine the leaf-buds are swelling?
What do the snowdrop and violet say,
Lifting their heads on a bright April day?
List to the message of joy that they bring:
"This is the century's last fair spring!"

THE WITCH'S WHEEL.

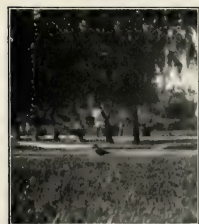
BY GLADYS HILLIARD (AGE 9).

(Gold Badge.)

ONCE upon a time there was a queer old witch-woman, who was the grandmother of a little boy three years old, and she loved him very much.

They lived very happy together, and nobody knew that she was a witch.

He was a playful little fellow, named Roland, and his favorite amusement was to play ride horseback on his grandmother's broomstick, and he pranced around so cunning that she could not help admire him.



"ROBIN." BY MARGARET P. WOTKINS, AGE 10. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

After Roland had grown up, and had gone away to college, this old lady became very lonesome. So one day she mounted her broomstick as she had seen Roland do when he was little, and away she flew up into the sky, riding among the stars in a joyous way, just as if she was doing it for the fun of it.

After a while she looked down and saw her big grandson riding a wheel, and many

other boys, big boys, little boys, and even little girls, riding with him.

It was very wonderful to the old-fashioned little woman, and she immediately became much dissatisfied with her broomstick; but it was a good old friend, and she did not throw it away.

She went and bought her a wheel, too, and now, if you would like to see her, look up in the sky any night when the moon is new, and if your eyesight is good enough, you can see her riding her wheel, and sweeping the cobwebs out of the sky as she goes along.

THE LAST SPRING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY MARIA LETITIA STOCKETT (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

"Now," quoth old Nineteenth Century,
"My time is nearly past;
I've worked and toiled these hundred years,
But soon I'll rest at last.



"OWL." BY VICTOR N. CAMP, AGE 17. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

"The last, last spring has come again —
The last I'll ever see;
The violets lift up their heads,
The buds burst on the tree.

"The little brooklet which, for months,
In icy grasp did lay,
Now breaks its bonds and hurries on
Like school-boys fresh for play.

"The pink arbutus now is found,
The dear, sweet, bonny thing;
And chanticleer aloud doth crow,
So glad is he 't is spring.

"What a queer world! how different
Than when I came on earth!
Then trolley-cars and auto-bobs
Had ne'er been given birth.

"But though old Time has changed the world,
And altered many a thing,
The face of nature is the same,
For God doth rule the spring."

AN ELEPHANT AND A WHEEL.

BY LOUISE SAUNDERS (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

It was the morning after the event of the season in the village of Wolfstown, for the circus had come to town the night before, and "Pete," the biggest of the elephants, had broken loose in the night, and nobody knew it.



"TURTLE." BY EDNA M. DUANE, AGE 12. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

That morning a telegram came from New York saying that one of the elephants had escaped, and fifty dollars reward was offered to anybody who could find him. In the old farm-house Rita Morton and her mother were talking about it.



"FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING." BY EDWARD C. DAY, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE.)

"I've finished my work, mother," she said, and, throwing off her apron, she jumped on her wheel and started for a long spin. Her favorite place was a hill far away from the town, and few people ever went there. She spun along, munching the peanuts with which her pockets were stuffed. When Rita came to the hill, she put her feet on the coasters and whizzed through the air, her hair flying in the wind. When she was half-way down, she saw a large dark object lying in the road, which she knew was the elephant. She knew, also, that she could not stop her wheel. Down, down she went, and bang! she bumped into him. He rose up with a snort, and Rita scrambled into the bushes; but she thought the elephant must be very hungry, so she walked out, and, trembling with fear, held out a peanut. The elephant came toward it eagerly; then Rita walked up the hill, the elephant following her; then she gave him the peanut. Then, taking out another peanut, she did the same, and so on until she came to the railway-station, where the circus manager had just arrived.

You can imagine his surprise when he saw the big elephant meekly following Rita, who did not come up to his knees.

The manager chained Pete, who, I think, was very glad to get back to his master.

Rita got a new wheel with her fifty dollars, and she always says that Pete gave it to her.



"FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING." BY MARJORIE LEWIS KEASBEY,
AGE 10. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY'S LAST SPRINGTIME.

BY RUTH S. LAUGHTON (AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

PEACE! only the wild birds of the air

May toll thy knell;

Hush! the bending trees have cast thee forth.

Dear spring, farewell!

Look! the sun's full beauty o'er heaven throws

A richer hue.

Hark! all nature sings—they miss thee not;

I sing adieu.

Rest, ye weary throats and hearts of song!

Wilt give no sigh?

"No! Yield up the old and love the new!"

Dear spring, good-by!

WHEELS.

BY ELMER F. ANDREWS (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

My first wheel was on a baby-carriage. I cannot remember being in it.



"FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING." BY DOROTHY LYMAN WARREN,
AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

The second was on a play-engine; and I would sit on the floor and play with it for hours.

Then came a baby-tender, mama says, and I could push myself around in that.

I had a white billy-goat and a goat-cart, and what fun we had—my friends and I!

The next was an express-wagon, and I used to draw dirt around, and coast, having a very good time.

Next came a fine buckboard, to coast with and have jolly times. What a beauty it was!

I had a velocipede to ride when I was three years old. My bicycle, that was the best of all. I rode for miles, and such a good time!

Other wheels are entirely different from the rest. They are small and made of steel. What do you think they are? My watch-wheels.

The last is my new fire-patrol, with four heavy wheels.

A DAY ON MY WHEEL.

BY EIRIAN F. CHITTENDEN (AGE 15).

It was a most brilliant morning in early spring when my father and I started on a twelve-mile ride to



BY HERMAN LIVINGSTON, JR., AGE 16.

From end to end of this wide earth,
All life is love and hope and mirth;
And everywhere from peak to shore,
Where waters sleep and waters roar,
In mighty swelling chorus ring
The happy, happy songs of spring!

ETHELBERT WALDRON (AGE 17).

Winner of gold badge for poem in April ST. NICHOLAS.

Sirling. The air was soft and fresh, almost would have been too warm, but it was tempered by a breeze which blew from the snow-clad Ochills. We rode past one mining village after another, and found them in full holiday attire—flags flying from every window, children shouting, people standing at their doors or looking out of their windows. On making inquiries, we found that Ladysmith had been relieved, and the Scotch folk were keeping holiday in honor of the event.

Arriving at Sirling, the home of Bruce and Wallace, and, in later days, of the hapless Mary Queen of Scots and her son James, we found the old town doing honor to its absent sons in very gay fashion—flags everywhere, and great preparations for an illumination being made. We walked to the castle, inspected the celebrated churches where Mary was married and crowned, and on our way out of town walked over the bridge over the Forth immortalized in R. L. Stevenson's "Kidnapped," and then turned back home around the Wallace Monument. The singing of the birds, the soft lights on the hill-side, the deep reflections in the waters of the pretty river, and the happiness of a twenty-four-mile ride with no punctures or any other mishap, added to the general air of rejoicing which pervaded everywhere, made this a most memorable ride.

SPRINGTIME.

ACROSS a wide and rolling lea
A soft south wind sweeps up to me;
From those far-distant, blue-dim woods
The scent of sap and bursting buds;
I catch a glimpse of sparkling brooks,
Of flowerets hid in woodland nooks,
Of flitting birds that blithely sing
The happy, happy songs of spring!

The tiny forest glades are set
With buttercup and violet;
The oak and beech upon the hill,
The willow by the water-mill,
The pine and poplar, tall and lone,
The mosses on each knoll and stone,
In starting green their tokens bring,
The signs that bode the burst of spring!

From sturdy North to languid South,
From lands of mist to lands of drouth,



"FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING." BY MILDRED WHEAT, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

MILDRED WHEAT

from the ground there was a great hole in the trunk, made by a colony of squirrels.

The little animals seemed very much excited, and were running about in every direction, chattering angrily.

I watched closely, and finally saw that a swarm of



BY ALICE BEAMAN, AGE 11.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY'S LAST SPRINGTIME.

BY GRACE REYNOLDS DOUGLAS (AGE 9).

LIKE a mighty oak the century stands,
Awaiting the touch of spring's gentle hands.
Once more she will be all dressed in green,
Once more of this century spring will be queen.

But old Father Time, with
sickle and glass,
Stands waiting and watching
for seasons to pass,
And though Nineteen Hun-
dred is faithful and true,
She must fall, like the oak, to
make room for the new.

Then let this last springtime
be happy and gay,
Till Time cuts her down in
the fair month of May;
And after December, snowy
and drear,
We will hail the new century
with the new year

A WOODLAND RIDE.

BY MARJORIE TULLOCH
(AGE 12).

ONE spring morning I
started off on my wheel to
get some wild flowers that I
had seen on a former ride.

I got the flowers, and was
busily looking them up in
my "How to Tell Wild Flow-
ers," when I heard a great
deal of angry chattering
above my head.

The old tree under which
I was sitting was a great
black oak. About thirty feet

bees, who were looking for a place to build a hive, had attacked the squirrels' home and were driving them away. I was very much interested, but I felt very sorry for the squirrels, for I thought it a very unfair fight.

After the squirrels were nearly all driven away from the tree, and were scampering away in every direction, closely followed by their furious little enemies, I tried to fix my mind on my flowers and book, but all the interest was gone.

I got on my wheel and rode slowly home, thinking very hard over what I had seen that morning. I went in the house and told mama all about what I had seen, and she told me that she knew those squirrels had been in that tree for a great many years.

Several years after, that same tree had to be cut down, and we got a lot of delicious honey out of it.

THE CENTURY'S LAST SPRINGTIME.

BY HELEN J. RIPLEY (AGE 14).*

O PRETTY violet, listen, dear,
And raise your dainty purple head
From out its little mossy bed.
Pray tell why you're so early here.
Dear little child, I'll tell you why.
The Nineteenth Century, old and gray,
Is going soon, you know, away;
And I am here to say "good-by."

O sweet south wind, that in the trees
Is sighing softly, tell me now,
Why you are here to wave the bough
And bend the grass, O sweet south breeze.
To coax the flowers out come I,
To toss the pines and poplars tall;
For Nineteenth Century leaves us all
Next year, and this is my "good-by."

* Miss Ripley won a prize in Competition No. 1.

THE CENTURY'S LAST SPRINGTIME.

BY RISA LOWIE (AGE 14).

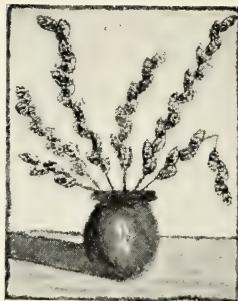
As wintry bells
"Ring out the old, ring in the new,"
In shady dells,
'Neath skies of blue,



BY ESMONDE WHITMAN, AGE 10.

When violets spread a
sweet perfume,
When daffodils and
sweetbriars bloom,
The bluebells and the
harebells ring
To nineteenth century's
last sweet spring,
With gentle time,
And fairy chime,
With elfin bell,
A last farewell.

Sweet springtime's gentle hours,
You, too, must glide away



BY RACHEL RHOADES, AGE 10.

Like fortune's glitt'ring showers
That sparkle and decay.
Thou bounteous fay,
Sweet springtime, stay!

Spring softly smiled
And onward passed.
Sweet hours mild,

The century's last,
You go away with flow'r-bells blue
That softly sing, "Adieu, adieu."

HARBINGERS OF SPRING.

BY CECILY ISABEL SHEPPARD
(AGE 11).

We set her on—well, let me see!—
We set our hen on—one—two—three—

We set her on eleven good eggs!
And what do you think she did?
She brought off six! Each little thing
Had tiny, cunning, dark-pink legs;
Under their mother's breast they hid.
They were our signs of spring.

LETTERS.

URSULA SUTTON NELTHORPE sends a very interesting letter from France, which is too long to print in full, and would not be fairly represented in an extract. We are very glad indeed, however, to use these very interest-



ing little sketches she sends us, and we hope Miss Ursula will send us something for the competitions.

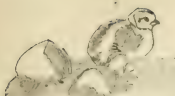
Mary J. O'Brien of Geneva, Ohio, writes interestingly of young chickens: "One day last summer I took the shovel to dig up some earth for them to scratch in; but I did not succeed very well, for as soon as I put the spade on the ground the chicks all jumped on the spade and crowded around so that I could see nothing but chickens."

Neba Rabasa of Mexico City wishes to know if we would like a picture of a day in March as it is in Mexico. It is too late for it this year, but we will always be glad to have photographs from her home. Miss Rabasa adds:

"An American lady taught me how to speak English, and I like it very much. When ST. NICHOLAS comes I sit down and read until I finish it all. I never read stories so interesting as yours."

Neba is fourteen, and is coming to see us when she visits New York. We hope she will not forget.

Lesta M. Eckfeld of Dennison, Ohio, tells of an interesting place near her home, where many Indian arrow-



BY CYNTHIA POLK ROUNTREE,
AGE 9.

mentioned above. Her mama took ST. NICHOLAS when she was a little girl.

This is from Carl F. Groff, Oak Lane, Philadelphia, and explains itself. Of course we sent the badge, and will replace others when lost or damaged.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

Oh, what do you think? I know you can't guess. I've lost the League badge, I'll have to confess! Now, is n't that smart? Just look at the mess I've made for myself through rank carelessness!

So do not delay, but send right to me

Another League badge. My name you will see Upon a stamped envelope, as it should be—

Oh, pshaw! I must stop, for I'm called down to tea!

Gladys Greene of Dinard, France, sends an interesting account of a canary that lost its wing through being attacked by a bird of prey, and how, when later this canary hatched its young, one of them had but one wing like its mother. A curious fact, certainly. Miss Gladys promises to write us again.

Dorothy Weber lives at Ogden, Utah, and has taken ST. NICHOLAS ever since she can remember. "We live near the Salt Lake. This morning the gulls were flying, and we knew we would have a salt-storm. This evening it is splashed over everything."

Other entertaining and welcome letters have been received this time from Edna F. D., Muriel Williams, Helen E. Allers, Ida B. Jelleme, George Ernest Merritt, Annie C. Mitchell, May Wenzel, Anna A. Flichtner, Langhorne H. Wister, Martha Deinet, Louise Perry, Dorothy Eyre Robinson, May W. Babcock, Edward Shipley, Dorothy Morris, Carrie W. Kearns, Winifred Bosworth, Henry Emerson Tuttle, Nicholas Cuyler Bleeker, May Mitchell, Helen M. Waugh, Bessie T. Thomson, Camille d'Invilleirs, Lola C. Jones, Walter W. Muffy, Francis Tuckerman Parker, Julia N. Collins, Annie Flanders, Steele Wotkyns, Helen M. Conant, Theodore A. Greene, Susie S. Hornblower, Maurice P. Dunlap, Eleanor Glass, Esther A. Underwood, Emily Whitcomb, Margaret Fisher, Leslie F. Snow, Virginia Weaver, Florence and Gladys, Susanne M. Henning, Janet L. McKim, Eugene White, Jr., and Esther Freeman.

NOTICE.

THE St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers.

To any reader of the magazine, or to any one desiring to become such, a League membership badge and an instruction leaflet will be mailed free upon receipt of a written application, accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope. There are no League dues.

heads are found, and of a spring from which Garfield, when a boy, carried water to the men digging the Ohio Canal. Lesta won a silver badge in March for a very pretty photograph. She promises now to send us a picture of the spring

ST. NICHOLAS readers in foreign countries where United States stamps are not easily obtained need not stamp their return envelope in applying for League membership. The pleasure of extending the League in distant lands is more than an offset to the cost of postage required on the badges.

A few of our young photographers send negatives. We prefer the finished prints.

In answer to several inquiries we wish to say that the rules relating to one contribution per month means just one contribution and no more. *Not* one contribution of each kind.

GEMS FROM OUR YOUNG POETS.

WHEN we have such lovely weather,
All the children play together,

sings Rena Kellner, who is nine years old, and the youngest of our poets this month, though Laura O. Butler is only "nearly ten," and does well for her years:

With garlands tangled in her hair,
And jewels sparkling everywhere,
Comes gay and sweet and balmy spring,
Afloat upon her breezy wing.

Indeed, that is very pretty for "nearly ten," and those who are quite ten will find it hard to do better. The first of these is Grace Lewis, who says:

The robins fly from tree to tree,
To sing their songs to you and me.

Oh, how joyous we should be,
Swinging under the old cherry-tree,
And reading the April ST. NICHOLAS.

Then Grace adds: "Do you like it, ST. NICHOLAS? I hope you do. Our pretty old black cat has got five kittens; what would you name them?"

Amy Schwartz has something about autumn in her poem:

Oh, autumn's gaily colored leaves!
And when the grain is ripe,
The farmer cuts his binding sheaves,
And smokes his hardy pipe.

We don't know just what "binding sheaves" are. The farmer's "hardy pipe" is more familiar, and "hardy" is a very delicate and picturesque way of putting it.

Joseph Wells sends a nice little poem about his aunty:

Out of seven games of euchre
I beat my aunty four,
And then she said (with low-bowed head),
"I won't play any more."

Joseph should have allowed his aunty to win the odd game; but then, you see, he is only ten. Neill Compton Wilson tells us something about time:



BY MARY DYERS SMITH, AGE 14.

For time is next to nature's heart,
And nature needs time, too;
For time will never stop nor start—
'T is wondrous, but 't is true.

The poets of eleven we have always with us, and their "gems" are well worth reading. Alleine Langford writes dialect and has originality:

My Uncle Jonathan sez, sez he,
"As this is the last of the century,
If you are goin' to be good,
It 's time, youngster, that you should."

"Uncle Jonathan," I sez, sez I,
"I will be good until I die."
An' then I run out the open door,
An' I 'm jest as bad as I was before.

Dorothy Donald has fine thought in her closing lines:
Perhaps if we too could be
infused

With sap to make us bud
and blossom

In deeds all fresh and pure,
Casting off as dead and gone
The dead deeds already
done,

Then we could be as fresh,
serene,

As looks yon bush in all
its tender green.

Elizabeth Chapman
knows that to the good all
things bring happiness:

The spring brings blossoms,
flowers, joys,
To all good little girls and
boys,

Who never cry and never
scold,

And always do what they
are told.

Anne Parrish wrote her
poem in March, but she
was thinking of June:

And though some days be
blust'ry and cold,

And the hail on the roof
doth drum,

There is always a promise
in the air

Of the golden days to
come.

Elinor Kreer, who had been discussing when the century ends, dreamed that Brownies came to answer her query. Of course, the Brownies answered according to ST. NICHOLAS and therefore correctly:

Whether ST. NICHOLAS a puzzle meant

When he this poem's subject sent—

"Should children write of last year's spring,

Or of this year's season sing?"

Cried I. Their chattering tongues flew fast:

"St. NICHOLAS says *this* spring 's the last!"

We don't quite know what Margaret E. Brown's poem has to do with the century's last springtime, but it is a pretty good one on the moon:

"Mother moon, why do you weep?"

Questioned a little star.

She sighed a sigh in herself and said:

"From the earth I am so far."

Then spake old Zenith from far away:

"Do you regret your loss?"

Well, then, I will give you good advice:

'A rolling stone gathers no moss."

Harry Minart Ladd is twelve years old, and we will let his first stanza introduce the poets of that age:

How full of raindrops is the sky!

We sit and watch them, you and I,

While through the gloaming hour of rest

They fall in many an empty nest.

Della H. Varrell writes tenderly of the passing century, and closes with:

As the birds pursue their labor,

As the flow'rs bloom every year,

Let us follow their example,

Working on without a tear.

While Madge Smith is happy in the present with hope of coming joys:

The woods are full of violets,

And May-flowers white and blue;

The crickets chirp a welcome,

And sing a song for you.

The last springtime of the century

Is a happy one to me.

I hope 't is the same to every one;

And I hope the next will be.

Frances Cutler tells how the Nineteenth Century asks of Father Time that this may be the happiest spring ever known. Father Time answers:

"If only the little children knew

What lots and lots of good they could do

By just being sunny, and good, and bright,

And always trying to do what 's right,

Oh, then to the world such joy they'd bring,

And ever there'd be a perpetual spring."

If thirteen is an unlucky age, the unluckiness must be in something we don't know about. For certainly the poets of thirteen have a number of pretty "gems" this time. There is something of Herrick in this by Olive Purser of Dublin:

This year the spring season
Has been for no clear reason
Of fickle mood.

For the heat from day to day

Varied in the strangest way

To no one's good.

And Alice M. Coggins, too, has caught a bit of the old poet's spirit:

Once more the robins come to cheer

This happy season of the year,

While flowers bloom so gay.



"FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING." BY FRED HOPP, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)

BY THEODORA WHEELER, AGE 10.

Each daffodil and crocus
sweet
Is springing up
about our feet
To bid thee a good
day.

Leigh Sowers writes in
a sweet, simple way that
is very charming:

The buds they open just the
same,
The violet is as blue,
The birds they sing so merrily,
Just as they used to do.
And I'm convinced,
Though it may be the last,
It is n't any different
From the springtimes that have passed.

And Marguerite Marshall Hillery, who
never fails us, continues in the same strain:

Next year the same, same rains will fall,
The same sweet flowers blossom; the ivy on
the wall
Will still be there, and still no change we see
Except we're in the twentieth century.

And Constance Fuller very prettily adds:

For this world with its freshness and beauty
Can never grow old and drear;
The flowers fade in the autumn,
But they blossom again next year.

It requires some stretch of imagination to make "peewit" rhyme with "feel it," but no one will question the fact and sentiment of these lines by A. B. Skinner:

Soft and balmy is the air,
All the woodland seems to feel it;
Birds are nesting here and there,
Robin, grouse, and tiny peewit.

The poets of thirteen will be proud to count Frances Marion Simpson among their number. Her verses, in which the century speaks, we print almost in full:

"I nevermore shall hear in spring
The bluebird's welcome note,
The robin's cheery warble, poured
From out his little throat.

"No more I'll see the flowers awake,
Their rest of winter o'er,
And push their way up through the
earth
On mountain-side and shore.

"The trees for me will bud no more,
The grass no more turn green;
For me no brook will break its bands,
No wind become less keen.

"I know how hard 't will be to go,
But more than anything
'T is sad to look upon the world
And think, 'The last, last spring.'"

Two poets of fourteen this time: Angus M. Berry, who closes his interesting poem with:

Nothing so gay as our own happy spring,
With the greenest of leaves, and birds on the wing.
Its days are now numbered, this century dear,
So good-by to the spring, and good-by to the year.

While Emily Seymour Peck makes the old century rather sad:

"Well, well," said he, "I've had my turn;
The younger C. is stirring about.
Life's candles' all must slowly burn
Unto the end, and then go out."

Arthur Edward Weld, who is sixteen, tells us of some good things brought by the nineteenth century:

We find he brought the bicycle, the steamboat, and the stamp,
The automobile, the motor-car, and the electric lamp,



BY MARGUERITE WELLS, AGE 12.

The telephone, the telegraph, and the pen of steel,
The sulphur match, St. NICHOLAS, and rubber-tired wheel.

And George Elliston, who is seventeen, closes this month's "gems" with these graceful and poetic stanzas:

The silent years, with ceaseless, noiseless tread,
On toward the vague and misty past have sped.
Each year of nineteen hundred years save one
Has felt its summer's and its winter's sun.

The flowers we pluck seem almost sacred things,
For they remind us of the long-dead springs.
Each breeze that, laden with perfume,
flits free,
Whispers, "The last spring of the century."

TO NEW READERS.

It costs nothing to become a member of the St. Nicholas League. Any reader of the magazine, or any one desiring to become such, may join the League by sending their name and address on a stamped envelope. We will return it with a League badge and an instruction leaflet.

Every boy and girl should be a reader of "St. Nicholas," and every reader of "St. Nicholas" should be a member of the St. Nicholas League.



BY DANIEL LOW BRIDGEMAN, AGE 14.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

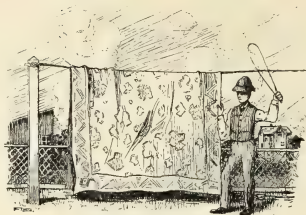
A LIST of those whose work, though not used, either wholly or in part, has yet been found well worthy of honorable mention.

POEMS.

George Harrison
E. Mabel Strang
M. B. Jervey
Hallie M. Prentis
Charles J. Osborne
Olga Abbott
Madeleine M. Formel
Grace Getlow
Margaret Randolph Taylor
Marion Faulkner
Florence C. Turner
Dorothea Seelberger
Shirley Willis
Sam Smart
Madeleine Rhoda McCor-
mack
E. Kathleen Carrington
Katherine T. Bastedo
Elsie K. Wells
Havens Grant
Alice Karr
Harriet A. Ives
Elizabeth T. Rogers
Marguerite Stuart
Florence Fischer
Margery Johnson
David Aronberg
Dorothy Bull
Margaret W. Kettell
Helen King Stockton
Joe E. Bowron
Lillian Hendrix
Sybil Howell
Christine Payson
Frances Purviance Tilden
Theo. F. Moench
James Arthur Atwood, Jr.
Annie Dale Biddle
E. Louise Ferguson
Lydia Stokes
Bessie Stillians
Mabel Frank
Florence Hannegan
Edna A. Smith
Ruth A. Watson
Mabel B. Case

PROSE.

Florence Fennovsky
F. B. Wyatt
Thomas J. Hogan
Marcus B. Whitney
Helen Ferrer
Mayblossom Ayress
Helen C. Coombs
Horatio G. Winslow
Sadie J. Skinner
Ava L. Cochrane
Agatha E. Gruber
Margaret Clancy
Loraine Sherman
Hepburn Michael
Goldie Skinner
Lucile E. Graham



BY FRED STEARNS, AGE 14.

Louis F. May
Florence Huntoon
Christine Hitchings
Elsie Lansing Graff
Mary Kent
Helen L. Macfarland
Julia B. Collier
Elizabeth M. Colgate
Dorothy Cleaveland
George Kenneth Donald
Marion L. Lally
Marie Thompson
Ruth Osgood
Lillie A. Fullerton
Elizabeth Duryee
Margarete Münsterburg

DRAWINGS.

Elsie Snow
Elizabeth Anderson
Florence Votey
Frank Baldwin
R. Palenske
W. Gilbert Sherman
Matilda Otto
Robert H. McKay, Jr.

Fannie W. Carter
S. Jean Arnold
Perry Dunlap Smith
Warren H. Butler
John A. Wyeth
Paul B. Lanius
Thomas Buel
Gertrude Loving
Donald McMurry
Crittendon Newell
Katherine Kinsey
Beatrice Buel
Dorothy C. Cooper
Janet Golden
Julia May Allen
Theodore B. Parker
Grace Allen
George Merritt
Philip Jackson Carpenter
Jessica S. Green
J. Smith
Ruth Shoemaker *
Roger M. Smith
Elsie Junge
Karl Keffner
Mary Eleanor George
Edward Baldwin



BY IDA B. JELLEME.

Charlotte S. Woodford
Edward C. Stifer
Ethel M. Chamberlain
Jeannette Simon
Wilber Helm
Emily Aldrich
Helen M. Bissell
Edwina Louisa Keasbey
Ruth B. Hand
Katherine Varick
Marjorie Day

Marguerite E. Corwin
Emmy Nielson
Charles H. Ranes

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Langhorne H. Wister
Constance Addington
Dorothy Brown
Elizabeth Brown
John S. Perry
Thomas R. Pooley

Frank L. McManness
Philip T. Heardt
Frederic C. Smith
George H. Stewart, Jr.
Harry E. Wheeler
Larned V. P. Allen
Dora Call
Thomas A. Cox, Jr.
Adelaide T. Colhoun
Maude R. Kraus
Joseph Bates Champlin
Marjorie T. Clark
Lois P. Lehman
Elsie Martha Wolcott
Marion Howard
Ruth L. Jones
Violet Pierce
M. E. Frelinghuysen
Elizabeth Williams
John B. Sims, Jr.
Thomas MacIver
Welles L. Allen
Thomas B. Myers
Rose Kellogg
John McKey
John Mott
Anna C. Biggert
Samuel M. Janney, Jr.
L. Rogers MacVeagh
Allene Langford

PUZZLES.

J. Fontaine Johnson
Jessie Day
Mary A. Hogan
Ruth Allaire
Frederic Cozzens Fitz-Ran-
dolph
Hildegard Goldschmidt
Will O. Jellme
Roger F. Hollick
Elizabeth Perot
Walter S. Meyers
Hadwen Case Barney
Eleanor Malone
Elizabeth Coolidge
Shelley E. Bennett
Ona Kraft
Ruth Kendall
Elizabeth James
Janette Dinkelspiel
Gladys Greene
Caroline D. Simpson
Mildred M. E. Okert
Robert W. Wilson
Howard Rollin Patch
Katherine Forbes Liddell
Jack Hayden
Stella Weinstein
Mary L. Ware
Elizabeth Roper
Harold Dowling
Philip Macbride
Harold C. Payson
Kenneth Widdemer
Bertha W. Steinacker
Paul P. Caruthers
Robert Hammatt
Evelyn L. Doughty
Janet Ritchie

The prize puzzles and list of puzzle-answers will be found in the regular Riddle-box.

CHAPTERS.

IN forming chapters the secretary chosen may have the badges all come in one package, thus saving labor and postage. To school-teachers desiring them, League badges and instruction leaflets will be sent postpaid, free of charge. Many teachers have assisted in forming chapters, and the following is a sample of a number of letters received:

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: In accordance with your offer to teachers, I write for sample League badges and instructions. If possible, please send me a dozen or more copies of the latter to post on our bulletin-boards. I am heartily in sympathy with the work ST. NICHOLAS is doing, and hope to be able to form several chapters in our Juvenile Department.

Yours sincerely,
IRENE EARLL,
Superintendent Juvenile Department.



BY CARLETON BURR, AGE 8.

No. 68. Mary P. Gardner, President and Secretary; three members. Address, Hubbard Park, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

No. 69. Henry Faivre, President; Lawrence R. Patterson, Secretary; eleven members. Address, 395 East Tenth Street, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Chapter 69 will collect five cents a week from each member to buy interesting books.

No. 70. Ralph Crum, President; Junior Butts, Secretary; five members. Address, 131 Academy Street, Poughkeepsie, New York.

No. 71. Violet Patton, President; Arthur Remington, Secretary; thirty-five members. Address, Omaha View School, Omaha, Nebraska.

No. 72. Forty members. Officers not reported. Address, Professor S. H. Butterfield's School, Burbank, California.

No. 73. Twenty-two members. Officers not reported. Address, F. F. Showers, Superintendent Antigo Public Schools, Antigo, Wisconsin.

No. 74. Kelley Davies, President; Ellsworth Gorsuch, Secretary; four members. Address, Gambia, Ohio.

Chapter 74 meets in a building of its own, and will have a nice banner for special occasions.

No. 75. Frances Burket, President; Wallace Wright, Secretary; thirteen members. Address, Forest Glen, Maryland.

No. 76. Dabney Minor, President; Christine Colum, Secretary; ten members. Address, 8-2 Woodland Street, Nashville, Tennessee.

No. 77. Donald M. Dey, President; Roy Cheney, Secretary; eleven members. Address, 201 De Witt Road, Syracuse, New York.

No. 78. Rosalie Sampson, President; Elizabeth P. Logan, Secretary; seven members. Address, Shelbyville, Kentucky.

No. 79. Milton Rosenfield, President; Wallace Bunnell, Secretary; four members. Address, 148 North Division Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

No. 80. Mayblossom Ayres, President; Joe Miller, Secretary; six members. Address, 82 Walnut Avenue, Roxbury, Massachusetts.

No. 81. Jennie Riggs, President; Vera Ingram, Secretary; seven members. Address, Mount Ayr, Iowa.

The secretary of this chapter says: "If we do not win prizes, we will, at least, have a good time at our meetings." That is the right spirit, exactly.

No. 82. Ruth Dewey, President; Joe Beem, Secretary; ten members. Address, 311 Court Avenue, Marengo, Iowa.

The mothers of Chapter 82 have been made honorary members, and are wearing League badges in memory of the days when they, too, were ST. NICHOLAS readers.

Chapter 35 reports that they have made their club a literary society, with games and goodies to make a pleasant evening. Chapter 62 has eighteen new members. Chapter 14 has adopted the name of the "Five Connecticut Nutmegs." Chapter 37 has now fourteen members. Perhaps a report of their program will be of interest to other chapters who are not quite certain as to how they should conduct their meetings. The secretary says:

"Our chapter meets every two weeks, and we have a regular program to follow. Each member must have either a piano or vocal solo, composition or select reading, or a sketch on some noted person's life.

"After every member has had something to do, we read ST. NICHOLAS awhile.

"At the closing of the meeting we distribute books, one to each member.

"All of these books are named in the lists which appear in the ST. NICHOLAS every month.

"Sometimes we invite big people to our meetings, and they go away very well satisfied."

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 9.

WE have had many requests that competitors be allowed to select their own subjects for drawings, poems, etc. This time we will allow them to do so. Competition No. 9 will close June 22. The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for September.

POEM. Not to contain over twenty-four lines.

PROSE. Not to contain over four hundred words.

DRAWING. India or very black ink on white, unruled paper.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives.

PUZZLE. Any sort, but the more original in form, the better.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

ILLUSTRATED POEM. Not to contain over

twenty-four lines, and to be illustrated with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author.

ILLUSTRATED STORY OR ARTICLE. Not to contain over four hundred words, and to be illustrated with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun:

For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, the League gold badge.

Remember, every contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square, New York City.



BY LOUIS DE RONDE,
AGE 11.

EDITORIAL NOTE AND LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

We regret that, by an oversight, the illustrations to the verses, "A Song of Clothes-pins," in the April number, were credited to the author of the poem instead of to Miss M. T. Hart, the artist who made the drawings.

MOUNT SILINDA, EAST AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought perhaps the young people in America would like to know something about life in this land. We came here in 1894, after an eight months' journey from the Transvaal, and for the first three months we did not have any huts or houses to go into and had to stay in tents; and during that time we had thirty days' rain. But now I am in school at Mount Silinda, and came down from home on donkeys eighty miles, and we were five days on the way, and four nights we slept in the veldt. I have been here about two years already. I am yours truly, ELIZA DU PREEZ.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you something about Africa. We stayed in the Transvaal for ten years and then we came into Gazaland. We came in December, 1894, and after we came here we had rain for thirty days, and in all that time we saw the sun about four times. It is very cold in June, but in January and March it is very hot. We live in huts with mud floors; if it rains for about a week, then the whole hut will be wet inside and takes about a week to get dry again. I am in school at the mission station. This is my second year of school. When we went home in long vacation, a lion passed our hut in the night. He followed some wagons that went out to Umtali. That same night he walked eighteen miles. He passed one of our cows that was feeding along the road, and did not touch her. It made me think of Daniel in the lions' den. I am yours truly,

HESTER E. DU PREEZ.

MOUNT SILINDA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We came to Gazaland in 1893 from the Orange Free State. When we first came into this country we stayed at my uncle's farm. The tent of our wagon was taken off and put on eight blocks of wood for us to live in. All the things we had were put under the tent, the big things on the outside. After two weeks we started for our farm with the weak oxen. But there was a big and steep mountain. When the wagon reached the foot of the mountain, the oxen came to a standstill. But my father had a small cart. We put on eight oxen and so got the things to our farm. We stayed in a forest, with the wagon-sail for a tent. It was shaky and dirty. After that we had thirty days of rain. Now I live in a small town. The telegraph goes from Umtali to Melssetter, the town in which I live. My father has a shop. There is a railroad from Umtali to Beira. Now I am at an American school.

Yours truly, REGINALD CANNELL.

CHEVY CHASE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year and a half. I am eleven years old.

I go to a French school here (it is not a school-house, because it is the "Chevy Chase Inn" in summer).

One summer a little boy left his goat there, and of course we children had great fun with it. It used to come up on the porch and "butt" any one it could, and one day it "buted" the music-teacher, and she cried, "Aidez moi!" and hit at the goat with her umbrella, and the goat hit at her dress.

As it is a girls' school, it seems funny, but there is one boy there, and of course we all pet him very much.

My favorite stories are "The Story of Betty," "Quick-silver Sue," "With the Rough Riders," and "Denise and Ned Toodles."

It is very cool here, as it is five miles from the "White House," right in the country.

I remain your interested reader,

ESTHER P. DENNY (only child).

STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you about my trip to Yosemite Valley. We camped out all the way, and stopped over at the Calaveras Big Trees, a large grove of immense redwood trees. There was snow in some places, and we snowballed, which was new to us. After a stop of two days we went on. When we got on the summit we saw more snow and four deer. It was in National Park, and we could not shoot them. It was very steep going into the valley. When we got into the valley papa saw a rattlesnake, and killed it. We camped near the river in a very pleasant spot. Mama went up four miles to a place called Glacier Point. We all went up a trail to Vernal Falls and also to Nevada Falls.

In the evening we could feel the spray of Yosemite Falls on our faces, we were so near it. There is a fall in the valley named Bridal Veil. In the afternoon it changes color. It is beautiful.

We had a lovely trip. There were Indians in the valley close to us. There were only twenty of their tribe left. There was an old Indian woman. I should think she was a hundred years old. She did not know her age.

I love to read your magazine. I get it from my aunt.

Your loving reader,

ELINOR L. FRANKLIN.

JACKSON, N. C.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take your magazine. I am seven years old. I go to school. I am reading the First Reader. I have a little sister, and I like to go to school. I must tell you about my puppy. He is white and has a black spot over his eye. We have a horse; he is cream-colored. I have a pig. She has six little pigs. My little sister has one large pig. My little sister is two years old and is named Ellen.

I am your affectionate friend,

CAMILLA ALLYN MOORE.

We thank the friends whose names are here printed for their pleasant letters, and regret that we have no space to show the letters to our readers.

Marion and Elinor Abbot, Emilia P. Brown, Katharine Butler, Mildred Baldwin, Sybil P. Bernard, Alfred Bransford, Kris Bemis, Elisa and Robert Candor, A. Marguerite C., Edward Curtis, Edith F. Cornell, Mary Craighead, Alma Ecke, Lilian and George Endicott, Richard Seymour Hay, Lois P. Hill, Chester D. Heywood, Elisabeth Hayne, Rita Hyman, Virginia Hatch, Philip C. Irwin, Katharine and Mary Janeway, Catherine E. Kraay, Frances Kanke, Alice Kobbé, Arthur Lord, Harold Loeb, Jessie La Wall, Katharine McIver, Margaret S. N., Sarah Parker, Emily Noyes Richardson, Louise Reese, Ette Ringgold, Victor Riesensfeld, "Rose," Isabel Randolph, Rosamond Sergeant, Edna Smith, Helen Ives S., Hilda Scothan, Robert M. Stone-sifer, Lewis A. Thompson, Bayard Tuckerman, H. H. Tryon, Mary A. B. Williamson, Edward H. Wardwell, Lizzie M. Walrath.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Buttercups. 1. Ball. 2. Cube. 3. Gate. 4. Cent. 5. Eyes. 6. Drum. 7. Cake. 8. Mugs. 9. Cape. 10. Pots.

AMPUTATIONS. 1. B-and. 2. P-art-y. 3. K-it-e. 4. W-is-h. 5. S-to-p. 6. T-win-e. 7. O-the-r. 8. P-art-y. 9. C-our-t. 10. T-wit-s. 11. S-to-p. 12. F-use-s. 13. F-i-f-e. 14. S-care-s. 15. A-we-s. 16. L-ever-s. 17. S-take-s. 18. O-we-s. 19. N-aught-s. 20. K-not-s. 21. S-often-s. 22. C-lose-s.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Second row, Arbutus; fourth row, Anemone. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Cabalist. 2. Trenches. 3. Able-gate. 4. Augments. 5. Attorney. 6. Funniest. 7. Assented.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Trillium. 1. Lettuce. 2. Detract. 3. Desired. 4. Holland. 5. Shallow. 6. Braided. 7. Brought. 8. Diamond. — CHARADE. Cicero.

SPRING NUMERICAL ENIGMA. 1 to 5, maple; 6 to 12, arbutus; 13 to 19, dogwood; 20 to 26, cowslip; 27 to 31, bluet.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Wamba. 2. Abeam. 3. Meute. 4. Bathe. 5. Amer.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from M. McG. — Charles S. Durfee — Joe Carlada — Gladys Gaylord — "The Thayer Co." — Marjorie and Caspar — Eleanor Cowan — Harry McCall — Sumner Ford — Beulah Myrtle Innis — Weston O'B. Harding — Mary Ruth Hutchinson — Theodora B. Dennis — Mary Windsor Dow — Edith Lewis Lauer — Alili and Adi — The Spencers — Musgrave Hyde — Jessie and Freddie — "Columbine Rocks" — Kathrine Forbes Liddell — Helen and Lily — Mary Lester Bingham — Helen Stroud — Hildegard G. — Ryan Hyde Dart.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from G. Cavanaugh, 2 — F. F. Shoemaker, 1 — W. and E. M. Hurry, 3 — F. Charles, 1 — F. L. Rogers, 1 — F. A. Harding, 1 — C. Freeman, 1 — P. Gardner, 1 — M. Naseth, 1 — R. Dows, 1 — E. and M. Neely, 2 — G. B. Schneider, 3 — A. E. Foster, 1 — G. W. Shillingford, 1 — M. Williams, 1 — A. S. Whitlock, 2 — C. Oakley, 1 — N. P. Shaw, 1 — R. K. Haas, 1 — G. Wickersham, 1 — W. S. Riley, 1 — J. A. Webb, 1 — F. W. Murray, 1 — L. Powers, 2 — G. Endicott, 1 — J. L. Keely, 1 — L. Quarles, 2 — K. B. Day, 1 — E. Jones, 1 — Walter Erlenkotter, 8 — Ethel Luster, 2 — B. Reynolds, 1 — E. F. Keisker, 1 — Ruth A. Bliss, 4 — H. W. Hollister, 2 — C. M. Penn, 1 — M. Thompson, 1 — Charles J. Osborne, 4 — Mary J. Mapes, 8 — A. C. Pearlsoll, 1 — Vera Sharp, 4 — Florence and Edna, 5 — "Law and Co.", 3 — Faith S. Chapman, 5 — Caroline H. Walker, 4 — Philip Beebe, 8 — A. L. Cunningham, 1 — Dorothy Smith, 8 — Ruth W. Kendrick, 8 — Virginia Gaylord, 8 — F. H. Cook, 2 — Ethel C. Breed, 5 — Ruth A. Bliss, 2 — V. D. Coyle, 1 — Percy Whitlock, 5 — Ethel Buchenberger, 5 — H. Brailsford, 1 — J. F. Karselen, 1 — "Bird, Henn, and Tommy," 8 — K. Donald, 7 — "Tribby, Paddy, and Micky," 8 — L. Montgomery, 1 — L. Swilwell, 6 — I. Baer, 1 — H. G. Lord, Jr., 1 — F. H. Twyefloft, 1 — S. P. Embury, 1 — Marguerite Sturdy, 8 — M. A. Ryerson, 3 — M. W. J., 7 — D. McCormick, 1 — K. Ahlstrom, 2 — E. I. Snow, 2 — R. Blacker, 1 — S. Jean Arnold, 5 — A. Webster, 1 — E. A. Ryder, 1 — A. Loomis, 1 — O. Jimenez, 2 — K. Gratz, 1 — Mike and Beppo, 7 — "Temgon and Dodo," 5 — G. W. Calhoun, 2 — Ruth L. Walker, 3 — Barbara E. Smythe, 8 — Dorothea J. Brotherton, 8 — I. and S. Ramsey, 8 — C. E. Cunneen, 3 — Matulafe, 4 — S. North, 1 — Louise Elder, 5 — J. and M. Thomas, 6 — No name, Philadelphia, 1 — B. M. Burke, 3 — V. Hatch, 1 — D. Carpenter, 1 — No name, Union City, 1 — "Jack-in-the-Box," 8 — M. Monteith, 1 — G. B. Dyer, 6.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

(Second Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EVERY word described contains the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and written one below another, the central letters will spell the name of something that many scholars look forward to in June.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To start. 2. Vehicles. 3. A level stretch of ground. 4. A cup-like spoon. 5. An early spring flower. 6. To pursue. 7. A fire-producer. 8. Belief. 9. Fat. 10. A sweet substance.

MARIE H. WHITMAN.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in steep, but not in hilly;
My second in rose, but not in lily;
My third is in gain, but not in loss;
My fourth is in fern, but not in moss;
My fifth is in moss, but not in mold;
My sixth is in silver, but not in gold;
My seventh in rain, but not in dew;
My eighth is in captain, but not in crew;
My last is in ruler, but not in state;
My whole is a famous place, of late.



FLORAL PUZZLE.



FROM 6 TO 1 (seven letters), the surname of an English court jester who died about 1580; from 6 to 5, a written record; from 7 to 1, the name of Lowell's home in Cambridge; from 7 to 2, the sister of Orestes; from 8 to 1, King of the Belgians from 1831 to 1865; from 8 to 2, an estuary between Uruguay and the Argentine Republic; from 9 to 2, a region on the western coast of the Balkan peninsula; from 9 to 3, in ancient history, a Ligurian tribe which dwelt in northwestern Italy, on the Gulf of Genoa; from 10 to 2, the leading Roman statesman of the reign of Augustus; from 10 to 3, the surname of a celebrated Italian dramatist; from 11 to 3, the surname of a German composer and conductor; from 11 to 4, the central or material portion; from 12 to 3, a famous Russian novelist and social reformer; from 12 to 4, the archer-fish; from 13 to 4, the surname of an American novelist; from 13 to 5, concord; from 14 to 4, the hero of a great epic poem; from 14 to 5, a South American republic; from 15 to 5, an English poet laureate; from 15 to 1, adorned with historical pictures.

From 6 to 15, a yellow flower; from 1 to 5, a very common flower.

M. B. CARY.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(First Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

MY primals name what will bring happiness in June to most League members; and my finals, what will make a few of them happy.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Legal. 2. A legal term meaning "at some other place." 3. To crunch. 4. To make void. 5. A prohibition. 6. The Mohammedan religion. 7. A musical drama. 8. Mars.

CHARLES JARVIS HARRIMAN.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a book that has been famous for a long time.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A large book. 2. A means of

conveyance. 3. A timid animal. 4. One of the United States. 5. One of the characters found in the book named by the zigzag. 6. The first man. 7. A kind of apple. 8. Christmas-tide. 9. Painful. 10. A famous battle fought in 1796. 11. A favor. 12. Utilized. 13. A beautiful flower. 14. A heavenly body. 15. Lines of light. 16. To salute with the lips. 17. A famous square in London, south of Oxford Street. 18. A certain quantity. 19. A common fruit. "ITALY."

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE answer is a quotation from "Hamlet," and contains fifty-six letters.

A 17-23-29-45-13-19-7-4-56 went out to 17-28-47-14
With 19-13-13-26 and 30-43-38-40 and 22-15-24-13;
His luck was all that he could 3-49-47-1;
"This 5-42-39-19-10," said he, "is 17-46-44-13."

But soon his 53-27-51-13 was turned to 3-35-51,
For it began to 19-31-55-9;
And to reach 5-30-2-37-36-51-19 he must 19-18-3
With 20-32-21 his 16-23-53-1-10 and 7-52-49-34.

"6-33-54-47-1," said he, "no 42-35-19-10 is 44-2-8-19,
36-14-38-41-53-1 speedily I'm 19-43-3-55-44-53;
And 'tis so cold I really 17-13-8-19
That soon it will be 47-9-39-3-15-24-53.

"And if my 29-50-28-17-17 should spring a 48-51-20-50
My terror would be 53-19-13-8-36;
There's no one nigh to hear my 29-14-19-55-13-12
And save me from my 17-11-36-51."

But soon he safely reached the 5-30-43-19-13
And homeward trudged at 48-25-29-10;
Gladly he threw aside his 35-11-19;
His perils all were 42-4-47-36.

CAROLYN WELLS.

DIAGONAL.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Simpler. 2. A soapy froth. 3. Quicker. 4. To beat with successive blows. 5. Commanded. 6. Trouble.

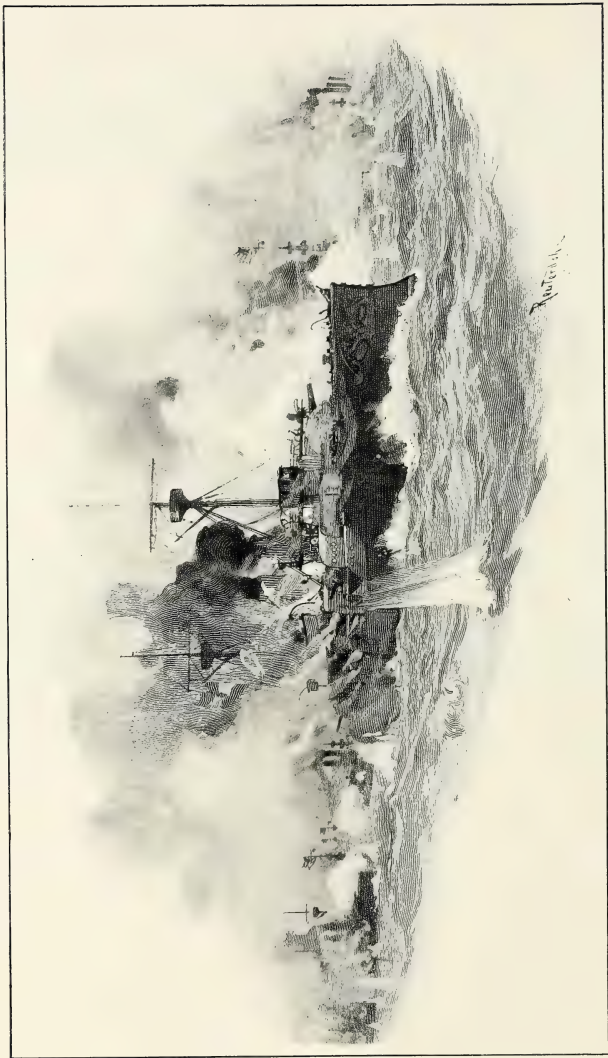
The diagonal from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter will spell the name of a holiday.

J. O.

CHARADE.

My first can write a charming little ballad,
A story, or a sermon, if you wish;
My last you use — well, not in making salad,
But creamy soup, or sauce for dainty fish.
My whole you feel when you've been snubbed or slighted
By the dear friend you love the very best,
Or when a puzzle, carefully indited,
Comes back with "We regret" — you know the rest.

M. E. FLOYD.



DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH CRUISERS OFF SANTIAGO, JULY 3, 1898.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVII.

JULY, 1900.

No. 9.

SOME GREAT SEA-FIGHTS.

BY JESSIE PEABODY FROTHINGHAM.

HIGH in the ranks of the naval battles that have changed the course of history will be classed in future years the two brilliant victories which opened and closed our war with Spain, the sea-fights of Manila Bay and of Santiago.

Dewey's victory at the beginning of the contest placed the Eastern colonies of Spain at our mercy; Sampson's victory cut Cuba off from hope of help from Spain, and put the Spanish coast itself at our mercy. These two sea-fights decided the war, and placed at our feet, to take or to leave, a fair group of colonial possessions.

Of the two victories, that of Dewey was more the victory of one man—a monument to his cool and masterly daring. At midnight preceding May-day he entered Manila Bay, through a channel containing mines and torpedoes, and guarded by the heavy guns of the forts. Silently, and in almost complete darkness, with only a protected stern-light to show the way for the vessel behind, the fleet steamed into the harbor, past the forts, risking destruction at every step. When the gray light of morning found Admiral Dewey between the guns of Manila and Cavite, bearing down at good speed upon the Spanish ships anchored under the batteries of the arsenal, he had overcome his greatest danger. His least formidable enemy was the fleet itself, which he finally

attacked, and completely destroyed, without the loss of a single man.

Sampson's Fourth of July gift to the country was more sensational, and the forces engaged on both sides far more formidable, representing the flower of both fleets; but the victory was more the work of the entire fleet than of a single man.

On the morning of Sunday, July 3, the "Maria Teresa," Admiral Cervera's flag-ship, swept full speed out of the narrow channel of Santiago harbor, followed in single file by the "Vizcaya," "Cristobal Colon," "Almirante Oquendo," and the torpedo-boat destroyers. The Spanish admiral thought to surprise the enemy at Sunday service, to steal upon them unexpectedly, and to escape westward toward Havana. But the coming of the Spaniards had been betrayed by a drift of smoke rising back of the hills along the shore, and before the first cruiser came dashing around the point of land, the entire American fleet was ready for action.

Our vessels, carefully stationed, and commanded by Commodore Schley in the admiral's brief absence, bore down with headlong speed on the fleeing Spaniards. Ship for ship, the "Brooklyn," "Texas," "Iowa," "Oregon," and the little "Gloucester" engaged the enemy, and sank or captured every vessel after a fierce running fight along the shore, which, considering

the power of the enemy's armament, resulted in surprisingly small damage to our ships.

Except for the fight between the Chinese and Japanese fleets at the Yalu River, which, being between newly created fleets, was hardly a fair trial, the fight at Santiago was the first in which the powerful modern ironclads have met. It has put to a test the methods followed in the building and arming of ships during the last quarter of a century, and for this reason the lessons taught by our two sea-fights will be perhaps even more important in history than their effect on the war.

Among other things, it has been shown that "no woodwork" on ironclads, or, at least, incombustible woodwork, will be a requirement in the future building of war-ships, as the flames that burst out from the wooden structures on

and continual practice have made our gunners the most accurate in the world. The care of every part of the ship by skilled and disciplined hands, such as we have and the Spaniards have not, is another necessity of the service. In fact, in comparing the efficiency of the navies of different nations, it will not, in future, be enough to look at the thickness of their armor, the number and caliber of their guns, and their official rate of speed, but one must look at the men behind the guns—the engineers, gunners, and officers.

It is our perfect organization in this respect that has now won for our navy the admiration of the world.

With these two sea-battles fought before our very eyes to convince us of the importance of the navy in the wars of nations, it will be of interest



THE BATTLE OF MANILA, MAY 1, 1898, AS SEEN FROM A SPANISH VESSEL.

all Cervera's vessels forced them to surrender far more than did the direct effect of our guns.

This war has also shown the enormous value of constant target-practice in time of peace, since the Spaniards, through lack of it, failed to damage any of our ships, while perfect preparation

to look back at the navies of the past and to watch the part they have played in the world's history.

On the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, above the land of Palestine, lay a narrow country famous in Bible history, inhabited by one of the oldest seafaring people of the ancient

world. One thousand years before Christ the Phenicians of Tyre and Sidon built ships in which they sailed to the coasts of Spain and beyond. As traders and as pirates they were the masters of the water, and, together with those earlier navigators the Pelasgians, they may claim the right to be considered the god-fathers of the ancient navy.

From the time that Phenicia, three thousand years ago, made herself mistress of the waves, down to the hour when the dying Nelson won for England the naval supremacy of modern Europe, and our own country has proved her splendid superiority on the sea, every great people of the world has striven to develop the strength of its navy.

To give a picture of the importance of naval warfare in deciding the fate of nations, I have chosen to describe in succession seven of the world's most famous sea-fights, representing nearly all the great nations who have struggled for naval supremacy: the Greeks at Salamis, the Romans at Actium, the Christians and Turks at Lepanto, the Spaniards and the defeat of the Armada, the Dutch in the four days' fight off the Downs, the English at Trafalgar, and the Americans at Mobile Bay.

In the two thousand years after Salamis, naval warfare and naval armaments were developed along the same lines. The war-ships were built of wood, and were propelled by wind and by oars, but chiefly by oars. In the conflicts, which were at close quarters, the opponents scaled the sides of each other's vessels and fought hand to hand. The fight of the Spanish Armada was the first great sea-battle which saw the introduction, by the English, of the sailing navy as a substitute for the rowing navy. While the vessels were still of wood, the improved use of sails, the discarding of oars, and the lightness of the ships, made possible the adoption of distance firing and the tactics of modern naval warfare. In the years since Trafalgar—not quite a century—a greater change has marked the advance of the navy than in all the previous thousands of years. The steel battle-ships, the great ironclads, the armored cruisers of our century, driven by steam-power, and fighting miles apart, have displaced both the rowing and the sailing

navies, and have introduced tactics the very opposite of those used by Xerxes at Salamis.

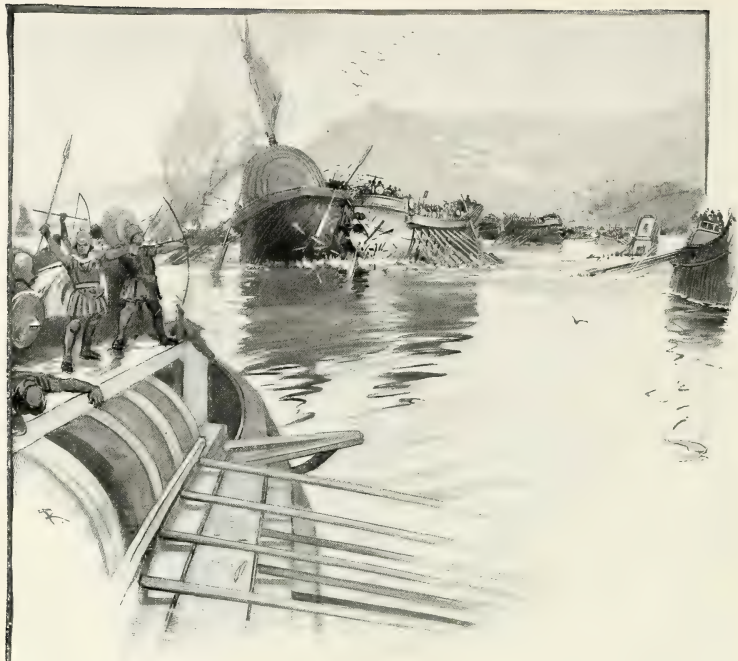
I. BATTLE OF SALAMIS, 480 B.C.

IN the long chain of the world's memorable sea-fights, the first which held at stake the fate of a great nation was the battle of Salamis, fought between the Greeks and Persians twenty-three hundred years ago. The Persian kings, with their insatiable love of conquest, had made themselves masters of Asia and part of Africa. Their enormous empire was bounded on all sides but one by seas, deserts, or mountains. On one side alone lay a road open for extension, and that road led through Greece.

Both the ambition of the Great King and his desire for vengeance urged him on to the subjugation of a country whose independence irritated him, and whose offenses he had not forgiven. The burning of Sardis and the victory of Marathon were deeds to be avenged, and daily was whispered into the king's ear by an attendant slave the words, "Remember Greece!" The traditional hatred between Asia and Greece, made famous on the plain of Troy, was revived with increased force, and Xerxes "remembered Greece."

Four years he spent in preparing his vast army of invasion. Soldiers were enrolled, vessels fitted out, provisions, arms, and horses collected. When, at last, in the year 480 B.C., this enormous multitude started on its march, it seemed as though its numbers alone would annihilate the whole of Greece. There were Persians, Medes, and Hyrcanians, Assyrians, Sakians, and Indians, Caspians, Arabians, and Ethiopians, numbering altogether about five millions of men. Some were dressed in panthers' and lions' skins, some wore the skins of horses' heads, and helmets of twisted brass, while others carried shields of rawhide, or smeared their bodies with chalk and red ochre. Like a mighty avalanche this great host poured over the country and everywhere spread consternation and ruin. Already the Ionians of Asia Minor had submitted to Darius, the predecessor of Xerxes. Now city after city of Hellas surrendered to the conqueror.

You all know the magnificent stand that was



DESTRUCTION OF THE PERSIAN FLEET BY THE GREEKS, IN THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS, FOUGHT 480 B.C.

made at Thermopylæ, which cost the Persian king twenty thousand men, and made the Grecian warriors immortal, although it failed to save their country. After this the whole of Greece lay open to the invaders. Through Bœotia the enemy swept down to Athens, capturing the city.

Meanwhile the Grecian fleet of three hundred and eighty vessels, under the great Athenian leader Themistocles, had assembled in the narrow straits which separate the island of Salamis from the mainland. And in the roadstead of Phaleron lay the Persian fleet, a thousand warships strong. Here, then, was the last hope of Greece.

Early on a September morning the Persian

king took his seat upon the great throne raised for him on a spur of Mount Ægaleos, near Athens, to watch the progress of the combat. The Persian vessels blockaded the two outlets of the straits, and were drawn up in a formidable line of battle opposite the Greeks.

As the day began to dawn, and the trumpets sounded for the attack, the Greeks rowed forward to meet the enemy, hurling into the still morning air the loud war-song, answered by the shouts of the Persian army. Fourteen hundred vessels of war and a hundred and fifty thousand warriors met face to face. Erect upon the prows stood these warriors, lance at rest, javelin ready to be thrown; there, too, stood the archers of Babylon,—the greatest

archers of the world,—with bended bow and quivering arrow; and below sat thousands of rowers with bent back and tense muscles. Then came the echoes from the shores of Salamis of forty thousand oars cutting the waters in regular cadence. Suddenly a panic spread among the Greeks. They paused and backed. Then, tradition says, the voice of the goddess Athena was heard above the clamor. Flinging reproaches upon them for their cowardice, the goddess urged them to the front. Again they advanced. The *mêlée* became general. The smaller vessels of the Greeks grappled the large, unwieldy ships of the Persians, and the battle raged from end to end of the opposing lines.

The heavy Persian vessels, tossed hither and thither on the tumultuous waves, were thrown into confusion. In the narrow straits it became impossible to manœuver them. Meanwhile the light crafts of the Greeks, well manned and expertly managed, circled in and out among the enemy, and "as men spear tunnies" so the Grecian warriors speared the Persian hosts.

In the height of the confusion, Artemisia, Queen of Caria, who had brought her galley to the aid of Xerxes, was hard pressed by an Athenian vessel. No way of flight lay open to her, but by a clever device she saved herself. Turning upon a Persian vessel, she sank it, and her pursuer, thinking by this that she was a Greek, allowed her to escape. It was a day when, as Xerxes is said to have exclaimed, "Women fought as men, and men as women."

The rout of the Persian fleet was complete. Xerxes lost two hundred vessels; his brother, Ariabignes, the Persian admiral, was killed; and the Great King himself fled, with a portion of his remaining army, to Sardis.

To understand these sea-fights of the ancients, so different from ours of to-day, we must picture to ourselves their war-ships and their methods of attack. The galley was the form of vessel of the ancient navy. Propelled by oars and by sails, galleys were of different sizes and shapes. At the battle of Salamis the majority of the Grecian galleys were called triremes, from having three rows of oars, each oar being managed by a single rower. Before an action, the sails were furled, the masts lowered, and the contest was

decided either by running each other down or by grappling the enemy's vessels and fighting hand to hand upon the decks.

The fleets of Greece and Persia and Rome numbered more vessels and more soldiers than anything known in modern times. Coming as they did to close quarters, and the decks being used as battle-fields, the slaughter was far greater, and numbers and personal prowess counted for more than they do in present naval warfare. Countless weapons and missiles were used in the attack. Arrows and javelins, swords and spears, rocks hurled from mighty engines, masses of iron let down upon the enemy, battering-rams, pots of live coals and pitch, and even pots of living snakes, and blazing fire-ships, made fearful carnage and spread havoc and terror in the ranks of the enemy.

Many improvements were made in naval warfare by the Carthaginians, that people of commercial skill and enterprise who challenged the might of Rome, and in the Punic Wars roused the energy of the Romans to build a navy of their own. The rude and clumsy galleys which formed the beginnings of the Roman navy in the wars with Carthage gradually grew into the beautifully ornamented and well-proportioned vessels which decided the fate of the Roman Empire at Actium.

II. BATTLE OF ACTIUM, 31 B.C.

NEVER has the world been so wholly lost and won as on that fateful day at Actium, thirty-one years before the Christian era, when history was changed in its course and Augustus became master of the great Roman Empire. For twenty years the Roman Republic had been dead. After the assassination of Cæsar, and after the struggles and dissensions which followed it, the two victors, Mark Antony and Octavius Cæsar, divided the world. Antony the soldier, excitable, hasty, weak, was master in the East. Octavius the statesman, cold, wise, and determined, was master in the West.

But a half-world was too small a thing to satisfy the ambition of either. Each desired the whole, and one must fall. When Antony came under the spell of the beautiful and fascinating Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, his fate

was sealed. Precious months were spent in revelry and pastimes, and when war was declared between the two leaders, Antony still lingered at Cleopatra's court. Roused at last to all his former energy and courage, and gathering together his army and his war-vessels, he decided to risk everything in a naval battle.

vessels in order to reinforce the crews of his remaining ones. The fleet of Octavius numbered two hundred and sixty vessels, small, light craft, skilfully managed.

On the 2d of September, 31 B.C., Antony's ships lay motionless at the entrance of the straits. A light breeze sprang up, and they moved out to

meet the enemy. The soldiers of the Roman legions, who manned the fleets, looked upon a sea-fight as a land-battle, and the ships as forts which were to be stormed. Those of Antony hurled massive stones from their high wooden towers, threw firebrands and missiles from great catapults, and thrust ponderous grappling-irons on the vessels of the enemy. But the light triremes of Octavius were agile, and the well-trained rowers manœvered them rapidly and dexterously. The triremes swarmed around the giant barges of Antony, which rolled heavily in the water, overwhelming the soldiers with pikes, javelins, and flaming arrows.

But the day was not yet lost, when suddenly Cleopatra turned in



THE BATTLE OF ACTIUM, 31 B.C.

At Actium, a promontory on the coast of Greece, the fleets met, in full sight of the two armies encamped on the opposite shores of the Ambracian Gulf. In Antony's fleet were two hundred and twenty war-vessels, beautifully ornamented and of remarkable size, but heavy and cumbersome and awkwardly managed. Twenty thousand legionaries and two thousand archers he had placed on board his galleys, and had burned one hundred and forty

flight. She ordered her sixty Egyptian galleys to set sail and run for the Peloponnesus. At sight of Cleopatra's vessel, with its purple sails and silver oars, bearing away the queen, Antony leaped upon his swiftest galley and followed in its wake, forgetting those who were dying for him, and forgetting his honor. His deserted followers fought bravely and recklessly; but their huge vessels were at last destroyed by fire, and they were driven to submit themselves to the

victor. In shame and despair Antony fled to Egypt and destroyed himself, while Octavius returned to Rome, celebrated a magnificent triumph, and founded the empire.

III. BATTLE OF LEPANTO, 1571 A.D.

A LONG break now comes in the chain of naval battles. Centuries pass before another great sea-fight can be recorded. Meanwhile many conflicts had been fought between sea and shore, between fleets and forts. Many changes also had come about in naval warfare, and of all these changes the invention of gunpowder and the use of cannon and muskets were the most important.

The sea-fight of Lepanto, in the year 1571, marks the beginning of a new era. Cannon had first been used, it is true, more than two hundred years earlier, in the fight between the

the earliest vessels to be armed with cannon. Heavy batteries were upon poop and forecastle, and one row of ports was placed above the oars. The oars, too, were managed in a different way. Instead of having one rower to each oar, as in ancient times, each oar was now manipulated by three convicts chained to the deck.

Sixteen hundred years after the battle of Actium, off the same shores of Greece, and under the very promontory of Actium, the Turks and the Christians fought for the possession of Europe.

The power of the Turk had spread over the south of Europe in the sixteenth century like a tidal wave of the ocean. Those two fierce corsair pirates, the brothers Barbarossa, had swept the shores of the Mediterranean with their ravaging hordes of Mohammedans. The coasts of Italy were sacked; the insurgent Moors of



THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO—THE "HOLY LEAGUE" AGAINST THE TURKS—1571.

Venetians and Genoese at Chioggia. But the novelty at Lepanto was the introduction of large-sized galleys, called galleasses, which were still propelled by oars. These were some of

Spain, in their mountain fastnesses, made head against the Christian king. All Europe took alarm. Then was formed the powerful alliance called the "Holy League," between Spain, Ven-

ice, and Rome, against Selim, Sultan of Constantinople; and the largest Christian naval armament ever arrayed against the crescent was collected and placed under the command of John of Austria, the brilliant and gallant son of Charles V. Under the sacred banner of the League were assembled over three hundred vessels and eighty thousand men. The King of Spain sent a fleet of a hundred and sixty-four galleys, ships, and frigates; the contingent from Venice, headed by their famous commander Veniero, numbered a hundred and thirty-four galleys, galleasses, ships, and frigates; while the Pope had sent a squadron of eighteen vessels under Marco Antonio Colonna.

From the harbor of Messina in Sicily the fleets of the League put to sea. Three weeks later, at the entrance of the Gulf of Lepanto, off the shores of Greece, the whole Turkish fleet was descried from the maintop of Don John's flag-ship.

As the two fleets approached, the Turks uttered wild shouts and screams, danced, stamped, clashed cymbals, and blew trumpets. The Christians uttered no battle-cry, but fell on their knees in silent devotion; they then stood to their guns, ready for the combat.

When the bugles sounded for the assault, the first galleys to meet and strike were the two flag-ships of Don John of Austria and Ali, the Turkish commander. Linked together, these two vessels became a battle-field. The harquebusiers of Don John, in a spirited and gallant fight, twice cleared the deck of Ali's ship, and twice were driven back by the janizaries of the pasha. On the third attempt the Spaniards reached the mast and attacked the poop. Ali fell, shot in the forehead. The sacred standard of the Turks was pulled down, and the banner of the cross run up in its stead.

To the right and left of the center, Veniero and Colonna fought with equal gallantry and success. But the fiercest fighting was on the right wing of the Christians, where Andrea Doria had engaged the crafty corsair chief Aluch Ali, who was in command of the Turkish left.

Not until Don John, free from the attacks of the Turkish commander-in-chief, had come to

the succor of Doria did the last of the Turks give way and disperse.

To the skill of John of Austria was mainly due the victory of the allied fleets at Lepanto, which spread his name and fame throughout Europe. But a large share of the success must be given to Veniero and Colonna. And when the galleys were turned into separate battle-fields, deeds of brilliant gallantry, of endurance, and of bold daring on every side, went far to help win the day.

IV. THE SPANISH ARMADA, 1588.

SEVENTEEN years after the great battle of Lepanto another conflict was fought upon the waves, which has won even wider fame, and which to-day is surrounded with a more thrilling interest than any other sea-fight in the world's history—the rout of Spain's "Invincible Armada." To conquer the world and subdue Protestantism was the purpose of Philip II., Spain's Catholic king. Having once been almost sovereign of England, as husband of "Bloody Mary," he was determined to be its actual sovereign by the dethronement of Queen Elizabeth.

For the invasion and conquest of England vast preparations were made to equip the most powerful fleet which the world had yet seen. In all the ports of Sicily, Italy, Spain, and Portugal vessels of enormous size were built; provisions were amassed, armies levied, arms and ammunition collected. The noblest of the sons of Spain answered to her call. At last, on a day of May in 1588, the Armada set sail. It was a gorgeous display, more fitted for a pageant than a war. In the fleet were galleys, galleons, and galleasses, all superbly decorated with streamers, standards, and gilded images. There were bands of music, and cushions and awnings, and there were magnificent chapels and state apartments. One hundred and forty vessels, carrying twenty thousand soldiers, eight thousand sailors, two thousand grandees, two thousand galley-slaves, formed the fleet, which set sail under the command of the Duke of Medina Sidonia.

You all remember the story of the Spanish Armada—how, in the Bay of Biscay, it was



DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA, 1588.

overtaken by a violent storm, and the unwieldy vessels scattered hither and thither; how some of the smaller ones were sunk and the others forced to seek the shelter of different ports in

Spain; how the damages were repaired and the fleet again set sail.

On the 29th of July the fleet was at last seen off the Lizard on the English coast, bear-



THE ENGLISH AND THE DUTCH FLEETS IN THE SEA-FIGHT ON THE DOWNS, 1666.

ing down under full sail in the form of a crescent, and stretching seven miles from horn to horn. On the same day and night ten thousand beacon-fires leaped from end to end of England's shores to give warning of the enemy.

It was a solemn sight when the two fleets had their first meeting. The English vessels — commanded by such masters of the waves as Howard, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher — were light, swift, and easily managed. They could sail in and out and round and round among the unwieldy galleasses, cannonading the enemy and then escaping nimbly out of range. For days these quick crafts teased and harassed the clumsy galleons, and pelted their enormous turrets, which looked like castellated fortresses. Twice the two fleets closed yard-arm to yard-

arm in hot and spirited conflict, exchanging broadside after broadside of great cannon, the English dancing off again after inflicting heavy damage. Slowly holding their course along the coast, the two fleets at last dropped anchor in the narrow straits between Dover and Calais. So Spain and England lay facing each other — one hundred and thirty Spanish ships, the largest and heaviest in the world, against one hundred and fifty light English frigates. In number they were not unequal, but the Spaniards far outstripped the English in size, in artillery, and in men. Could the slender frigates cope with the mighty ships of Spain? Yet the Spaniards had one disadvantage, to which

they partly owed their defeat. Their men were soldiers, not marines. They belonged to the army rather than to the navy, and fought as they would on land. It was the twilight of the ancient navy pitted against the first dawn of the modern navy.

On the next night, past midnight, as the clouds covered the moon and no eye could pierce the darkness, six vessels crept noiselessly within the Spanish line. A moment later the sea was illumined, and six moving volcanoes bore down upon the terrified enemy. They were the dreaded fire-ships, prepared and sent out by the English under cover of the night. Then a horrible panic seized the Spaniards, and spread from ship to ship like flames from sail to sail. Amid confusion and yells and unreason-

able fear, every cable was cut, and every vessel took to flight. When daylight dawned, the Spanish ships lay disabled six miles from Calais. Soon the English fleet was astir, and bore down upon the enemy in hot pursuit. Before the day was far spent a furious and general conflict had begun, which lasted for six hours. The towering ships of the Armada became a confused mass, a helpless target for the superior gunnery of the English. Riddled, shattered, disabled, their shot exhausted, the best Spanish ships gave up the fight, and drifted with the current toward the coast of Holland. And the remnant of the great Armada fled—through storm and in hunger and sickness—to the shores of Spain, still pursued by the agile and swift-sailing English frigates. Wreck after wreck drifted on the waves, until a handful only of that vast and haughty host came wandering back to Spain.

V. FOUR DAYS' FIGHT ON THE DOWNS, 1666.

LESS than a hundred years after the annihilation of Spain's Armada, when Holland had helped England against the common enemy, the fleets of the English and the Dutch came together, this time as enemies, in desperate conflict on The Downs, off the southeastern coast of England. The plucky little republic of the Netherlands had for years been fighting for its independence against Spain and England, and had filled its annals with names of heroes such as Heemskerk, Hein, Tromp, Evertsen, and De Ruyter. It was the last-named who waged against Monk, the brilliant English commander, that terrible four days' fight which was perhaps the most furious and prolonged action recorded in naval history.

On a June morning in 1666 De Ruyter set sail from the Texel with a fleet of eighty-five vessels, divided into three squadrons. Of these one was commanded by Evertsen, another by Tromp, and the third by De Ruyter himself. At the North Foreland he fell in with Monk's fleet of sixty war-ships, which bore down full sail under a stiff breeze. The meeting was terrible. The front squadrons on both sides mingled at once in fierce combat, and the contest was obstinately continued till evening. Three English vessels were captured, two Dutch

men-of-war were blown up, and Tromp's flagship became helpless.

The next morning the fight was renewed. Again and again Monk attacked his enemy; time after time De Ruyter charged the English fleet. Each side gained some advantage, but the slender English frigates, loaded with guns, began to roll and lurch in the heavy sea, while the larger vessels of the Dutch kept steadier decks. Broadside followed broadside with undiminished fury from early dawn till eight o'clock at night. At the close of this second day three successive fire-ships were sent by Evertsen against Sir John Harman, rear-admiral of an English squadron, who displayed the most splendid bravery in saving his vessel.

On the third day Prince Rupert joined Monk, with a squadron of twenty vessels, and again the battle was renewed. But even with this additional force the English found that De Ruyter was too strong for them. Each side had lost about twenty vessels; the men had been reduced by sickness, wounds, and death; yet each day the fury on both sides increased. An eye-witness declared that such dogged courage and endurance had never been seen.

At daybreak on the fourth day was begun a combat more fearful than on any of the preceding days. Finally, toward the close of the afternoon, De Ruyter hoisted a red flag as the signal for a general attack, an order carried out with so much vigor that the English began to waver. And when the fourth day closed, the whole Dutch fleet was sailing in pursuit of the English. "This fourth day," says Vice-Admiral Jordan, "at seven at night, most of our great ships disabled in masts, yards, rigging, the want of men to ply our guns, and powder and shot nearly all spent, forced our retreat." Then a fog spread over the water, and when the fifth day dawned, not an English vessel was to be seen from the Dutch mastheads, and De Ruyter assembled his fleet and returned home.

The stubborn courage and the spirit shown on both sides turned every man into a hero, and the defeat of the English was scarcely less glorious than the rather uncertain victory of the Dutch. This engagement stands out as the most noted of Holland's naval battles, one in a long chain of contests upon the sea; for the

Dutch were above everything a maritime nation, famous for their seafaring men and their sturdy and fearless sea-fighters.

VI. BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, 1805.

AND now we come to Nelson,—Nelson of the Nile,—the hero of Abukir, of Copenhagen,

mirals? When the long course of his magnificent victories, which had made his name a terror to the enemies of his country, closed at last at Trafalgar, he could feel that his work had been completed and that he had left England the mistress of the seas.

It was at the dawn of Monday, October 21, 1805, that the curved line of battle of the com-



NELSON'S GREAT VICTORY AT TRAFALGAR.

of Trafalgar. What boy does not admire with a warm glow of enthusiasm the "glorious sailor," the valiant fighter, the devoted and faithful lover of his country, the greatest of England's ad-

bined fleets of France and Spain stretched out five miles from horn to horn, off the southern coast of Spain. On one side lay Cadiz, on the other Cape Trafalgar, in the far distance the

Straits of Gibraltar. Towering high among the thirty-three ships of the line was the monster giant the "Santissima Trinidad," of a hundred and thirty guns, the largest ship afloat. Directly astern of her loomed the masts of the "Bucentaure," the famous flag-ship of the commander-in-chief, Admiral Villeneuve. Behind and before rose the black sides of vast structures bristling with guns, a very field of ships, awaiting the crash of the British liners.

And where was Nelson? Coming on deck of his flag-ship, the "Victory," dressed in his admiral's coat and covered with a blaze of decorations, he made in quick succession the signals to "form the order for sailing"; to "prepare for battle"; and then to "bear up." In two columns of attack the twenty-seven British liners bore down full sail upon the enemy. Admiral Collingwood, in his flag-ship, the "Royal Sovereign," led the column to the south, while the Victory led to the north.

Toward eleven o'clock Nelson went below, and on his knees wrote the words of his noble prayer: "May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory. . . . Amen." Directly afterward followed the memorable signal which Nelson sent as a last message to his fleet: "England expects every man will do his duty." Shouts and cheers along the whole line greeted the inspiring words. Then was hoisted the signal for "close action," which soon disappeared in the smoke of battle, but was flying till it was shot away.

The Royal Sovereign first broke the enemy's line. The Victory then swept down upon the Bucentaure; and as Nelson's ship rode majestically within range of the allied guns the whole artillery of eight ships of the van opened upon her. Sheets of flame leaped from the colossal sides of the Bucentaure, the "Redoubtable," and the Santissima Trinidad. For a moment the Victory was silent. Then she opened a broadside on the Bucentaure, which dismounted twenty guns and killed four hundred men, and leaving the enemy's flag-ship to the mercy of her followers, she entered on that fatal engagement with the Redoubtable which cost Nelson his life.

As the two ships lay side by side, so close

that the muzzles of the Victory's guns touched the sides of her opponent, Nelson and Captain Hardy paced the quarter-deck. Not fifty feet above them, the mizzentop of the Redoubtable swarmed with sharpshooters. As the two friends reached the cabin hatch, Nelson suddenly fell forward on the deck, shot through the back. "They have done for me at last," he said to Hardy. "My backbone is shot through." He was carried below to the cockpit, among the wounded and the dying, where everything was done to relieve his suffering. There for three hours he lay, listening to the incessant strife overhead, while the decisive moments of the fight came and went.

The Bucentaure surrendered, and prize after prize fell into the hands of the British. Before Nelson had closed his eyes, while his flag was still flying, seventeen of the allied ships had been captured, and one of the most glorious of sea victories had been won. Even at the moment when the great victor breathed his last, the guns ceased firing and silence fell upon the fleets. And, dying in the hour of triumph, his last words were: "Thank God, I have done my duty!"

VII. BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY, 1864.

WHAT Nelson was to England, Farragut has been to our country — the greatest of our admirals, brilliant, vigorous, successful, taking a place among the leading naval commanders of the world. And, as Captain Mahan has said, what the battle of Copenhagen was to the career of Nelson, the battle of Mobile Bay was to that of Farragut.

On the night of August 4, 1864, the Union fleet rode at anchor outside the harbor of Mobile. The defenses of the bay were formidable and carefully devised. The only deep-water channel for the passage of ships lay directly under the guns of Fort Morgan, the waters of the bay being for the most part shallow. Across the entrance, from Fort Gaines to the edge of the deep channel, the Confederates had driven a double line of stakes, and in the channel itself they had sunk a triple row of torpedoes and submarine mortar-batteries.

Within the harbor and above Fort Morgan



FARRAGUT AT MOBILE BAY.

lay the Confederate fleet, commanded by Admiral Buchanan. Consisting of three gunboats and the iron-clad ram "Tennessee," it was small in point of numbers, but formidable from the strength of the Tennessee, an im-

as well get under way," and an hour later the line of battle moved slowly into the bay. Lashed together two by two, the vessels sailed in pairs, a smaller with a larger ship, the "Brooklyn" leading the column, and followed



THE BATTLE OF THE YALU, BETWEEN THE JAPANESE AND CHINESE FLEETS.

provement on the "Merrimac," and the most powerful ironclad constructed in the South.

Against this array of forts, vessels, and submarine mines, Admiral Farragut commanded a fleet of twenty-one wooden vessels and four monitors.

Every preparation having been made for the approaching battle, Admiral Farragut, in the silent watches of the night, went below into his cabin, as Nelson had done before him at Trafalgar, and wrote to his wife: "I am going into Mobile in the morning, if God is my leader." At half-past five next morning, while the admiral was quietly breakfasting, he said to his fleet captain, "Well, Drayton, we might

by Farragut's flag-ship, the "Hartford." Ahead, in single file, went the four monitors, led by the "Tecumseh."

Farragut had ordered himself lashed to the rigging close under the maintop, from where he could clearly see the progress of the battle. The Tecumseh fired the first two shots, and was the first to attempt the dangerous crossing of the line of torpedoes. The monitor had singled out the Tennessee, and was bearing down upon her. She was within a hundred yards of the Confederate ram, when a sudden explosion was heard, and the Tecumseh, having struck a torpedo, plunged head foremost, with her colors still flying, to the bottom of the channel.

The critical moment of the fight had now come. The wooden vessels backed upon one another, and became entangled in what seemed to be inextricable confusion. The line of battle was doubled up in the most dangerous part of the passage; the ships were at the mercy of the guns of the fort and the enemy's vessels.

The brilliant daring of Farragut in this crucial test, his prompt decision and bold action, were the qualities that won the day at Mobile, as they were on that May-day when Dewey entered the harbor of Manila.

Seeing that the Brooklyn wavered after the terrible disaster of the *Tecumseh*, the admiral signaled: "What 's the trouble?" The answer came: "Torpedoes ahead!" Then followed Farragut's famous reply, which will go down in history: "— the torpedoes! Go ahead. Four bells [full speed]!"

The admiral's flag-ship, the *Hartford*, now took the lead. On she went, full speed, straight for the line of torpedoes. Complete silence fell upon the crew as the flag-ship passed the fatal line. A scraping sound was heard against the copper bottom of the vessel, but no explosion followed, and as the war-ship cleared the submarine defenses with flying colors, the victory was practically won. After a short delay the other vessels followed their admiral across the line and up into the bay.

During all this time the Union ships had been exposed to a galling fire from the forts and the gunboats, answering with their own formidable broadsides, and moving in a very storm of shot, which inflicted heavy losses and great damage.

Fort Morgan and the line of torpedoes had been bravely passed, the Confederate gunboats had surrendered or taken to flight, and the various vessels of Farragut's fleet were brought to anchor around the flag-ship in the upper part of the bay. At this stage of the conflict, Admiral Buchanan made his great

error. Instead of remaining under the protecting batteries of Fort Morgan, he brought the *Tennessee* up the bay, inviting a single-handed fight with the entire Union fleet. It was a charge of splendid daring, but ill-advised and purposeless.

Farragut's men had been leisurely eating their breakfast and clearing the decks from the debris of the battle, expecting several hours of quiet, when the warning cry, "The ram is coming!" ran through the ranks. Instantly the order was given, "Attack the ram . . . at full speed," and the great ramming struggle began.

Again and again the big wooden vessels charged, bows on, and struck the enemy's iron-clad. Blow followed blow, and still the *Tennessee* stood impregnable. The shot of the broadsides glanced harmlessly from her armored sides.

After a while the monitors joined in the contest, and the continuous hammering was kept up while shot after shot shook the great frame of the *Tennessee*. At last the rudder-chains were shot away, the smoke-stack was broken, the ship became helpless, and Admiral Buchanan was wounded in the leg. The command was taken by Captain Johnston, who for twenty minutes longer held out against the fearful pounding, and then, damaged and disabled, the *Tennessee* ran up the white flag and surrendered.

Thus was the great fight ended, and Farragut left master of the bay. Deeds of gallantry and heroism, which aroused the admiration of the entire land, brightened these scenes of horror; and the zeal and skill of the officers, the discipline of the crews, and the splendid marksmanship of the gunners brought out the highest commendations from Farragut.

On both sides the courage of the men was only equaled by the remarkable daring of the two admirals; but with Buchanan this amounted to recklessness, with Farragut it was genius.



FY GRY

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

BY EMMA ENDICOTT MAREAN.

WHEN Reginald and I went out
This morning for a walk,
We had most confidentially
An interesting talk.
We talked of things we used to think,
Then 'most forgot again;
For Reginald is over nine,
And I, you know, am ten.

Why, I remember how last year,
When we were rather small,
We thought that wars were over with,
And could n't come at all.
We read of battles in the books,
And thought them very fine;
But Reginald was only eight,
And I was only nine.

Policemen really stand
around
To clear away the track,
And help the ladies cross
the street,
And bring lost children
back;



We *thought* they hunted Indians
And boys who stay out late,
When Reginald was only seven,
And I was only eight.

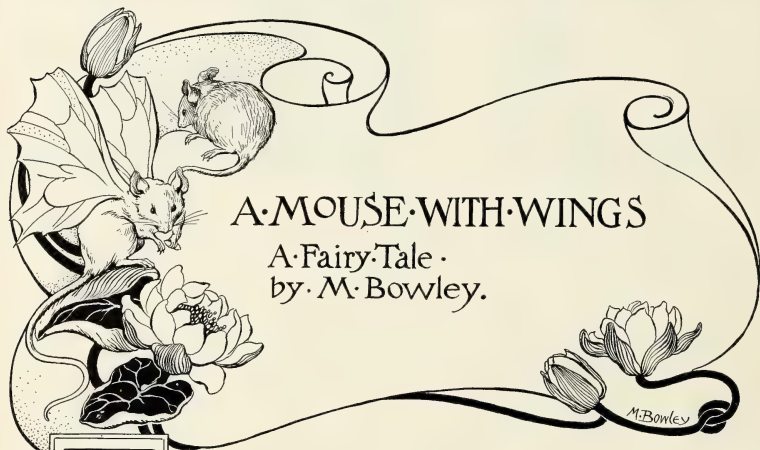
We thought that Santa Claus came down
Right through the chimney-flue,
And that his reindeers pawed outside
As in the play they do;
While if a boy had been
too bad,
No toys to him were
given;
But Reginald was only
six,
And I was only seven.



I 'm really quite ashamed to tell
How once we used to try
To see what very little things
Could make the baby cry;
We thought it quite a famous joke
To play those silly tricks,
When Reginald was only five,
And I was only six.

And oh, the foolish, foolish things
 We fancied before that!
 We thought the hills could touch the sky,
 And that the earth was flat;
 That fairy stories might come true,
 And dragons be alive,
 When Reginald was only four,
 And I was only five.

It 's such a comfort now to think
 Those baby days are past,
 And ignorance so terrible
 Is all outgrown at last.
 And now, of course, we 'll never be
 Such simpletons again;
 For Reginald is over nine,
 And I, you know, am ten.



HE Grand Duchess walked
 in the palace gardens. By
 her side was the stately
 head nurse; for the Grand
 Duchess was young. Be-

hind her were two pages, who held up her
 train of cloth of gold.

The Grand Duchess kicked up the stones now
 and then with the toe of a daintily pointed
 shoe, and presently she sighed a very big sigh.

"I am so tired of the same walk every day
 and every day," she said. "I mean to go this
 minute right out into the fields and pick flowers,
 dear little common flowers, on the hill over the
 stream."

"Impossible, your Royal Highness!" cried
 the old nurse, quite shocked.

"By no means," replied the Duchess, wilfully.

"Give me my train," said she, turning to the
 boys. "I will carry it. You may go."

Then she ran to the great gates. With some
 difficulty she pushed one open and passed out.
 The nurse, panting and groaning, followed her.

The Duchess scampered about joyfully. She
 was inconvenienced by her train, it was so
 heavy; but she gathered the daisies and put
 them in her hair, she sang songs and called to
 the birds, and talked to the sheep cropping the
 grass.

The Duchess crossed the stream by the plank.
 The danger, so new, delighted her. She laughed
 and clapped her hands as the board creaked
 under the weight of the old nurse.

"I 'll rest right here in the shade," said the
 Grand Duchess, presently. Going toward a
 clump of trees, she was seating herself on a

large stone, when something ran from underneath it across her foot.

"Oh, the sweet brown mouse!" she cried. She fell upon her knees to catch it, but at the same moment a hand as brown as the mouse came from beside a bush near, and the mouse ran into the hand.

The face of a shepherd boy peeped over. "That 's my mouse," he said.

The Grand Duchess sat up on the ground, and looked back at him.

"I want it to be mine," she answered.

"Give it to her Royal Highness immediately," commanded the nurse. "You are honored that she should care to have it."

But the shepherd boy only repeated, "It 's *my* mouse."

The eyes of the Grand Duchess opened very widely.

They were very blue eyes, and her parted lips were as rosy as the wild cherries above her head.

"I like you, you funny shepherd boy," she said, after a long pause. "But I want that dear brown mouse. I will give you my white mouse for it. Mine has wings."

It was the turn of the shepherd boy to open his eyes.

"Go back and look for my mouse," said the Grand Duchess to the nurse. "I shall stay here and play with this nice boy."

"But, your Royal Highness," protested the nurse, "you surely will not give the Winged Mouse to a country lad! Besides, I cannot leave you here."

"I will take care of her," said the shepherd boy, with a lordly air. He was about a year older than the Duchess.

"Go this minute!" said she, getting up to stamp her foot imperiously.

The nurse turned away grumbling and muttering. Little did the Duchess think how long it would be before she saw her nurse again.

She watched her out of sight. She had a naughty smile in her blue eyes, and the simple shepherd boy stared as she reached for the embroidered pocket that hung by her side, and took from it a snow-white mouse, which she held out to him in the pink palm of her hand.

"It will be such fun to have no one to trouble

us. I had my mouse all the time. Now it is yours, and I will have the brown one."

The shepherd boy touched the delicate thing,—it was a gift of her fairy godmother to the Grand Duchess,—and he thought he had never seen anything so beautiful and so much to be desired.

The Duchess showed him its wonderful wings. They shut neatly down against its sides like closed fans. When they were spread out the mouse looked as if it were a large white flower.

He took it tenderly, and pressed it lovingly to his tanned cheek, while he handed her the little field-mouse.

As they played, the shepherd boy told her he lived with his stepmother in a small cottage near the edge of the town. He kept the sheep of any of the neighboring farmers who would hire him.

He dared not let his stepmother see his new treasure, for she was a cruel witch woman. So they arranged to make a little nest for it, warm and cozy with mosses, among the tree roots, where a stone was to fit in the opening and keep it safely. They were so busy they did not notice the sound of footsteps approaching; but they looked up when a shadow fell across them, expecting to see the nurse.

The shepherd boy turned pale. Fingers like claws pressed his shoulder, and he exclaimed, "Stepmother!"

She snatched the white mouse from him, thrust it inside the bosom of her dress, seized a wrist of the Grand Duchess and of the boy, and dragged them away through the wood.

Then the Grand Duchess screamed and bitterly repented of her deceit, but it was too late.

On and on they went. The Duchess cried until she had no more tears left, and by night-time the party reached a curious hut deep in the forest.

The hut was round like a beehive. It had one room on the ground and two above. The stepmother drove the boy and the Grand Duchess up the ladder, and locked each into a tiny loft.

Down below, after lighting a small lamp, the woman took out the Mouse with Wings. The

little black eyes looked up at her. She chuckled to it and stroked it with a horny finger. Then she fetched some seed, which she scattered round the mouse.

It was hungry and took up the grain in wee white paws. The woman watched it greedily.

She knew what the Grand Duchess had not thought of mentioning. This fairy mouse ate only golden grain, and every seed it touched turned into purest gold.

She let it eat as long as it would, then she

into the rooms above, and the Grand Duchess began to cry afresh, from hunger. The shepherd boy did not cry—he was accustomed to being hungry.

When the morning came, the Grand Duchess found that her troubles were only beginning.

The shepherd boy was used to work as well as to hunger, but the Grand Duchess wept again and again over all the hard tasks set for her by the cruel stepmother. She dared not disobey. In this way weeks passed by. The



"THE GRAND DUCHESS WALKED IN THE PALACE GARDENS."

spread grain before it while it ran about the table. She had tied a string round its body so that it could not open its wings.

Until the mouse grew sleepy she strewed the seed; when it would run no longer she put it into a strong box which had a secret fastening, and she placed the box upon a high shelf.

Next she picked over every grain upon the wooden table, sorting out the ones the mouse's little feet had pressed. These she dropped into a bag, and the bag she covered up in a hollow place she had scraped by the hearth.

Not until then did she cook her supper.

The smell of it went up through the rafters

Grand Duchess scrubbed the stone floor and did nearly all the work of the house. The shepherd boy was sent out to gather sticks for the fire and berries for cooking. The Duchess learned to make these into pies, while all the time the Witch Woman sat by the fire, with the train she had cut from the Duchess's frock over her shoulders for a shawl. She did nothing except feed the white mouse every day, and collect the golden grain.

Since she was always there, the Grand Duchess and the shepherd boy rarely met alone. But now and then, when the Duchess went to the pond to fill her pail with water, she

would meet him with his bundles of sticks. Then her chin would go up, and she never failed to say contemptuously:

"You — who promised to take care of me!"

And the shepherd boy would creep to his own heap of hay at night, and think and think until morning dawned.

He dared not leave her alone in the clutches of his stepmother while he ran away to tell what had become of her, for his absence would soon be discovered. Before he or her friends could return, she and the Witch Woman would have disappeared. He must not risk losing sight of her, for then the harm would be worse than ever.

All this time no rumor came to them of the commotion caused by the loss of the Grand Duchess.

The stepmother was aware of it, and of the great reward offered to any one who should bring back the missing child.

But she cared nothing for that. Had she not the fairy mouse, and many a bag of golden treasure hidden by the hearth? Plainly it was not to her interest, for many reasons, to let any one know what had happened.

One afternoon, when the summer was nearly over, she ordered them into their lofts. The shepherd boy, in the front loft, watched eagerly from the small window when he heard the door below shut and that also locked. He saw his stepmother, muffled in her cloak, with a bag in her hand, starting off in the direction of the distant town, and he guessed she was going to enjoy herself and to buy provisions of which they were in need.

"This is the chance I have waited for," whispered he.

In a moment he had lifted the trap-door, for the screws had been already loosened. He called softly to the Grand Duchess, and, with a broken knife which he succeeded in pushing through to her, under his directions she finished getting out the screws of her door, which were also loose. Then he forced it open and helped her down the ladder.

"I cannot leave my mouse," said he.

But to get the mouse proved a much more difficult matter than escaping from the loft.

For greater safety, and so that it might not

be idle while she was away, the stepmother had shut the Winged Mouse into the cupboard, with plenty of seed about it. The lock was strong, she had taken the key with her, and there were no screws visible.

Then the Grand Duchess thought of a plan. They still had the field-mouse. About that the Witch Woman had never troubled herself.

The brown mouse should gnaw a hole!

They put it to the corner of the cupboard, where it could hear the white mouse running about inside.

It listened, then called in little squeaks.

The fairy mouse answered, and each began to nibble, one inside and one outside.

Their tiny teeth made terribly slow progress. The shepherd boy helped with his broken knife, but the darkness was coming on by the time a small white nose appeared. The brown mouse squeaked more loudly and worked harder. But alas! they had waited too long.

The cottage door behind them opened suddenly. The Witch Woman had returned sooner than they had expected. She sprang forward with a cry of rage when she saw them.

The Grand Duchess screamed and slipped by her out through the doorway, the shepherd boy following. He caught her hand, and they ran like hares — not before they had seen, though, that the Winged Mouse had flown out in front of them. The string round its body had been scraped off as it pressed through the hole, and, frightened by the confusion, it had spread its wings to escape.

The Witch Woman saw it, too — saw it go through the open door. Wildly she strained her eyes seeking it. And in the darkness near the hut something white glimmered. So it came about in this way that the Witch Woman met her end; for right into the pond she fell, and there was drowned, with a white water-lily clutched in her hand. She had mistaken it for the mouse.

The fugitives pressed on, not knowing what had happened.

Then, in the faint light of the sunrise, like a great white flower on a tree, the Winged Mouse sat before them.

The shepherd boy whistled, and the Grand Duchess called coaxingly to it; but it kept out

of their reach, every time they came near flying always a little farther.

And so they followed, trying to catch it all that day and part of the next day. And then the Grand Duchess first met the shepherd boy. There, too, was the stream, with the plank across it, and the daisies speckled the grass just as they had done so many months ago.



"THE GRAND DUCHESS DID NEARLY ALL THE WORK OF THE HOUSE."

the shepherd boy looked round about, and turned suddenly to the Grand Duchess.

She was looking too.

There, across the fields, rose the towers of her palace.

The Winged Mouse had brought them straight home. And the brown mouse had followed, for in front of them it sat on a stone — the very stone under which it had been on the day when

The Grand Duchess and the shepherd boy ran again, as fast as when the Witch Woman was behind them. At the gates stood the old head nurse, quite thin and pale now, shading her eyes with her hand while she gazed over the fields toward the hills where the wild flowers grew.

The Grand Duchess forgot all her dignity. She rushed into her nurse's arms.

In ten minutes all the bells in the city rang out, so that no one could hear himself speak for the noise, and in ten minutes more every house had a flag waving from its roof and bright draperies flung out of the windows.

The Grand Duchess and the shepherd boy were never tired of talking over their adven-

tures. They often met by the golden cage where the two mice lived. He was made Keeper of the Royal Flocks. Not that there was any need for him to work harder than he wished, for he was well known to be a special favorite and playfellow of the Grand Duchess, and, besides that, to him belonged that pet of the palace, the Mouse with Wings.



HOW TO CELEBRATE.

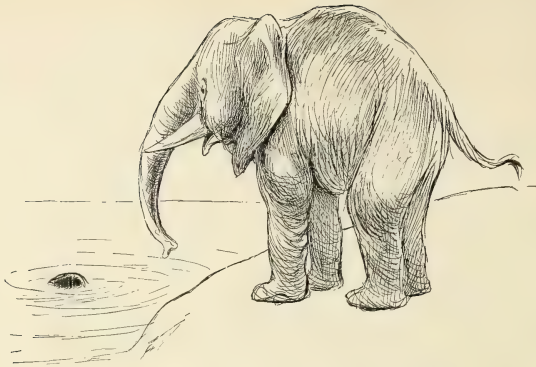
(An Acrostic.)

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

FIRE, and smoke, and lots of noise—
Oh, what sport for all the boys!
Up at dawn to see the fun,
Ringing bells till set of sun,
Tooting horns along the street,
Hardly time enough to eat.

On the housetops, everywhere,
Flags are waving high in air.

July Fourth comes once a year;
Uncle Sam says: "Cheer, boys, cheer!
Laugh and shout! This is the way
You should celebrate the day."



“VERY LIKE A WHALE.”

BY CHRISTOPHER VALENTINE.

AN Elephant came to the sea, meaning to take a swim.

He spied a bather near the shore, and thus accosted him:

“Pray can you tell, my little friend,—I am so big, you see,—

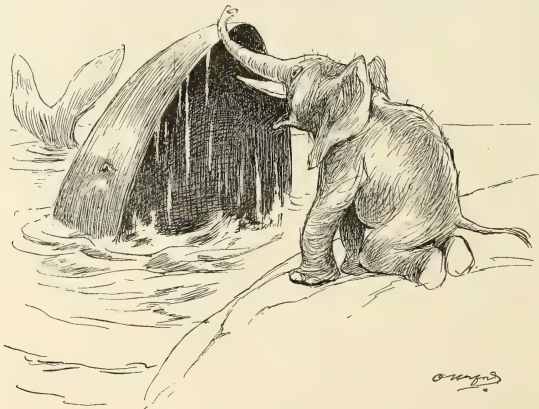
If there is any pool about that 's deep enough for me?”

A mighty Whale raised from the deep a head so huge and tall,

The pompous Elephant sank down; he felt exceeding small.

“Yes,” roared the Whale; “it 's deep enough for me, and so I think

You may find room—if not afraid. Why linger on the brink?”



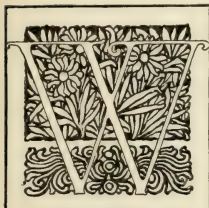
PRETTY POLLY PERKINS.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

[*This story was begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER IX.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY'S PALACE.



HEN only half-way across the meadow they were overtaken by Bob and Jamie, who came tearing after them.

"Hi! hold on a minute; we 're comin' too!" shouted Bob. "Ma told

us which way you 'd gone, and here we are. Mrs. Temple, this is Jim." Jamie, who never forgot his manners, made his best bow.

"We are delighted to meet you," Mrs. Temple said. "This is Miss Wheeler, and our enthroned princess is my daughter Mabel."

"I 'm so glad you 've come, for Bob has told us such a lot about your birds and butterflies that I long to hear more," said Mabel, brightly.

The journey was resumed, Polly confidingly slipping her soft little hand into Jamie's and walking beside him, for he was a prime favorite of hers. Chatting merrily, the little party soon reached Polly's fairyland, and leading Lady close to the edge of the pool so that Mabel could easily look down upon the placid water, with the afternoon sunbeams casting long slanting rays upon it, Josh unhooked the traces, flung them across the collar, and Lady trotted briskly toward home, with her harness jingling and Josh singing:

"Polly, put the kettle on,
And we 'll all take tea."

Polly's wildest fancies had never hinted at the enthusiasm which the first sight of her sylvan

abode would produce. Mabel was quick to appreciate the beautiful, and her mother's training had developed her perception.

"Oh, mama darling, do look! do look!" she cried rapturously.

"No wonder Polly calls it fairyland, for one might look for the fairy queen to come from among that clump of ferns," Mrs. Temple exclaimed.

"I 'm so glad, oh, so glad you like it!" said Polly, overjoyed at sharing her favorite spot with Mabel.

"Yes; that is where my Sleeping Beauty lives. Can't you almost see the palace?"

"Indeed we can," said Miss Wheeler, briskly. "But now let 's set our own palace in order; for we mortals, you see, have to think about supper. It may be very nice to be a Sleeping Beauty, and not have to bother to eat for a hundred years; but, for my part, I 'd rather be Molly Wheeler, and have for supper some of those delicious things I helped to pack snugly away in that big basket. Come, boys, fly around and gather some sticks, for we must have hot water for our tea."

And the boys, who had been busy helping Mrs. Temple settle Mabel's "throne" comfortably, went to do Miss Wheeler's bidding, while she and Polly unpacked the big basket, placing the delicious luncheon on a snowy table-cloth spread upon the soft, mossy ground. Last of all the good things came a small square box, carefully tied.

"This is something precious, I fancy, but I don't know what," said Miss Wheeler, looking mystified. "Let 's all guess before we open it. You guess first, madam mother."

"Oh, I dare not venture a guess," replied Mrs. Temple, smiling a guilty smile.

"You know already! you know already!" cried Mabel. "Miss Wheeler, you must guess,

for you don't know any more about it than we do."

"Well, I guess it's a box of cream-drops—pounds of them; you know that I've a sweet tooth."

"Oh, it is n't half heavy enough for cream-drops," said Mabel. "Now, Polly, it's your turn."

Polly came up to look closely before committing herself.

"I guess it's those soft, squashy things your father sent up last week—doll's pillows, with sugar on. I forget what you call 'em."

"Marshmallows," laughed Mabel.

"Maybe it is. Now the boys must guess"; for they had just returned from their forage for fuel, and were listening eagerly.

"What is in it, Jamie?" asked Miss Wheeler.

"Fish-hooks and lines to fish in Polly's pool," was the prompt reply, which caused a shout.

"Bet five cents it's peanuts," said Bob; for the wish was father to the thought, these being his favorite delicacy.

"Now it's my turn, and I guess it's strawberries sent for me—and look at her face! look at her face! I've guessed right—I know I have!" for Mrs. Temple was already laughing merrily.

Off came the cover, and there, reposing on their leafy bed, were great, red, luscious berries.

The children clustered eagerly around Miss Wheeler as she carefully lifted the berries out by their stems and placed them on a big dish.

"Has any one here eaten strawberries this year?" she asked.

"I have n't," said Mabel.

"Nor I," "Nor I," was the general answer.

"Good! Then let us each make a wish upon the first strawberry of the season. Madam mother must be the first."

"And shall I surely see it realized?" asked Mrs. Temple, for the one wish which was ever close to her heart was to see her little daughter restored to health, and even through the playful tone there sounded a pathetic ring.

"Absolutely certain to, if you make your wish before your teeth touch your berry."

"Very well; I wish," said Mrs. Temple, "that next year's strawberries may be eaten by a strong, robust Mabel, and I eat to her health

with all my heart." As the wish was finished, the first berry met its fate.

"Now, Miss Wheeler," cried both Polly and Mabel in a breath.

"And I wish," said Miss Wheeler, dropping for a moment her laughing tone, "that the gentle fairy who has cast her spells upon this enchanted spot may extend her charms to me, that I may long dwell near these *Temples* of love and unselfishness."

"But I fear you look upon 'these Temples' through rosy spectacles," said Mrs. Temple, half remonstratingly.

"This is fairyland, dear madam mother, and only those who are absolutely truthful can dwell here. Now, Polly Perkins, for your wish."

"I wish—let me see; what shall I wish?" And she looked as serious as if her entire future rested upon the wish. "I wish for a lovely house, with loads and loads of pretty things in it, and pictures, and lots of pets, and books, and ever so many things that people love to look at, and no old dishes to wash, or pans to shine, or chores to do," said Polly, stringing out her wish until it was nearly a mile long. All laughed, but could not fail to sympathize with Polly, for they realized that the child hungered for just such surroundings.

"I believe Polly will get her wish some day," said Mrs. Temple, "for, judging from a peep I had into a dainty little room this morning, I fancy she will somehow manage to collect the lovely things for herself. Did you arrange it yourself, my dear?"

"Yes 'm. Ma lets me rummage up garret whenever I like, and I hunt up the things I want and carry them downstairs. There are loads of pretty things up there, but ma thinks they are all old truck. Will you come up to see them some day?"

"Indeed I will, with pleasure, for I suspect it is a delightful place, and there is nothing I love so well as a grand rummage."

"Now, Bob, tell us *your* pet wish," said Miss Wheeler.

"I wish you'd hurry up and eat supper. I'm clear hollow, and those berries are better to eat than to wish with, I reckon," said Bob, whose strong point was not imagination.

"Well, Jamie, you will have to guess quickly

to keep Bob from perishing, I fear," said Miss Wheeler, laughing merrily at Bob's remark.

"I wish I could get a Purple Emperor out here in the woods, and then my collection would be almost perfect — at least, I 'd have the ones I most want; so my wish is soon made."

"Now, princess, for your wish"; and Miss Wheeler dropped a handful of strawberry-leaves over Mabel's head.

"My wish is that before October I shall walk all around, and that Polly and I may come down here to gather the chestnuts I just *know* will come tumbling down from this tree"; and Mabel glanced at the leafy branches of the big chestnut-tree which sheltered her.

And then the feast began. The sticks which the boys had gathered were soon snapping merrily, and Miss Wheeler swung the kettle over them in gipsy style, and soon had tea ready to serve.

Miss Wheeler made a lively mistress of ceremonies, and kept them in a gale of laughter with her fun. But at last the end was reached, and she was forced to give over replenishing plates and cups.

"Our wishing to-day," said Mrs. Temple, "reminds me of an amusing episode of my childhood. It is years since I have thought of it."

"Oh, tell it — do tell it!" cried the children, who always enjoyed Mrs. Temple's stories. And she at once began.

CHAPTER X.

MARION'S WISH.

"ONE summer sister Marion and I were visiting Aunt Martha, who lived then at Rye. She had a pretty little cottage near the shore, and we youngsters had endless fun bathing, sailing, and playing on the sand. Indeed, we about lived in our bathing-suits, for the cottage was somewhat removed from the others, and a tiny strip of sandy beach belonged to her own grounds, so no one else ever came there, and we were as safe as could be.

"Aunt Martha was always thoughtful for us, and loved us dearly, but did not have mother's tact in governing us. Marion would never

have thought of disobeying even a wish mother might have expressed; but it was quite different when Aunt Martha bade us not do things, and her anxiety lest we should get into some scrape made her, I dare say, over-solicitous, and she used often to warn us against doing things we had never even thought of.

"Not far from us there lived a large family of children. We had watched them with wonder as they tore by aunty's gate, or raided her orchard for plums and pears. Indeed, they were the terrors of the surrounding neighborhood, and Marion and I had regarded them with a wholesome dread. Far from wishing to come in contact with them, we had fled in terror at their approach. What in the world ever put it into aunty's head to warn us against them, I cannot imagine. However, she was obliged to go to the city one morning, and took the early train that she might have Uncle Will's company; but before she started she gave us about two-and-twenty warnings. We were not to go into the boat alone; we were not to go into the stalls, lest the horses kick us; we were not to meddle with the lawn-mower; and we were not to play in the cellar — all things we had never yet done, or thought of doing. But the crowning admonition was funniest of all, for we were not 'to go over to play with the Roe children.' Had she told us not to go out into the sound to play with the mermaids, we could not have been more surprised, for we were about as likely to do one as we were to do the other.

"'I do believe Aunt Martha is crazy,' exclaimed Marion, as the carriage drove out the gate. 'I wonder if she thinks we are babies, and that Abby must watch us every minute.'

"Abby was the old servant, who had lived with Aunt Martha ever since we could remember. She cordially detested children, and, I believe, lived in a sort of nightmare all the time we were there.

"'I guess she thinks children are always trying to think up some mischief,' I replied. 'Well, never mind; we have got all day to ourselves. Abby won't bother us, and we can have loads of fun. Come on down to the beach.'

"We were soon on the sand, playing happily with our dolls. At twelve o'clock Abby called us in to our luncheon, and seemed espe-

cially amiable because we had kept out of mischief and out of her way. When we had finished she made us go upstairs and dress for the afternoon, which was quite contrary to our plans, for we wanted to paddle in the water.

"No; ye 'll not do it at all this day, thin. Yer aunt's away, and I 'll not be presumin' the resposnerbility," she asserted. "Ye 'll just kape yersel's dacint till the four-o'clock train fetches her home ag'in, and be afther playin' quiet-like on the lawn."

"Playing 'quiet-like' was not at all to our tastes, but we knew it was no use to dispute the question with autocrat Abby."

"We got ourselves dressed, Marion in a pretty pink and I in a blue chambray, and were pronounced 'as swate as two roses' by the mollified Abby."

"I wonder if they have *blue* roses in Ireland?" Marion inquired.

"Now go 'long wid yees, whilst I roon up to me room and sew a bit."

"We well knew that Abby's 'sewing' was spelled 'sleeping,' and that she was safe for an hour or two."

"We walked disconsolately out upon the lawn, and sat down under one of the big elms."

"The idea of making us dress all up now, when aunty won't be home for three hours, and we could have paddled and had no end of fun! Hateful old thing! I wish I could pay her off"; and Marion shook a small brown fist at Abby's window.

"Well, what *can* we do, anyhow, I 'd like to know?" I asked. "If we get mussed up, Abby will take our heads off, and then go and tell aunty, and we 'll be scolded. Do think of something nice to do. You always can, and I can't think of a single thing. I just wish we were home. I know one thing—I 'm never coming here again."

"Well, we can't go home," said Marion, decisively, "so let 's try to think up something. I 'll tell you—we 'll each make a wish and see how soon we 'll get it. I 've got a wish-bone I saved from the chicken last night. Come on."

"She flew back to the piazza, and soon had her wish-bone, which she had hung on the hammock-hook to dry. We each took hold of an end, and Marion said, 'Now, you wish first.'

"I wish Abby was in Jericho," was my prompt response.

"Guess you 'll wait awhile before you get your wish—with a scornful toss of the head. 'I wish we could go somewhere or do something perfectly splendid this afternoon.'"

"It seemed as though an evil fairy heard Marion's wish, for, glancing up, we saw standing at the gate a little shaggy donkey harnessed to a cart, in which were seated a boy and girl about our own ages."

"We looked at them and they looked at us, and finally one of them said, 'Come on out and have a ride with us.' We tore down to the gate, and without stopping to ask who they were, or anything regarding them, we scrambled into the cart."

"What 's her name?" demanded the boy, pointing at Marion."

"She is my sister Marion; my name is Mabel."

"Yes, I know that; I heard her call you so. Well, come on over to the village, and we 'll get some ice-cream and candy."

"Off we started, and 'Bobbles,' the donkey, trotted along as though no stranger to the road."

"Have you had the donkey long?" I asked of Madge, which we soon learned was the girl's name."

"No; we were down in the village yesterday, and saw a ragman driving him, and we liked him so well we bought him."

"You bought him? Why, how much did he cost, I 'd like to know?" said Marion, who was not in the habit of weighing her words."

"Only ten dollars. We had the ragman bring him up to the house, and then we went and got the money out of ma's purse. She was n't home, but when she came she could n't help herself, for we had the donkey."

"What is your name, anyhow?" asked Marion, for we began now to suspect into what company we had plunged."

"I 'm Frank Roe," said the boy."

"I looked at Marion and she looked at me, and we both thought of Aunt Martha's warning. Still, it was 'in for a penny, in for a pound'; and we had our pound before we finished. But we were determined to have our 'perfectly splendid time,' if we could get it. We soon

came to the ice-cream saloon, where our host ordered 'four plates of ice-cream of every kind you have,' and after that he bought pounds of the richest kinds of candies. When it came time to pay for it, he calmly said, 'I'm Frank Roe; charge it to pa,' and walked out of the store, we following like sheep.

"We got into the cart and tried to turn round and start for home, but Bobbles had other ideas upon the subject. Pull and tug as he might, Frank could not make him stir one inch in the direction we wished to go. So, thinking to get him around the block, he let him start in the direction he seemed determined to go. We got to the corner, and then came another tussle. We jerked and banged and coaxed, but it was no use. Then we got into the cart again and waited.

"One huge ear was turned back and one jerked forward, while he looked at us out of the corners of his wicked eyes. We had probably sat there like idiots for about ten minutes, when, without the slightest warning, he jerked up his head, gave a bray that was enough to waken the dead, and dashed off down the street as if pursued by a demon.

"In vain we all tugged at the reins: we might as well have pulled on a house, for all the impression we made. Bump, bump! and bang, bang! went the cart over the road, and we had much ado to keep in it. Around a corner, down a side street, out of that into a forlorn, dirty alley swarming with ragged children, pigs, and ducks, which we sent scattering in every direction, but still no signs of stopping. The alley led us into another street, if possible more forlorn and dirty than the alley itself. This seemed to be Bobbles's 'home stretch,' for here he outdid himself, and bounced along like a wild thing. The little cart bumped along behind him, and we children, now thoroughly frightened, splashed with mud, our hats lost, and our candies sprinkled along the streets we had passed through, hung on for dear life.

"Frank still tugged at the reins most manfully, and, in order to get a better brace, stood up in the cart, planted one foot against the dashboard, and threw all his weight against the bit, while we held on to him in the rear. Another sudden bray, a still more violent plunge, and a

stop so sudden that it dumped us all heels over head on top of him, and Bobbles had reached home — at least, his former master's home.

"'Oh, Mabel! are you killed?' screamed Marion, as she scrambled out from under the donkey's feet.

"I was n't killed exactly, although I fully believed my hour had come. We all managed to get upon our feet, and we were sights!

"An old colored woman, who proved to be the ragman's wife, rushed out to our assistance, crying out: 'De Law' bress my soul! huccome dese heah chillerns wid dat no-'count donkey? 'Pears like yo'-all must be neah 'bout knocked all ter pieces wid dat owdacious fall'; and she brushed us off and tried to put us in some sort of order.

"'Is yo'-all dose chillern what Thorm done sol' dis heah donkey to 'istiddy? I tell him he ain't oughter done it, ca'se he knowed dat donkey *boun'* ter come home, shuah; an' it don't make no difference ter him who in de cyart; dey got ter come along, too. An' heah yo'-all is. Tut, tut! 'pears like I oughter knock him good.'

"We were not quite clear as to whom she felt called upon to 'knock,' 'Thorm' or the donkey, but we were glad of her sympathy.

"Now arose the question of how to get home, and it was a poser. But our dusky friend summoned her son 'Henry 'Gustus,' and, with him as pilot, we started off on foot.

"As we passed through the village a clock struck four, and Marion and I jumped as though we had been shot. Aunt Martha would be home at four! Scarcely had the thought formed than we heard the rapid approach of a carriage, and what was our dismay to behold Uncle Will, Aunt Martha, and a friend whom they were bringing from town!

"'In the name of creation! what are you children doing here, and how did you get in such a state?' she demanded.

"'The donkey ran away with us,' said Frank, who was not easily abashed.

"'The donkey! What donkey?'

"'Why, mine, of course — the one I bought yesterday.'

"'And who are you, pray?'

"'I 'm Frank Roe.'

"'You and Marion may get into this carriage and come home with us,' said Aunt Martha. And home we went in short order, leaving Frank and Madge to trudge back as best they could. We never forgot how Marion got her wish for 'a perfectly splendid time,'" said Mrs. Temple, laughing and preparing to return home, for the sun was setting and her invalid must be safely housed.

"But what did your Aunt Martha say to you and Marion?" asked Polly.

"She gave us a sound lecture and sent us to bed without any supper."

By the time the boys had helped Miss Wheeler pack away the dishes,—for nothing else remained to be carried back,—Josh's shouts were heard, and Lady's clump, clump, sounded on the soft earth.

CHAPTER XI.

JAMIE TRIES "MOSQUITO MINT."

UPON their return, they found Mrs. Perkins and Ruth watching for them and all ready to give a cheery welcome. Ruth was quite excited over her trip to Springfield, and hastened to display her purchases to Mrs. Temple, feeling sure of her interest in the smallest trifle. The muslin was admired, her good taste praised, and the ribbon and pattern pronounced exactly right.

"Ain't that a pretty dress pattern, ma? I wish I was smart enough to make mine like it; but I guess it 'll be sort of pretty, anyway."

"When do you intend to begin it, dear?" said Mrs. Temple.

"I 'm afraid I can't before Friday, 'cause to-morrow ma has a lot of jelly to do, and I 've got to help."

"When you are ready to begin, come up to my room, and perhaps Miss Wheeler and I can offer some suggestions."

"May I? Oh, thank you, ma'am!" And Ruth went off to her room to put the new muslin carefully away.

"Now, Bob, you go right along and get in my kindlin' from the woodshed, for I want the fire started out in the wash-house first thing in the mornin', and I don't reckon you 're goin' to

be out o' bed any too early. But don't bother those clothes I got laid out there."

"Wait for me here, Jim. I 'll be back in a minute"; and off started happy-go-lucky Bob.

"I 've been doin' right smart work while you folks was a-picnicking. Gathered up all pa's heavy coats and things, and aired 'em all ready to pack away in the camfire chists," said Mrs. Perkins. "It 's a sight o' work, for he gets 'em dretful dusty, but he won't never let me pack 'em away before June. Says he 's like to want 'em. Pretty soon I 'm goin' to carry 'em up garret and lay 'em away."

Meanwhile Bob had gathered up his kindling-wood, piling upon his arm all he could possibly struggle under, and returned to the wash-house with it.

Two hours later all was quiet in the old farmhouse, for they were usually up betimes in the morning and kept early hours at night.

Bob carried Jamie off to his own room—a small room with slanting ceiling and tiny windows. It was somewhat removed from the rest of the bedchambers, being built out over the kitchen and seldom used. The furniture consisted of an old-fashioned "four-poster" bedstead, high enough to require a step-ladder to climb into it, a chest of drawers, a wash-stand, and some chairs. The floor was painted, and a bit of rag carpet did duty as a rug. But Bob was not critical, and so long as it afforded him a roosting-place, it mattered little; for not many minutes after he entered it at night he was usually sound asleep, and knew nothing more till he was roused early in the morning.

To Jamie, fresh from his own beautiful city home, the contrast must have been marked, but, boy-like, he gave little heed to it, and both boys were soon stowed away in the Noah's ark of a bed.

"Hope the skeets won't plague you," said Bob. "Somehow, they don't get into other parts of the house, but they like this room because the ceiling 's low, I guess."

"Hope they won't, for they are n't the sort of insects I like to get specimens of," laughed Jamie.

Two minutes later both were sound asleep.

About midnight Jamie was awakened by the ominous buzz, buzz! of mosquitoes, for they

seemed to recognize a fresh victim, and attacked him viciously. A few preliminary jerks and tosses, and Jamie was wide awake and slashing wildly at his tormentors.

"Confound the things!" he exclaimed ruefully. "I don't believe they 've taken even one bite at Bob, or he would never be so sound

"I say, Bob — Bob! what is a fellow to do with these beastly mosquitoes?"

"Huh!" was all the response he received.

"What shall I do to get these confounded mosquitoes out of the room? They are just swallowing me in bits."

"Get the mosquiter n—nt"; and the sleepy



JAMIE EXAMINES HIS FACE AFTER APPLYING THE "MOSQUITO MINT."

asleep"; and he regarded the sleeping Bob with an expression of humorous envy.

"How a fellow can sleep with these buzzing imps after him, I 'd like to know!" said Jamie, wrathfully.

Settling down again, he tried to cover his face with the sheet, but that proved too stifling for a warm June night. The mosquitoes evidently regarded this as a new defiance, and renewed their attack with vigor.

Then, losing his patience with the fiery little tormentors, he grew desperate, and, giving Bob a shake that was by no means gentle, said:

Bob flopped over and was lost to mosquitoes and everything else.

"What is he trying to say, anyhow, and what am I to get, I wonder? It sounded like 'mint.' What can mosquito mint be? Wonder if it's something they make out of mint to rub on your face and hands, as you sprinkle pennyroyal for flies? Should n't wonder a bit, for I saw a bottle of something on that chest of drawers. I 'll give him another thump, and find out. Say, Bob, Bob! wake up, will you, and tell me if you mean mosquito mint, and where it is?" And Jamie thumped vigorously.

"Oh, let me alone! Yes, it 's right over there in the corner. Light the candle, and get it; it 'll keep 'em off"; and Bob was again in the Land o' Nod.

Jamie bounced out of bed and began to hunt for the matches, only to find that the box was empty. "I 'll have the stuff if I hunt all night, for no fellow can sleep with those things singing songs to him!"

He felt about in the darkness until at last his hands came in contact with a bottle.

"There, now I 've found the stuff; let 's have a smell." Removing the cork, he sniffed at the bottle's contents, but it seemed to be without odor. Again he felt carefully, but no other bottle could be found.

"Well, here goes, anyhow"; and suiting the action to the words, he poured out a handful of the fluid, rubbed it well over his face, and then pouring out another handful, thoroughly saturated his hands with it.

Feeling that he had done all he could, he scrambled back to bed, and, whether it was the result of the lotion, or that he was tired from his exertions, he fell fast asleep, and knew nothing more till five o'clock, when he was aroused by Mrs. Perkins's vigorous bang upon the door, and her voice bidding Bob "Get up, right off!"

CHAPTER XII.

JAMIE'S "MOSQUITO EXTERMINATOR."

BOB rolled out his side of the bed and began to get into his clothes. Having got as far as his shirt and trousers, he glanced up and gave voice to a shout that made more deliberate Jamie jump about three feet.

"Jerusalem Peter! what have you been at? Did you fall into an ink-pot?"

"What are you getting at, anyhow?" asked mystified Jamie. "I have not been getting into anything, that I know of."

"I say you have!" shouted the excited Bob. "You 're ink from your hair to your chin, and just look at your pillow and your sheet. My whiskers! won't ma be wild!"

Jamie looked in dismay at the besmirched

sheets and the pillow-case, and then at his hands.

"Look at your face, too," commanded Bob.

"How *can* I look at it when there is n't a looking-glass, I 'd like to know? It 's all your fault, anyhow, for telling me to get that confounded old mosquito mint!"

"I never!" said Bob, indignantly.

"Yes, you did, too. When I asked you in the night what to do you said, 'Get the mosquito mint,' and the only bottle was that one on the chest, and it 's *ink*!"

Bob rolled over on the bed, laughing.

"I told you to get the mosquito-*net*, and there it is, folded up and lying on that chair yonder." Bob went off into another fit of laughter.

Up came Mrs. Perkins to demand the cause of the uproar, and at sight of Jamie she laughed as heartily as Bob.

"Merciful sakes! what is the matter with you?" she demanded. When the tale had been told she sat down and laughed till she cried.

"Oh, go get me a looking-glass—do!" cried the victim of Bob's inarticulate speech; and Bob tore downstairs for the little looking-glass which always hung by the kitchen sink.

"There! is n't he a sight! Ma, you 'd better send him to the circus for the tattooed gentleman."

"Bob Perkins," said his mother, "you ought to be ashamed. Come along downstairs with me, Jamie, and let me try to get you looking less like a Fiji Islander and more like a Christian child," she said to the forlorn boy.

When the assembled Perkins family caught sight of him, it evoked a fresh shout. The usually quiet Mr. Perkins laughed till he could not laugh any more, and Josh came near having a fit. Polly and Ruth were full of sympathy, and flew about with water, soap, towels, and pumice-stone. But it was Miss Wheeler who came to the rescue by saying:

"Come to my room after breakfast, Jamie. I 've a prime remedy for stains among my traps, and I should n't wonder if even ink would have to yield to it."

The chemicals worked like magic, and later brought joy to Mrs. Perkins by completely removing all the ink-stains from the linen.

PORTO RICO'S FIRST "FOURTH."

BY FREDERICK A. OBER.



THE PORTO RICO CELEBRATION.

ALTHOUGH it has not yet been declared that the natives of Porto Rico, that latest acquisition of ours, are to be invested with all the rights of American citizenship, no doubt exists as to their desires. For many, many years, and particularly since the United States championed the cause of Cuba, they cherished the hope that we would rescue them from the tyranny of Spain, and when, therefore, it came about so unexpectedly that our soldiers landed on their soil, they were received with great enthusiasm.

After the Spanish soldiers had been driven from the port of Guanica and General Miles's army approached the city of Ponce, the people flocked from their dwellings and lined the road-

way everywhere along the route of march, rending the air with "*Viva los Americanos!*" Thus it was all over the island, our soldiers being received with open arms and made welcome to the houses of both high and low. All they expected has not been realized, perhaps, for, like most people who are freed from oppression for the first time, they indulged in extravagant hopes. But they are still loyal to the flag, and, since we adopted them, they have in turn adopted as many as they can of our "institutions."

It might have been expected that a people who already had about two hundred holidays, or "feast-days," in their calendar, would hardly want to add more; but the fact is they gladly

welcomed all we had to offer. Christmas and New Year's were already on their lists, but Washington's Birthday was new to them. That made no difference, however; or, rather, it was all the more enticing from its novelty, and the last one was celebrated, in Ponce and San Juan, with great éclat. Washington was the father of our country; consequently, as their country belonged to us, he was also the father of *their* country: therefore they celebrated his birthday.

If only the landing of General Miles and his troops had been earlier in the season, so that the Puerto Riqueños (or Porto Ricans) could have celebrated the American Fourth of July in the first flush of their enthusiasm, no mortal man could have predicted to what heights they

might have soared! As it was, and despite the fact that nearly a year had passed, the landing having taken place the last week in July, 1898, the very first anniversary of that event in Porto Rico was one long to be remembered.

And when we reflect that it was only last year, or in July, 1899, that the Porto Ricans were privileged to participate in celebrating our "great and glorious Fourth," after we, as a nation, had indulged in it for more than a century, who can wonder at their long-repressed enthusiasm? In all the cities there were speeches in the daytime and fireworks at night, while in the country places, where military authority was lax, there were races and processions in honor of their new feast-day—the day they called the "Cuatro de Julio."

THE SIEGE OF NUMBER SIX.

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

BASIL DRUMMOND was a thrifty boy. He could often find a dime where none of his companions would have discovered a cent. He required but one glance at a worn-out teakettle to tell whether its bottom was of copper or of iron, and he knew the price of old copper, as well as of all other commodities that occasionally pass through a boy's hands by way of merchandise. He was always wise enough to sell his marbles or exchange them for other property when marble-time was at its height, instead of waiting till it was over and they lost their value. Whenever his mother bought a quantity of eggs, he used to select the yellow-shelled ones and sell them to the boys as fancy breeds for hatching. But as it was his mother from whom he had inherited his thrift, he was allowed to do this only on condition of replacing with white ones all that he took from her basket; thus his net profits in the egg-business were not quite equal to his gross receipts.

As Jack Herbert and I were walking up State Street one day in June, we met Drummond.

"I was just coming to see you," said he, in

an animated tone. "I have a new plan—a splendid thing."

"A plan for what?"

"For making some money and having a good time."

"That's the right sort of plan—if it will work," said Jack. "Let's hear about it."

"Come up here," said Basil, and he led the way up the high steps of the Catholic church, where we sat down on the top step, shielded from view of the street by the heavy stone parapet.

"Have you ever thought," Basil continued, "how much money our boys spend every Fourth of July?"

"I suppose a dollar or two apiece, on an average," said I.

"Fully that," said he; "and where does it go? Into the pockets of all sorts of store-keepers, and men at peanut-stands, and curb-stone auctioneers. Now, I've got up a plan to change all that, and keep our money at home."

"It would take a smarter man than all of us together to prevent boys from spending every

cent they can get on Fourth of July," said Jack Herbert, with a shake of his head.

"That is just it," said Basil; "they can spend it all the same, and yet not have it go

out of the neighborhood, and they can get a great deal more fun out of the money, besides."

"Tell us how."

"In this way. Suppose we set up a store or a restaurant—call it what you like—for that day only, and have every thing to sell that the boys will want, a little lower in price than they can buy it at stores—fireworks of all sorts, and fire-crackers, lemonade, ice-cream, and things to eat."

"Could we do it?" said Jack, doubtfully.

"Yes, I know we could. I have been inquiring the wholesale prices, and I find there is a large profit on everything that the boys need. I found out how they make ice-cream, and what it costs. There is big profit in that."

"I suppose what you say is all true," answered Jack, speaking slowly and thoughtfully; "but would it be possible to make all the boys stay in one little spot, right around

our stand, until they spent all they had? Would n't they be apt to buy an article or two from us, and then stroll away to other parts of the town and scatter their money?"

"I've thought it all out," said Basil. "We must have our place big enough for them all to get in at once, and so situated that they can stay there and enjoy their day without anybody's complaining if they make a little noise.

We must make it attractive to customers."

"I see," said Jack; "but, say, where will you find such a place?"

"Number Six is the thing for our purpose," Basil declared—"plenty of room, far away from the street, a stream of fresh water running



"PHIL STATIONED A BOY NEAR EACH WINDOW WITH A BLUE LIGHT IN HIS HAND." (SEE PAGE 801.)

underneath, where we can keep the ice-cream, heavy doors and iron shutters, so that we can lock out the Strasburg boys, or any other crowd that we don't want. It could n't be better if it had been built on purpose for us. And I believe your father owns it."

"Number Six" was a half-deserted woolen-mill, one of a group of buildings that stood on a small stream whose tumbling course furnished considerable water-power. In some bygone day, when the whole group belonged to one company, each building had borne a number. But one by one they were either destroyed or altered and put to other uses, while this alone retained its original form and its number, which had become its popular name. It was no longer used,—except parts of some rooms as a storage warehouse,—and about half of the machinery had been removed.

"Yes, father owns it," Jack replied; "and I presume, if I asked him, that he'd let us have the use of it."

"There is nothing in it that the boys could hurt, I suppose," said Basil.

"No, of course not," said Jack; "but, you know, they say it's haunted."

"Yes, but that is probably foolishness," said Basil.

"And I suppose we need not go into it in the night," said I.

"I don't know about that," said he. "Our boys generally begin their celebration the evening before, or else they get up at midnight. If we don't open till morning they'll be pretty sure to spend a good deal of their money before they get there."

"Then how would you arrange it?" said Jack.

"Open the evening before, and keep open all night and all day on the Fourth."

"That would secure the profits, undoubtedly, and make it pleasant for the boys," Jack admitted readily; "but where would be the fun for us if we had to work for twenty-four hours at a stretch?"

"We must have partners enough to spell one another," said Basil. "I thought perhaps you'd like to join in"—addressing me—"and furnish some of the capital, while Jack could

get us the building, for his share. Three partners would be just enough."

Basil knew that my uncle, for whom I was named, had given me ten dollars the week before, on my birthday.

I answered that I would think about it.

"As for the ghosts," he continued, "whether there are any or not, of course they won't appear when the building is lighted up and there are fifty or sixty boys in it. If they do, we shall have plenty of pistols there to shoot them with. I don't know of any boy who is likely to be afraid, unless it is little Billy Simmons, and Billy's father is always so stingy with him on Fourth of July that we could afford to let him stay away; we should n't lose much."

"I think Billy's a first-rate fellow," said I.

"To be sure he is," said Basil; "but I meant we should n't lose much money by his absence."

"He's a whole-hearted little fellow," said Jack Herbert, "and I'd have him there if I had to pay myself for everything he wanted."

"As you like," said Basil, dryly, not seeming to appreciate Jack's sentiment. "But will you go into the enterprise?"

"Yes, I will," said Jack.

I still maintained my position that I would think about it, and, with an agreement to keep quiet and meet again next day, we broke up the conference and went our several ways.

In truth, I had been captivated by the plan from the first, and seized with a mania for speculation. But I had an idea that, in business matters, men who were shrewd never allowed themselves to seem enthusiastic—always pretended to have doubts as to anything proposed by anybody else. So I said I would think about it.

The way I thought about it was to go straight home for my ten dollars. But the money was gone! That very day my mother had deposited it for me in the savings-bank, where it would take it a year to earn a paltry fifty or sixty cents interest, while, if I had it in hand, to invest in lemons and oranges, and gunpowder and sandwiches, and fireworks and boiled eggs, I could double it or treble it in a single day.

Such was the melancholy tone of my reflec-

tions when I considered how difficult, if not impossible, it would be to persuade an over-careful parent to let me withdraw the money from the bank and put it into business.

I gave Basil to understand, next day, that I had decided against the partnership, at which he seemed less disappointed than I had supposed he would be. Perhaps he thought if I should be a customer instead of a partner, he would get my money by way of trade, instead of having to return it to me as capital, together with a share of the profits. At all events, he and Jack Herbert united their resources in a firm, to trade in patriotism for two nights and a day, leaving me out of the actual business connection, though I remained confidential adviser and friend.

When Jack asked permission to use the factory, his father was in the act of packing his valise for a journey of some importance, and the answer was a hurried and perhaps ill-considered affirmative. But this was enough. About the hour that Mr. Herbert was stepping on board the train, the keys of the factory were taken from his desk, and we three boys explored the dusty mysteries of Number Six.

We decided that the best room for the business would be a large one in the second story. This would enable us to keep out all intruders by closing the heavy iron shutters that guarded the windows of the lower story, while the upper windows could be opened to give us air. We intended to let in all our own boys early in the evening, lock out the Strasburg boys, if they should come prowling around, and then have a glorious time, every requisite for glory—solid, fluid, or explosive—to be within the building itself in great profusion.

I remember thinking what heavy sums of gold I would refuse, if they were offered, on condition of my becoming a Strasburg boy on that occasion, and from the bottom of my heart I pitied those unfortunate outcasts.

There was some machinery in the room, but there was a clear space large enough to accommodate a great many boys at once, and at the end of this we fitted up a frail counter and some light shelves. Along the wall we built a narrow, temporary table for those who might be so particular as to wish to sit down to their

refreshments, instead of comfortably walking about in the crowd with a glass of lemonade in one hand and a piece of pie in the other.

The news of this great commercial enterprise was spread among our boys very diligently, but always with a manner of secrecy and an air of conferring a special privilege.

Basil got in a large stock of things, for he was never at a loss for resources, and he realized that Fourth of July came but once a year. The quantity of fireworks was especially plentiful, as he had found a dealer who was overstocked with them, and was glad to let him take all he would, with the privilege of returning any that did not sell.

The eve of the glorious day arrived, and the boys began dropping in by twos and threes, till at dusk the large room was pretty well filled. Most of them brought nothing but their pistols and their money, but little Billy Simmons came in with quite a large dinner-basket on his arm. Basil rather frowned at this, and intimated that it was hardly the correct thing for a boy to come there and enjoy all the free privileges, and, at the same time, bring his own supper, instead of patronizing the restaurant.

"Oh, I 'll patronize you enough," said Billy. "I 've got in my pocket half a dollar that I expect to leave here. But I knew that you would n't have any apple-dumplings, and mother makes the best in the world. I like them hot, and I like them cold, and this is the first time I ever had as many as I wanted, so I brought them along to share with the boys."

This was answered by a shout of approval, and Basil made no further objection. Billy was about the shape of an apple-dumpling himself.

The most conspicuous things on the counter were three large bowls filled with eggs marked "Hard Boiled," "Soft Boiled," and "Raw." The last were to be boiled to order for boys who might not like them cold.

The shelves behind the counter were tricked out with lemons, oranges, fire-crackers, ginger-snaps, and other miscellany of the season, and between the two stood Drummond and Herbert, waiting on the clamorous customers.

The boys behaved pretty well—for boys; but it was impossible to prevent them from



"THE LADDER STARTED RIGHT OFF THE GROUND, AS IF IT HAD WINGS, AND A MAN, WHO WAS BEING BORNE ALOFT, LET GO HIS HOLD AND DROPPED IN CONSTERNATION."

talking all at once at the top of their voices, or from firing pistols every little while in the back part of the room. After a while the atmosphere became very smoky and smelled dreadfully of gunpowder. Two boys who were sent down cellar to look after the ice-cream threw us into momentary consternation by opening the flood-gate and starting the water-wheel, which set all the machinery in motion, and produced a tremendous racket.

About nine o'clock a man who strolled into a neighboring tavern remarked that as he passed Number Six he saw lights, heard noises, and could plainly distinguish human or half-human shadows passing across the white cotton shades of the second-story windows.

Thereupon somebody proposed that they go and investigate the ghostly mystery at once, and a considerable crowd immediately volunteered for the purpose.

In the midst of our revelry a stone came crashing through one of the windows. Johnny Stox, who was the first to get to a window and look out, reported that he saw in the half-darkness a large number of fellows evidently gazing at the building.

"Strasburg boys, of course," said Phil Spencer. "We must drive them off."

"Better scare them off," said Billy Simmons.

"How can we do it?"

Billy thought a minute, and then answered: "Burn some blue lights at the windows, and make them think it's the ghosts."

At this brilliant suggestion Phil immediately seized a bunch of blue lights from behind the counter, without going through any ceremony of payment, and, tearing off the wrapper, lighted them all, and stationed a boy near each window with one in his hand.

A great shout from outside told us that this was appreciated as a show, but was not at all effective as a crowd-scatterer.

"We must give them something more ghostly than that," said Phil, shaking his head. "I have it!"

He seized one of the largest rockets, planted it in a fireplace at one end of the room, so that its head was pointed straight up the chimney, and lighted its fuse.

"W-h-i-s-h!" and a spire of flame shot up into the night from the dark chimney, and burst into colored balls far above the heads of the cheering crowd.

The boys were becoming excited, and one after another seized a rocket,—giving not the slightest heed to Basil's repeated question who was to pay for them, or his warning that he would charge them to every boy who took them,—with which he hurried to the fireplace to discharge it up the chimney, so that, to the outsiders, the chimney must have seemed to be pouring out a continuous stream of volcanic fire. Billy Simmons tied bunches of fire-crackers to the sticks of his rockets, which exploded in the air and somewhat increased the general racket.

One of the boys rushed to a window with a handful of Roman candles, and fired them straight into the crowd.

This was answered by a yell, and a proposal from some stentorian fellow that they "storm the building!" It was all very well to talk about storming; but the iron shutters of the first story were securely closed, and the heavy door was strongly bolted and barred.

"Get a ladder!" And half a dozen of the crowd went to the nearest engine-house for one, bringing back with them a considerable number of firemen.

Jack Herbert had heard the proposal, and got ready for them. The instant the top of the ladder rested against the sill of a window, he quietly hooked the end of the old hoisting-chain about it, and ran the belt upon the pulley of the hoist-wheel; for the machinery of the mill was in motion.

That ladder started right off the ground, as if it had wings, and a man who had stepped upon it, and was being borne aloft, let go his hold and dropped in consternation. The ladder disappeared in ghostly fashion within the building, and the besiegers saw it no more.

"A ram! a battering-ram!" was the next proposal shouted by the leader of the assault.

In a few minutes a heavy stick of timber had been procured somewhere, and we heard a great thud that jarred the building as they delivered the first blow upon the door.

Phil Spencer seized three or four raw eggs,

and going to the window sent one with aim so accurate as to strike the ringleader squarely in the breast. The astonished fellow let go of the battering-ram and retired temporarily from the contest.

His place was taken by the foreman of the fire-company, but he, too, was almost immediately swept away by one of Billy Simmons's apple-dumplings, hurled by the powerful arm of Johnny Stox. It struck on his wedge-like chin and split in two, one half sliding up to his eyes and rather mussing up his face on the way, while the other went down into his bosom. He seemed, if possible, more astonished than the other commander.

And now at every window there were excited boys firing upon the besiegers with eggs, both boiled and raw, apple-dumplings, Roman candles, oranges, lemons, whole cards of gingerbread, and other missiles of similar sort, while Billy Simmons had seized a package of "serpents," and lighting them one by one sent them fizzing with their tortuous and fiery trails through the crowd.

The ammunition was getting low and yet there was no prospect that the siege would be raised, when Jack Herbert thought of one more device. Running to a corner of the room, from a reel on the wall he unwound a length of hose, to be used in case of fire in the mill, in connection with a powerful force-pump which could be driven by the machinery.

While he was coupling it to the pump, Phil Spencer and I went to another room with a candle, to make the connection between the pump and the tank from which it drew the water.

"What's this?" said Phil, as he stumbled against a barrel. Holding his candle inside the barrel, he saw that it was two thirds filled with a powdered red dye-stuff.

"I have an idea," said he. "Take hold." And we lifted the barrel and dumped its contents into the tank. Then we made the connection, and as soon as we reappeared Jack started the pump.

The nozzle, pointed out at the crowd from the corner of a window, discharged a tremendous stream, which was more effective than all

the eggs and dumplings had been. As they shrank back, a fireman looked at his sleeve by the light of his lantern, and exclaimed:

"Blood! It's not water, but blood!"

Then he held his lantern aloft, so that it shone on the crimson stream; and with the repeated cry of "Blood! blood! That's no boys' play!" the crowd took to their heels, and the siege of Number Six was ended.

As a military operation the gallant defense had been a grand success, but as a mercantile operation the enterprise that gave rise to it was a melancholy failure.

Every piece of fireworks in the establishment had been shot off, the egg-bowls were empty, the lemons and oranges had vanished, and little remained besides the ice-cream and the fixtures.

No boy could tell what or how much ammunition he had used, and all seemed to think that as they had been fighting in defense of the establishment, it was mean in the proprietors to ask them to pay for the ammunition.

The truth seemed to be that Basil Drummond, like many another speculator, had been caught in one of those unaccountable whirlwinds that sometimes sweep through the affairs of men, and lay in ruin the most substantial schemes. But for the shelter of his father's roof he would have been a bankrupt and a beggar. A week later, however, the boys thought over the matter and discussed it carefully, and came to the conclusion that justice required them to pay for the ammunition which they had had so much fun in firing off. They exempted Billy Simmons, as he had furnished his part of the ammunition, but all the others put in equal amounts of money, and made up a purse that paid Basil for his outlay. The nicest point they had to discuss was whether they should pay him as much as he would have sold the things for, or only as much as they cost him. It was decided in favor of the cost price. One boy argued that our services as soldiers protecting Basil's property ought to be a fair offset to the profit he would have made on sales. Another boy wanted to know what property we protected, and the first boy could mention nothing but the ice-cream that escaped destruction.

GOING TO SCHOOL IN KANSAS.



"NOW, JOHNNY, HURRY! YOU'RE LATE FOR SCHOOL. AND DON'T WASTE A MINUTE!"



JOHNNY LUCKILY MEETS A CYCLONE



WHICH IS GOING HIS WAY,



AND HE ARRIVES IN TIME.



"SPEAKING OF CANNON."

BY WILLAMETTA A. PRESTON.



"We might as well give it up, Mabel. Uncle Silas says he has no idea where the boys have hidden it." And Alick Stevens threw himself upon the grass at his sister's feet. "We've hunted everywhere. We've looked in every barn and sugar-house in Chesley. We might as well give it up, and yet I hate to. Can't you suggest something?"

"It's too bad," replied Mabel, her face, even more than her words, showing her disappointment. "That old cannon belongs to Quirlton. It was here the battle was fought. The idea of Chesley claiming any right to it!"

"I would n't mind so much if I was n't Captain of the Invincibles. Squire Hawkins asked me about it again this morning. He told me to get hold of it somehow. He is chairman of the committee, you know. Quirlton is going to have the biggest celebration to-morrow that you ever saw. Governor Salter is coming. Can't you help me find it?"

"You—Alick Stevens, Captain of the Invincibles—acknowledge that you want a girl's help?" laughed Mabel. "Well, I will see what I can do, but time is short. The Conquerors are quite as determined to keep the cannon at Chesley as you are to get it for Quirlton. What will you give me if I find the cannon for you?"

"Whatever you like, to the half of my kingdom or the thanks of the Invincibles," replied Alick, more brightly, now he knew Mabel would help. "Yes, I'm coming, Tom,"—as a shrill whistle was heard,—and off he ran.

In the early days of our country Quirlton had been the scene of a terrible Indian massacre. In vain the citizens tried to defend themselves. Only one lad escaped to spread the warning down the valley. When peace was established and the valley resettled, this cannon,

a relic of the olden time, was unearthed by the plowshare upon the boundary-line between Quirlton and Chesley. The man who found it, having equal interest in both towns, would not sell or give it to either, but kept it himself, lending it to each town upon alternate Fourth.

For a time this arrangement worked nicely. Quirlton would have the celebration one year, with the old cannon for its chief attraction; the next year Chesley would boom a loud welcome to visitors from the same historic cannon.

As time passed, however, the Chesley boys determined to keep the cannon to themselves, and instead of returning it to its place in Uncle Silas's barn, they hid it. It could not be found until the next year, when it again greeted the glorious Fourth from the common at Chesley.

Thereupon the boys of Quirlton were properly indignant. "The Invincibles" organized, and after the old cannon had fired its last salute in honor of the officers of the day, while all Chesley was at supper, the Invincibles tugged the old cannon off into the woods, where they had a team waiting, and again Quirlton had its treasure. It seemed, as Mabel had said, to belong by right to Quirlton, for that was the place of the massacre.

All that year the Invincibles guarded their secret, but the night before the Fourth, as they were putting the cannon in place for the midnight salute, the Chesley boys came down upon them, and by force of superior numbers bore it off in triumph. Again, the third time in succession, the cannon greeted the day from the common at Chesley instead of from the hills of Quirlton. Thereupon, in glee over their victory, the Chesley boys had called themselves "The Conquerors."

It seemed as if the Conquerors were to be true to their name, for the 3d of July had come, and to-morrow was to be the largest celebration Quirlton had ever known. The governor and his staff were to be present. And there would be no cannon!

Mabel gave a few minutes to thinking over the possibilities. There was one thing, and only one, that she could do. She would go over to Chesley to see Sarah Brice. Clarence Brice was captain of the Conquerors. At his house, if anywhere, would she be able to get some inkling of the hiding-place.

Never had Sadie seen her friend in so frolicsome, venturesome a mood. Instead of walking about the lawn, playing croquet, or even going to the woods for flowers, Mabel wanted to go to the barn, and actually jumped from the high beams down upon the haymow. Then they played in the hay awhile, until Mabel was convinced that no hard object was buried beneath it.

Catching her mood, Sadie dared her to climb the big apple-tree in the lower orchard. It was a patriarchal tree, its bottom limbs lying close to the ground.

Quick as a flash, Mabel darted up the tree and out upon one of the slender lower limbs. Crash! crack! and down she fell, branches and leaves parting beneath her, down, down, the earth seeming to open and swallow her up, down through space and darkness, landing at last upon a mass of loose earth. The next instant Sadie sprang through the opening to her friend.

"Are you hurt?" she asked, fearful that Mabel might not be able to speak to her.

"No-o; I guess not. Where am I?"

"You're down in the old cellar," said Sadie, relieved to hear her speak. "Father said it was used for hiding from the Indians. We use it now to store apples and potatoes. We can get out all right if you're not hurt, for there's a ladder over in the corner. I was in here with Clarence one day."

Mabel could not see in the dark, and, in trying to follow her friend's voice, ran plump into a hard, cold object. A quick thought came to her. She felt the object eagerly. Yes; she had discovered the carefully guarded secret!

The Conquerors would be conquerors no longer! Still, it might be quite a hard matter to get the heavy cannon out.

"Is there no way into the cellar but this?" she asked, as they reached daylight, not much the worse for their fall except for soiled gowns. "One would not use it much, I imagine, if that is the only way out or in."

"Oh, the boys have a door on the lower side. They keep it locked, though. They have secret meetings there when they initiate new members into their society."

Mabel would not go back to the house for supper. Her dress, she declared, was too untidy. Once out of sight of her friend, she ran. It was late, and the distance to Quirlton was nearly two miles. She had much to do and but little time.

At the first farm-house she stopped a minute at the gate to speak to another friend—Molly Pearl. An hour later they met again at the same place. This time Molly had a dozen girls with her, and Mabel was driving her father's farm-horses, attached to a hay-cart half full of straw.

"Off for a straw-ride, mother!" called Molly, as the girls piled in. Away they drove over the Quirlton hills and down a back road into Chesley, and in a short time tied the horses to the fence that marked the boundary of the Brice estate.

The supper-horns had just blown, and the girls had to wait a little to make sure that all the men and boys were safely housed. Then Mabel led the way to the old cellar in the lower orchard. It was some distance from the house, and hidden by the apple-trees. They succeeded in prying the door from the hinges, and tugged out the cannon. It was a small affair, but so heavy they could hardly move it. How would they ever get it into the hay-cart? But in the bottom of the hay-cart was a loose, stout plank, and of this they made an inclined plane. Then they pushed and pulled the cannon up, covered it with straw, and drove rapidly back to Quirlton.

Now came the question of what they should do with it. The Conquerors would go to the old cellar for it and find it gone, and know at once that the Invincibles had it. There was

no other way—they must take the boys into their confidence. And here, just in the nick of time, came Alick, looking as doleful as if the morrow was not the glorious Fourth.

"Alick," called Mabel, from her uncomfortable perch upon the recovered treasure, "have you found the cannon yet?"

"You know I have n't," he answered almost gruffly.

"Look here," laughed Mabel, pushing away the straw.

"Where under the canopy did you find it?" asked Alick, jumping into the cart and almost hugging the cannon in his joy.

Mabel explained rapidly how she had discovered the cannon's hiding-place, and carried it off.

"Good for you!" exclaimed Alick, tossing his hat in air. "If that is n't the best joke of the season! The Conquerors conquered by our girls!"

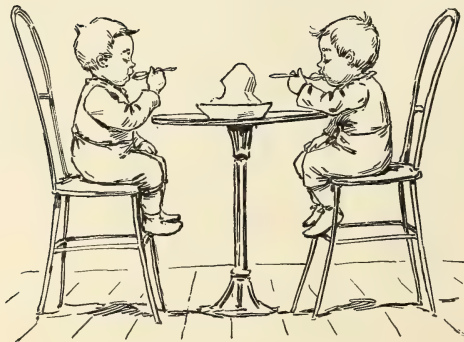
"Where can we hide it?" asked Molly Pearl. "We were n't going to let you know anything until to-morrow, but the Conquerors will be sure to come for it."

"We've got the best hiding-place," replied Alick. "You can trust us not to lose it this time. We will mount guard over it all night. We will have some of the men help us take it out and fire it in the morning. Then the Conquerors won't dare try to get it away from us."

Mabel was awakened next morning, as were all the good people of Quirlton, by the hoarse booming of the old cannon. It was a great triumph to have regained possession of it. The committee of arrangements publicly thanked the girls for what they had done. That was the first the Conquerors knew about how their secret had been discovered, and their treasure abstracted.

At the close of the celebration, to the consternation of both Conquerors and Invincibles, Uncle Silas announced that inasmuch as the old cannon seemed to be such a bone of contention, and as it was still his property, he had presented it to the governor for the State Historical Society. It would be shipped to its resting-place that very night.

"Well, Quirlton had it last, thanks to you girls!" said Alick to his sister Mabel.



A LITTLE REFRESHMENT BETWEEN TIMES ON THE FOURTH.

THE JUNIOR CUP.

BY ALLEN FRENCH.

[This story was begun in the June number.]

CHAPTER III.



HE memory of his ducking stuck in Chester's mind, and was not rendered less bitter by subsequent impressions. It was soon evident that the older boys, their first advances repelled, were not dis-

posed to extend to him any special kindnesses. Little Rawson stood high in their favor, as did several of the other new boys; and their immediate followers, a sort of rollicking clan, formed around George and Jim a band from which—Chester felt it sometimes with regret, sometimes with stubborn pride—he was excluded. It was very evident that these were the boys that found the most pleasure in camp life. There were nearly twenty of them, and their jollifications were constant. They split into parties for boating, fishing, and tramping, in all of which pleasures Chester was cast upon the society of Marshall or the few remaining boys.

Of this small remainder some followed Marshall as a sort of leader. The others, a half-dozen of them, were either boys who chummed in pairs, or solitary individuals who, when opportunity offered, went in quiet about their own pursuits, absorbed in their own thoughts.

Those that clustered around Marshall were mostly of the smaller boys, personalities without remark, except that miserable Tommy, whose lack of spirit made him a fit errand-boy for any who would throw him a sweetmeat or kind words. These Marshall gave in plenty; he always seemed to have enough of candy, and his honeyed tongue dropped compliments to ensnare poor Tommy's feet.

With Chester he was more bluff; yet the

sweet words had their effect, though hid in spice. A bewildering maze was spun about poor Chester, formed of Marshall's words and actions. For now his athletic excellence would carelessly be praised, and now he was appealed to for information upon some point of boyish lore; now his help would be asked in the launching of a boat or the making of a kite, and now his advice would be asked in some undertaking of momentary importance. And like the silly chicken that takes the bread though steeped in wine, our boy swallowed each new piece of flattery, and as it warmed his heart he thought that it was good.

Yet, for all this, he had a sense of vague dissatisfaction which never left him, even as the weeks passed. That necessity for attention, encouragement, praise, so carefully cultivated in his indulgent home, drove him to the society of those who would give it him. Yet his native sense of fairness, honesty inherited from generations of rigid New England pietists, pricked him like a burr, not sharply, but constantly; and his uncomfortable conscience, Puritan still in spite of occasional additions of alien stock, kept uneasy the thinking mind which Mr. Holmes trusted confidently, and which Marshall wished to lull to quiet. For Chester knew, and he could not conceal from himself the knowledge, that in athletics, as well as in mental quickness, he was no more remarkable than many others in the camp.

In the two general sports of baseball and swimming there was no line drawn between the followers of George and those of Marshall. For of the thirty boys in camp not all played baseball, and of those who played not all played well. A scant eighteen were found to make up two nines, who day after day disputed the palm with varying success; and there Chester and Marshall played with the rest. The swim occurred regularly every day at the same hour; for fear of accidents, no boy was

allowed to bathe except with the others, when Mr. Holmes and the two older boys were there to keep a watchful eye on all the rest. So it happened that every day, in the morning at the lake, in the afternoon at the ball-field, Chester had constant opportunity to measure himself with the other boys. And what he found was not pleasing to him.

"You don't use your feet right in swimming, Chester," said Rawson to him one day, as he watched his friend swimming by the raft. "Your kick is all wrong."

"I can swim as fast as you," retorted Chester, quickly, a little annoyed.

"Try it now," said quiet Jim, who stood looking on. "Jump in, little Rat, and race him to the shore."

Half reluctant, half willing, Rawson put himself at Chester's side. "It does n't prove anything if you beat me," he said. "Your kick might be wrong, all the same." But when they started at the word he forged slowly ahead. Laying his head sideways in the water, swimming with the underhand side-stroke, he beat Chester by several feet in the race to the shore. Much cast down, yet endeavoring not to show it, Chester regained the raft. He felt that the other boys had been interested in the race, and had an uncomfortable sense that they were glad of his defeat.

"It 's true, Chester," said George Tenney, who had been looking on critically; "you have a poor stroke. Watch me now, and I 'll show you. This is the way you swim. Now," he said after a few strokes, "compare that with this. Do you see the difference?"

"Yes," said Chester, watching closely, interested in spite of his mortification.

"Well," said George, treading water, "bear that in mind, now, and practise it. It makes all the difference in the world, in a distance swim, whether each stroke sends you ahead five feet or three."

In diving, too, he found that he had something to learn, and that a general sprawl which carries one under water, though it may be received in some circles as a dive, in others is frankly called a "flopper." Chester's first performance, in the style that his sisters applauded, was received by the boys, many of

them experts and all critics, at first with silence and then with delight.

"My!" said one, and said no more.

"Whew!—that must have hurt," said another, judicially.

"Say, Chester," called a third, "come out here and let us see how pink you are all up and down your front."

Chester was too sulky to speak.

"You did n't do it right, Chester," said Mr. Holmes, kindly, from his boat. "You must get your feet higher up in the air, so that your head and body go in clean, without a splash. And your legs ought to be together, not apart, and straight, not bent. Watch Rawson, now."

And so the second time Chester had to acknowledge that the Rat could beat him.

On the baseball field, besides, he found that he had by no means the easy supremacy that was his at home. For never, as Mr. Holmes had surmised, had he played with boys older than himself. His first home-run was never duplicated, for as soon as the nines were once steadily at work their pitchers got down into first-class training. Day after day he stood up to Jim Pierce, who befooled him with curves. Game after game he struck out, not once but often, while, try as he might, it seemed that when he hit the ball it never would go outside the diamond. With discouragement he saw other boys make fierce grounders, or long flies to the out-field, and he heard remarks that showed him that he was considered a poor batter.

At last Mr. Holmes, who sometimes played and sometimes watched, offered Chester a suggestion. He spoke with a thoughtful air that would have shown the boy, had he been quick at noticing, that his batting had been the subject of the master's careful study. "I think, Chester," he said, "that you do not take enough pains in judging the ball. I 'm afraid that you 've been used to pitchers that could n't curve; for the moment that Jim pitches, you decide where the ball is to go, and then you 'swat' at it, as the boys say, and you either miss it, or you hit it so that it does n't go very far. Is n't that so, Jim?"

Jim laughed from the pitcher's box. "Yes, that 's so, Mr. Holmes," he said. "Chester 's

too hot-headed for a good batter. He strikes at anything. All I have to do is to give him three bad balls, and he strikes himself out."

"You see, Chester," said the master, smil-

have a finger left to throw with. Catch every ball on your mitt."

"How can I use the mitt," asked Chester, "when they come to me on my right side?"



"GAME AFTER GAME CHESTER STRUCK OUT."

ing. "Jim has been studying you, and he knows all your weaknesses. Now, you turn to and study him, and see if you can't get the better of him."

On Chester's nine George Tenney was pitcher. He threw a furious, uncertain ball, which Chester, who was the only one that had experience behind the bat, was expected to hold. It was a new experience when the first whizzing ball struck aside his hands and caught him full upon the mask. The second ball landed upon his unprotected right hand.

"But, my dear boy! my dear boy!" cried George. "you must n't do that! You won't

"Why, don't you know?" asked George. "Here," he said, turning to the first-baseman, "show Chester how to get his mitt in the way of a ball."

So the game was suspended for a few moments, while Chester took a lesson in the use of the catching-glove.

They struck deep, those lessons at the lake and on the field. In spite of biting mortification, Chester was persistent in the attempt to overcome his faults, and he learned to put his pride in his pocket and take a lesson from another boy. It became with him a familiar idea that others could surpass him. And

slowly he mastered the best swimming stroke, slowly he learned to throw his rigid body at the right angle into the waiting water, slowly he acquired the quick, unerring judgment necessary for the catcher or the batter.

"You make me tired, Chester!" said Jim, one day some time afterward, as, dropping his bat, our boy trotted leisurely to first base. "A base hit last time you came to the bat, and now a base on balls!"

"Oh," said Rawson, who followed Chester to the plate, "Chester's getting a good eye on him, he is!"

And these words were sweet as honey to Chester's soul, eager for praise, for he was learning to know the praise that was honorably earned. For this reason he was weary, sometimes, of the praise that he received from Marshall; yet he was loyal to this one boy in camp—let us except the Rat—who from the first had shown him unvarying kindness. And so he continued in Marshall's society, rejecting sometimes, though with regret, the requests which Rawson made him to come with some of the other boys. For he knew well that he was Marshall's best companion, and that without him Marshall would have only Tommy and the other insignificants for associates.

Yet there existed in Chester always an uncertainty as to what sort of a boy the other was. He saw of him nothing but his best side, and that was fine and fair enough; but he knew that other boys in the camp, little Rawson, for instance, drew away from Marshall as one draws from pitch, which is fine and fair as it flows from its tree, but sticks and defiles where it touches. Chester did not yet know how to read in the face what lies in the heart, nor as yet had enough occurred to reveal him to himself as ignorant and inexperienced. He had not enough distrust of his own judgment to study carefully each action of his companion, and so, with his instinctive desire to go where boys were kind to him, he paid little attention to that other instinct which told him something was wrong. And, for his part, Marshall mistook the boy he had to deal with, deeming him at last ready to share in the acts in which he took pleasure. So in the end that happened which caused a breach between them,

and for a time threw Chester entirely upon his own resources.

One day Chester, sitting on his cot, just sealing a letter to his home, looked up and saw Marshall and Tommy stealthily approaching. Under his arm Marshall carried a square box with familiar label, and Tommy followed him as a cat follows the cook that bears a dish.

"Come along, Chester," said Marshall. "Here's something for us three."

"Marshmallows!" cried Chester, springing up. "Let's eat them here!"

"No; out in the woods," said Marshall. "The others won't interrupt us there."

Out in the woods, Marshall opened the box of the floury confection, and handed the marshmallows generously about.

"They are fresh!" cried Tommy, in delight. "M-m—m-m!" and he filled his mouth.

"Tommy would eat anything if it were sweet," said Marshall, humorously, while Chester, too, looked smiling on at the sight. "Poor Tom! I believe he would put sugar on his meat."

But as they sat eating and joking, a knot of boys burst suddenly into their retreat, and Marshall closed the box in confusion, and endeavored to conceal it. Chester saw with surprise that this was no accidental interruption. The newcomers were three—Jim Pierce, Rawson, and Archy Simmons, the smallest boy in camp.

Though Jim was quiet and composed as usual, the other two were excited; Archy had been crying, and tears were still on his cheeks, while Chester noticed with great astonishment that Rawson darted at him glances of anger.

"There," cried Archy, still blubbing, "there's my box!"

Rawson advanced, and, though much smaller than Marshall, boldly snatched the box out of his hands. He opened it.

"Nearly half gone!" he cried; and then, overcome with disgust, he sputtered, "Oh, you bully! Oh, you sneak!" Words failed him.

Marshall made no response, whereupon Jim, neither angry nor excited, advanced and shook his finger warningly in his face. "Now, Mar-

shall," he said, "this is the last time; do you understand? One more, and I'll tell Mr. Dean, and then you'll leave the camp. But you won't go without a good thrashing from me. And, Chester, I am disappointed in you. I did n't expect this from you."

Marshall stood without a word; Tommy crouched in abasement, while Jim turned and walked away, with Archy following, clutching his box. Chester stared at Marshall, amazed, and then at Rawson, who, yet lingering, looked at the three with a face in which there still shone a gleam of hope.

"Marshall!" cried Chester, as an idea struggled for lodgment in his mind. "Rawson!"

"Did n't you know?" cried Rawson, eagerly.

"What?" asked Chester.

"Why, that Marshall took those marshmallows from Archy, while Tommy held him."

"You liar!" cried Marshall, furiously. Springing forward, he stood over the little boy, his hand upraised. Rawson gave way not a step.

"Don't touch me, Marshall!" he cried, and in his tense figure and shaking voice there was a threat which the bigger boy could not disregard. But while Marshall stood hesitating, Chester advanced, and, catching him by the arm, turned him about and looked into his face.

"Did you take them, Marshall?" he asked.

"No," said Marshall, loudly; "I—"

But Chester interrupted him, for on Marshall's face the truth was not to be concealed.

"Oh, Marshall," he cried, "you did!" And in that cry were disappointment and reproach in such measure that Marshall stood speechless, without defense.

Chester turned from him quickly, and struck his hands together. "And the boys thought I knew of it!" he said aloud. Then suddenly he darted into the path that led from the spot, and ran hastily in the footsteps of Jim and Archy. Rawson followed. In Chester's mind everything was confused, and he could distinguish but one thing clearly—that his good name was at stake, and he must set himself right before the other boys. Did every one in the camp think him a thief? With catching

breath, stumbling, he reached at last the cleared ground near the shanties, where stood a group of boys, and among them Jim and George. To Jim ran Chester directly.

"Oh, Jim," he cried, panting, "I did n't do it! I did n't know anything about it!"

For a moment his statement was received in silence. "Well," said Jim, at last, "all right!" But there was such coldness in his tone that Chester's heart sank. They could not disbelieve him, such sincerity was in his face and words, yet what was against him in the minds of each of the two older boys was the thought that it was mean of him to clear himself of this one scrape, when in fact he had been guilty in other ones, equally bad. For both George and Jim, being the ones to whom all complaints were made, knew of cases of the loss of candy, or of other perishable boyish treasures, which had fallen into the hands of Marshall, sometimes by force, sometimes by stealth, and they believed firmly that Chester had been a willing sharer in these spoils.

He stood in silence before this prejudiced tribunal, knowing that something was wrong. He longed to cry out to George and Jim, "Oh, don't turn me away! Let me be one of you!" Perhaps if he had, his later troubles would not have been. But he had never so humbled himself to any one, and, besides, other boys stood around staring, and he feared lest they should misunderstand him. And while he stood uncertain, the big boys turned away.

"All right, Chester," they said, even though their voices expressed that it was not all right. "Come, boys." And the group moved away and left him standing alone with Rawson.

"Oh, Rawson," he said unhappily, "no one will have anything to do with me!"

"Never you mind," said Rawson, sturdily; "I'll stand by you!"

Just then Marshall appeared, coming cautiously down the path. He hesitated when he saw Rawson, but then advanced and spoke to Chester as if in explanation. "See here, Chester," he said, "I want to tell you—"

But Chester turned on him in anger. At that moment it seemed to him as if all his troubles came from Marshall alone. "Don't speak to me," he cried, "you—you thief!"

Marshall threw up his head and tossed his curls back haughtily. "Oh, well," he said, with a sneer on his handsome mouth, "you think yourself mighty fine—but we 'll see! I 'll have something to tell the boys about you," he said, as he turned away laughing, "that will amuse them—about your swimming Terror and winning the Junior Cup."

"What did he mean, Chester?" asked Rawson. "Did you tell him that you were going to swim Terror and win the Junior Cup?"

"No," answered Chester, uncomfortably; "but I said I wished to."

"Well, you *did* make a mistake!" said Rawson, very slowly and very decidedly.

"I know I did," said Chester, humbly. But

then, seeing that the Rat had more to say, he asked, "What do you mean?"

"Because," said Rawson, "Marshall means to win the cup himself. He is a first-rate athlete, and he nearly won it last year."

Chester recognized his mistake, but he felt worse the very next day. He began to hear meaning questions when he was about. "Are you swimming Terror this morning?" one boy would ask another. Or another would shout clear across the ball-field, to be answered with titters: "Oh, say, have you got your eye on the Junior Cup?" And Chester's cheeks and forehead burned at each fling. His measure of bitterness was full: he had become an object of ridicule to the boys.

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION.

(The Story of Great-grandmother's Playhouse.)

BY MARY BRADLEY.

YES, it 's truly true, you know —
Dear old granny told me so;
And this very doll (who 'd think
That its face was ever pink?
But it *was*, long time ago!)
Was a present sent to her
By the Yankee officer.

It was in the old, old days
When King George had funny ways,
Interfering with the plans
Of us free Americans.
(Or, if not exactly free
At that time, we *meant* to be!)

Well, my granny's father then
Had a farm on Medford Hill.
Wish we had that farm again,
With the old tree on it still!
Such a dear old hollow tree,
Overgrown with vines and things—
Just the greatest place for swings
And all kinds of jollity!

Granny kept her rag dolls there,
And her kittens, too, she said,
When there was no room to spare
In the kitchen. Overhead
There were squirrels chattering,
Birds that used to build and sing,
Grapes all purple-ripe and sweet,
Nuts so nice to crack and eat!

Dear me! I 've a doll's house here,
Full three stories from the floor—
Staircase, hall with chandelier,
Double parlors, big front door,
Every kind of furniture;
But it is n't half so good
As that playhouse in the wood.

One day, rummaging around
In the hollow, granny found
There was something like a pit
Far in at the back of it—
Just a sinking of the ground,
I suppose, among the roots,



"BUT SHE BRAVELY STOOD HER GROUND." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Handy for the nuts and fruits
That the squirrels hide, you see;
"But 't would hide a man," thought she.

So she hurried down the hill,
Told her mother what she thought;
And that night, when all was still,
To the hollow tree was brought

Meat and drink a man to feed—
And the man himself, indeed!

'T was a "rebel" officer
(That was what they called us then,
When we fought King George's men),
And to make him prisoner,
As my granny was aware,



Men were hunting everywhere.
It was only just that day
Officers had come to say
That whoever hid the man,
Fed, or helped him on his way,
British or American,
He would have King George to pay!

So it was a risky plan
For her father, don't you see?
British constables and kings
Must have been right awful things!
But he was n't scared—not he!
Neither granny, you would judge,
If next day you 'd seen her trudge
Up the hillside to the tree!

There, with playthings spread about,
Acorn cups and saucers set,
Kittens running in and out,
She amused herself—and yet
Was n't likely to forget!
Like a pious little maid,
I am sure she watched and prayed,
But was frightened all the same
When at last the soldiers came.

For they did come—oh, of course!—
Two afoot and one on horse,
All to catch one Yankee man!
And the biggest one began
(You should see my granny frown
As she tells it) to pull down
All her beautiful green bowers
Till they tumbled at her feet—
Purple grapes and yellow flowers,
Clematis and bittersweet.

Oh, I would have liked to see
That man's face as out she came,
Flashing eyes and cheeks aflame,
From the hollow of the tree!
And (as if against the cat,

Tooth and nail, had sprung the mouse)
"Shame!" she cried, "for doing that—
Now you 've spoiled my baby-house!"

How her heart beat in her dread!
But she bravely stood her ground,
And the burly man in red,
Casting watchful eyes around,
Saw within the hollow tree
Just her rag dolls, two or three,
And her kits, a sleepy pair,
But, except the pretty child,
Not another creature there.
So half sheepishly he smiled,—
Having children of his own,—
Said a kindly "Never mind!"
Turned about, and left behind
Kits and dolls and child alone.

How that "rebel" officer,
Under his thick coverlid
Of dry leaves so snugly hid,
Must have praised and petted her!
Fancy what a grateful kiss
Paid the little maid for this
When, the anxious hour past,
She came gaily home at last.

For, as afterward they knew,
There were papers that he bore
Worth their weight in gold, and more—
Papers planned to serve the State
When its need, they said, was great,
That were only saved to it
By her ready mother-wit.

So I truly think—don't you?—
That we "Daughters" ought to claim
And be proud of our fine name;
And I hope, if ever need
Comes again, that daughters still
May be brave in word and deed
As was she on Medford Hill.



RAMON PASQUAL, LITTLE FILIPINO.

By PAUL B. MALONE, LIEUTENANT THIRTEENTH U. S. INFANTRY.



DOUBLE tam—march!" shouted a shrill, small voice, one warm afternoon in camp on the

Luneta, and every one poked out a head to discover the identity of the new commander. He was none other than Ramon Pasqual, the smallest imaginable five-year-old Filipino, and his command consisted of two strapping American soldiers under arms, who were "double-timing" down the parade at great speed, while Ramon was following, with a very little mimic rifle across his very little shoulder.

"To the rear—march!" shrieked Ramon, when his little legs could no longer keep up the pace; and back came the "heavy brigade." Right turn, left turn, column right and left, right and left front into line, loadings and firings, were executed with a rapidity and precision which would have done credit to a sergeant.

"Hi! you—little Filipino!" called an officer. But Ramon did not deign to notice. Rather, he brought up his squad in line at double time, halted them a few paces in front of the officer, saluted smartly, and faced his squad.



RAMON DRILLS HIS SQUAD.

"Capitan, me," he said, with an explanatory wave of his hand, to the interested group of officers and soldiers who now surrounded the little commander. Previously he had been acting in the capacity of a corporal or a sergeant. Conscious of the importance of his increased rank, he drew himself up proudly and began giving the commands for the manual of arms, in such funny little Filipino baby English that the crowd roared with laughter. It did not disconcert Ramon. Without hesitation he put his squad through the whole intricate manual of arms without a single error. When he had finished all mirth had given place, in turn, to wonder and then to admiration. This child of an alleged savage people could set an example for the most civilized intelligence of the non-commissioned officer of the line.

As Ramon dismissed his squad, he faced the officer who had called him a "little Filipino," and said, "You—give—commands," and immediately he assumed the statuesque attitude of a soldier in ranks. The big officer obeyed the imperious little one. If Ramon had surprised his audience as a commander, he now astonished the spectators as a soldier. His little rifle clicked off the numbers in the manual of arms with the precision of the watch-tick. His technique was perfect. What some soldiers fail to learn in three hard years' experience, this five-year-old child had picked up, through the medium of a foreign language, in a few months' association with the men in ranks.

"Now, watch," said the officer, in a low tone, as Ramon stood at "present."

"Charge bayonets!" But Ramon did not stir, or change in the slightest the expression on his little brown face, and a great laugh and applause greeted the little fellow who could not be caught even on a technicality.

"If they are all so bright as that, we had better go home," remarked one of the admiring soldiers to a comrade who stood near him.

When the command "Rest!" was given, Ramon immediately relaxed, and for the first time smiled, as he leaned upon his little rifle.

"You," he said, again addressing the officer

"Won't you give me one of those mangoes, Ramon?" asked the officer, as Ramon babbled to him. Ramon looked abashed, and finally shook his head, then raised his hands, and,



RAMON IS DRILLED BY THE AMERICAN OFFICER.

who had wounded his pride, and pointing his finger at his chest. "Me Filipino? No-o-o! Me Americano soldado."

"Ah, pardon me, Ramon," replied the officer, thrusting his hand into his pocket. Ramon came to "attention" as if he and that pocket were part of an electrical circuit which needed only a hand to complete it. With great precision Ramon rendered the rifle-salute and accepted the offered coin, then faced the next officer in the circle. When he finished saluting, Ramon was the richest little Filipino on the Luneta.

Then the officer took him by the hand and led him off to his tent, and they were soon very fast friends. Ramon had five luscious mangoes and half a dozen bananas, a small bunch of fruit which his mother had sent him out to sell.

affecting great anger, indicated, apparently, that he would strike the officer in the face if he took the mango.

"What! Ramon, would *you* hurt me?"

"No," expostulated Ramon; "pero mi madre me combattería. Mi madre es 'bug-house,' y mi padre es 'bug-house.' Yo quiero 'vamos' en los Estados Unidos." ("No; but my mother would whip me. My mother and father are both 'loons.' I want to go to the United States.")

Ramon's fruit was promptly purchased, and he went away happy.

The little fellow was the mascot of the Oregon regiment, and a member of the organization gave an interesting story of the child's career.

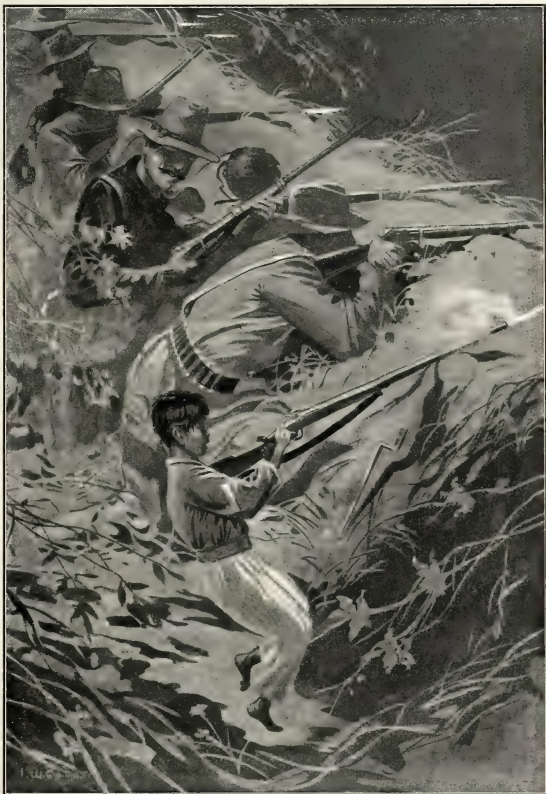
"We ran across him shortly after we came here," he said, "and the boy's unusual bright-

ness caused his adoption as the regimental mascot. We bought him a little suit of clothes, and taught him tactics, and—alas! a little slang. Ramon wanted to go with us when we took the field, but, of course, we could not consent. However, he followed along in rear of the regiment, and when we slept that night in the trenches Ramon was there. A night attack by the rebels brought us all to our guns, and then Ramon showed his training. He stood behind the line and yelled at the top of his voice, ‘Company, attention! Load! Aim! Fire!’ And those who could hear him above the crash of the rifles obeyed just for the fun of it.

“‘Hang it, boys! give the rebels the deuce!’ (or words to that effect), shrieked Ramon. But at that moment one of the boys dropped with a bullet in his chest, and his gun still lay upon the parapet. Ramon ran, picked it up, pushed in a cartridge, and reached out his little hand for the trigger. It was not one of the new rifles, but one of the old “kickers.” Back flew the old army-rifle, and up shot Ramon’s little heels, and when I picked the little fellow up, he pulled himself together, and, as soon as the breath came back to his lungs, he gasped: ‘Me Filipino? No-o-o! Me Americano soldado!’

“From that day Ramon was beloved by every man in the regiment, and we decided to carry him, upon our departure, to a place where life is sweeter than here.”

A few days afterward the Oregons returned to the United States, and I am told that Ramon



“BACK FLEW THE OLD ARMY-RIFLE.”

went with them. If it be true that “the child is father to the man,” the name of Ramon Pasqual may figure prominently some years hence in the history of his native land.



THE CANNON-CRACKER.

It was a Chinese cracker,
All clad in glowing red,
Lay trembling in a wooden box,
Beside our Tommy's bed.

"To-morrow," sighed the cracker,
"Unless I swiftly fly
Long ere the shining sun is up,
I shall most surely die!"

Out of the box he clambered,
With many a glance of dread
Where Tommy, dreaming of the Fourth,
Lay tossing on his bed.

The cracker, trembling greatly,
Then hied him to a wood,
And sought a dark and lonely dell,
Where drops of moisture stood



On flowers and grass. He chuckled,
 "This is the place for me,"
 And sat down on a cold, damp stone,
 Beside a mossy tree.

The woodland creatures gathered,
 And gazed with startled eyes,
 And listened to his tale of woe
 With murmurs of surprise.

Said the selfish, boastful cracker:
 "You see, I used my wits.
 My brothers in that fatal box
 Will all be blown to bits;

"While I, because I reasoned,
 And dared to act—" Per-BANG!!!
 A terrible explosion
 Throughout the woodland rang.

It was a frisky firefly
 Toyed with that dangling cue;
 And into countless pieces
 The cannon-cracker flew!

Mary Marshall Parks.

TOWSER: A SAILOR'S PET.

BY CHARLES M. MCCARTENEY.

HE was only an ordinary, "every-day sort" of a Japanese dog, apparently, when I first made his acquaintance, some years ago, on being transferred to the old vessel "Monocacy," on the China station, and I wondered at his being there; but I soon found out that he had qualities of heart and superior attainments that were hardly in keeping with the promise of his ugly exterior; for "Towser" was *not* handsome, and did not assume any superiority on the strength of his personal appearance. In fact, it was due solely to that kindness of heart and tenderness toward all dumb animals for which the sailor is proverbial, that Towser ever became a member of the Monocacy's crew. It happened in this way: An old seaman was "making the best of his way" to the boat-landing at Yokohama, one cold, raw morning, and stumbled across a poor little black puppy, hardly more than a week old, shivering and whining piteously on the cold, wet stones, deserted by every one, and left there to quake out its miserable existence, or be tossed overboard by the first coolie that happened to step on it. The kindly old tar picked up the forlorn little waif, and placed him inside the wide open-

ing of his sailor-shirt, where he nestled against Jack's warm heart, and the pair soon afterward arrived on board ship. Thus it was that Towser became one of us, and a lucky day it was for him, as the little fellow at once became a



TOWSER'S PORTRAIT.

general favorite with the men. It was intended, at first, to give him to the captain's little son; but I believe his generally unprepossessing appearance caused him to be forbidden the cabin; and, therefore, he joined his protector's

mess, and was confined to the forward end of the ship. Here (after having been duly naturalized and become a good American) his early training was begun under the auspices of his first friend, and so he imbibed none of those aristocratic ideas that are always found in the cabin dog, but was always the same good-natured, unassuming chap that his friends were, treating all alike, and paying no more deference to the commanding officer than to his mess-mates — barring, of course, occasions of ceremony, when, with the crew drawn up in line for inspection, etc., Towser would take his place with the petty officers, and maintain that air of dignity and decorum that was eminently proper, while the captain passed through the ranks. When the order was given, "Salute," and the men took off their caps, Towser would respectfully wag his tail in response to the captain's "Good morning, Towser." Sometimes one of the pugs (we had several on board)

gangway, reserved for the officers only, excepting, of course, when invited to go ashore by one of them, on which occasion he would, as naval etiquette demanded (being the junior), get into the boat *first*. He never quite grasped the idea, though, why the same reason required him to get out *last*. This seemed to puzzle him always.

I mentioned the fact of there being several pugs on board. This, as a rule, is not allowed, but as some of the officers were about leaving for home, permission was given them to keep these animals on the ship until they left. Being bought as presents for lady friends at home, they were assiduously looked after by the Chinese servants of their masters, and daily received their brushing and curling, etc., at which Towser looked on in supreme disgust. There was nothing of the aristocrat about *him*, and he held these additions to the crew in utter contempt, and would never permit any familiar-



"TOWSER HELD THESE ADDITIONS TO THE CREW IN UTTER CONTEMPT."

would follow the inspecting party, but Towser never presumed to do anything of that sort; he knew *his* place, and was always strictly observant of the proprieties. One never saw *him* trotting up and down the sacred starboard side of the quarter-deck, or using the starboard

ity from them. It was not until they left, however, that we, who had come to relieve the home-going lot, became really acquainted with the old dog. The Monocacy — an old-time side-wheel steamer — had been out on the station since the war with Japan; but she was so com-

fortable a craft, and the life on board of her was easily recognize any one known to us. At so pleasant, that the men, as their times expired, would ship over and over again, and Canton the foreigners mostly live on the Shamien, a beautiful little island connected



TOWSER IS LEFT BEHIND. (SEE PAGE 822.)

really became part of her, as it were. Of course Towser did the same. The officers, though, were duly relieved at regular periods, and it was at one of these changes that I first made his acquaintance. Towser seemed to understand it all, and accepted these changes aft with the good nature he always showed. As we came on board, I observed him, with some few of the men, eying us curiously from the hurricane-deck, sailor-like, as if anxious to catch a glimpse of the "new lot" with whom he would have to deal for some time; but he was always prudent, and did not express any opinion.

As we settled down to the sameness of our every-day existence at Canton, after the novelty of the change had worn off, Towser's amusing and curious traits and superior intelligence became quickly known to us, and whiled away many a dull hour of the watch. I remarked that when it was about time for him to return to the ship, after having gone ashore (he was always very regular), the quartermaster would scan "the bund" with his glass. The ship lay close to the shore, midway between two landings, near enough, in fact, to

by bridges with the native city, and around the island was a broad stone embankment ("the bund"), which was a favorite walk for the residents, who generally made use of it while our band was playing in the evenings. As soon as Towser "hove in sight," the quartermaster would let the old armorer know, and the latter would go to the ship's gangway and wait for him to come off. The dog would trot to the landing below the ship, go down the steps to the edge, put his paw into the water, and *feel the tide*. If it was running flood, for instance, and not too strong, he would jump over *there* and swim off to the ship. Of course the tide would carry him upstream, so that he would "fetch" the gangway every time. If running ebb, he would go back and trot to the upper landing, and jump off there. At the gangway his old chum would be waiting to assist him out of the water. I was struck by this display of intelligence in the animal, and we all thought it very remarkable. If it happened that the tide was, in his judgment, running too strongly, or if he did not like a bath, he would jump into a sampan (Cantonese passenger-boat), and gravely

occupy the seat while the Chinese boat-woman* would row him off to the ship. At the gang-way he would wait till his fare was paid, and then, with a "come-on-board-sir" wag of his tail, he would seek his favorite resting-spot.

When "all hands" were called, he was up and about, no matter how late ashore the night before,—save, of course, just immediately after one of his little sprees,—and if boats were to be hoisted, or any heavy work to be done, he would take the end of the fall in his mouth, and lead off, setting a most excellent example. He was, however, not fond of target practice, as the shock of the heavy guns jarred on his nerves. From long experience, he seemed to know just when there was to be "sure-enough" firing at general quarters. Usually, in the bustle and excitement following the call for action, he used to take an active part; but when this occurred about the time for the quarterly target practice, he would disappear into the hold, and remain there until the retreat had been sounded.

It was when the battalion was landed for parade and drill that Towser was in his element. We had an excellent amateur band on the old ship, equipped from private contributions, and on such occasions the band always headed the battalion. Promptly when the bugle sounded, Towser would jump into the leading boat, and ashore, when the companies were formed, he would take his place beside the band leader as we marched, with colors flying and stirring music, to the drill-ground; nor would he condescend even to glance at the common dogs who admired him and sought to attract his attention. He was on parade, and he knew it.

A curious and very admirable trait he possessed was politeness in calling upon the families of the officers, if they happened to be in the same place with the ship, and this habit he always kept up. Towser had accompanied one of the young officers to make a call on the admiral's daughter, and the latter, during the visit, impressed the officer into her service to wind some wool into a ball while she held the skein on her arms, making quite a large loop. Now, among Towser's many accomplishments, he had acquired the trick of high

jumping, and happening to look up from the rug on which he was lying, he saw the lady's arms extended, and construed it into an invitation to jump. Not wishing to be rude, he gave the usual yelp and leap. The lady was conscious only of a black object flying through the air right through the loop of wool hanging on her arms, and, with a scream, she fell over backward, upsetting a table filled with Japanese bric-à-brac, which fell with a crash. Towser, utterly amazed at the sensation he was creating, at once cut short his visit, and returned to the ship to think it over.

Towser's chief patron among the ladies, and the one who always made him welcome, was an officer's wife who came to live at Canton, and it was in making his parting call on her that he "got left"—the only time on record. We were going down the river, some eighty miles, to Hong-Kong, and had got under way when it was discovered that the dog was ashore. As the channel was narrow, and the tide running strong, we could not stop for him, though we could see him running along the dock and barking excitedly. I expressed great regret, but the old armorer, who was watching him, remarked: "Don't bother about *him*, sir; he 'll be down on the night boat." And, sure enough, the next morning Towser came aboard in a sampan, at Hong-Kong, as usual, and seemed to take it quite as a matter of course. It seemed, as I afterward learned, that when he lost sight of us he trotted back to the lady's apartment, where he remained until about the hour of the river-boat's leaving, when, with a good-by bark and wag of his tail to his hostess, he disappeared and took passage on the steamer.

His presence there created no surprise, and I verily believe, if he had not found us at Hong-Kong, he would have taken passage there to Shanghai, as he seemed to know the whole coast. As I remarked before, he never missed a boat, save on this one occasion, and the men used to say that he *read the schedule of boat hours* posted on our arrival at any port. I was greatly amused the first time I ever witnessed this proceeding. Towser and his old friend were looking the list over, and the latter, quite unconscious that any one was observing him,

* At Canton all these boats are managed by the women.

and more than half believing that the dog understood him, was saying: "Now, see here; here 's six different boats, and sun 's down at 6:07, and you 'll have to come off in the *ship's boats*, for I 'm tired paying your fare; do you understand, sir?" The dog barked and wagged his tail, almost as if he were saying: "All right; I won't forget." And *he did not*. Time and again I have seen him turn up at the wharf just as the boat was about leaving, and no one seemed to think anything about it.

It was with much regret that I bade the old

dog good-by, and with very sincere sorrow that I learned, a year or two after my return home, that Towser had made his last cruise. While at Yokohama he became very sick, and his warm-hearted messmates, wishing to give him every comfort, took him ashore to a little Japanese dog-hospital.

Here he was tenderly cared for by the gentle old Japanese "doctor," while his sailor friends never failed to visit him; but 't was of no avail, and poor old Towser obeyed the final call for "all hands," and his place on the *Monocacy* was vacant thereafter—not again to be filled.



THE FRIGHTENED BROWNIE.

A BROWNIE met two rabbits in
A very lonely spot;
He was entirely unarmed—
My! what a fright he got!

"Oh, run away!" he trembling cried.
"Please don't make any fuss."
Said they, "Why, what a silly goose,
To be afraid of us!"

Eva Eickemeyer Rowland.



BOOKS AND READING

FOR YOUNG FOLK.

THE BOY LINCOLN'S LIBRARY. WHEN Abraham Lincoln was a small boy he had very few books. There was no need for him to consult a list of the hundred best books. His earliest possessions consisted of less than half a dozen volumes — a pioneer's library.

First, of course, was the Bible, a whole library in itself, if properly understood, and containing every sort of literature — stories, poems, dramas, addresses, orations, histories, some simple enough for the youngest child, others taxing the wisdom of the learned. Second was "Pilgrim's Progress," with its quaint characters and vivid scenes related in simple, vigorous English. "Æsop's Fables" was a third, and introduced the log-cabin boy to a wonderful range of characters — the gods of mythology, the different ranks and classes of mankind, and every animal under the sun. Fourth was a History of the United States, in which there was the charm of truth and a more modern tone, and from which were learned the lessons of patriotism that Lincoln's manhood put into action. Last came Weems's "Life of Washington," a queer, stilted book, but one full of detail that made Washington seem a living example.

These five books were the beginning of Lincoln's education; and what wise man has outgrown them all?

From the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and Æsop the boy Lincoln learned the power and beauty of plain English words, and saw that the grandest thoughts and most poetic imaginings needed only the strong little words of every day. When, therefore, in later life he wished to be sure he understood any matter, it became his custom to translate it into words such as a child can understand.

Read again the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural, and learn how Lincoln could make the homespun words of common use move the hearts of his fellow-men.

Who will tell us what books were read by other great men and women of the past when they were "young readers"?

DO YOU READ POETRY?

You may have heard persons say, "I never read poetry." If this remark is made affectedly, as if to say, "Poetry is silly, and I am above such frivolity as reading it," there is no need to comment upon the foolish ignorance of any one who knows no more than to talk so absurdly. But if it be said modestly, and because the speaker believes that poetry is a strange and foreign thing requiring a peculiar talent for its appreciation, then the state of mind from which the remark comes is one to be pitied. Poetry is the earliest form of writing. All the oldest books are either in verse or are poetical in style. Babies begin with "nursery rhymes," and understand them before they can understand prose. Prose requires training for its appreciation, and a young reader who can see the literary beauties of prose needs little teaching in literature.

TOO MANY STORIES. WHICH class of books is the most interesting?

This is a question to which the answers made by the older readers might surprise boys and girls. The young read more of fiction than the old; they seem to think a made-up plot necessary to keep the reader's attention. As readers grow up, they are likely to read fiction less and to care for facts more.

Let us look at some of the classes of books that are not known as "fiction," that is, not mere stories. First, there are the Histories — the true stories of past times; not the little handbooks known as school-histories, which must be so condensed as to leave out nearly all the story bits, but the records of all men have cared to remember of the world's happenings, from the earliest annals of old Egypt to the most recent trip to the frozen north. Then come the Biographies — the stories of the lives

of men and women, from the "demigods" of mythology to the heroes of our own times. The books of Travel may be reckoned next, and no class of books can be compared with these in absorbing interest; they tell of marvelous, novel, exciting, adventurous incidents such as no writer of fiction can invent, and they give the reader an ever-growing admiration for the qualities of mankind. The books on Literature form another class so fascinating that many readers care little for any other reading; and those who love books and their makers become friends with one another at once. The literatures of the Fine Arts, of Music, of Philosophy, of Science — all are so crowded with volumes that it is difficult to find time to read the few choicest in each class.

Is n't it a mistake to read so many stories?

THE "GREAT" WRITERS.

YOUNG readers are often afraid of the very best books. They think there must be something forbidding in writings that have been looked up to for many years, and decide to wait until they are wiser before reading the great authors. Now, Hazlitt says: "The difference between a tall and a short man is only a few inches, whereas they are both several feet high. So a wise or learned man knows many things of which the vulgar are ignorant; but there is a still greater number of things the knowledge of which they share in common with him." A great author will say some things we may not understand, but he will tell us a great many more truths we can share with him. Few writers of real eminence are obscure in writing; and where there is obscurity, it is not often worth while to labor long to get at the author's meaning. Let your motto in reading be: "Nothing is too good for me."

THE READING HABIT.

THE chief librarian of the New York Free Circulating Library says that in the poorer quarters of the city the children are the most numerous patrons of the library branches, since "the adults, not having acquired the habit of reading when young, now take little personal interest in books." That is, whoever does not learn to love good books when young loses the power to gain in later life the pleasure and profit coming from a habit of reading.

It is shown in this librarian's report that the children of German parents gradually learn to prefer books in English, and that Italian children, too, are eager readers of books, from which we may be sure that they will grow up good Americans, worthy to help in the work of the nation. For if ever a nation was founded on reading, the United States is that nation.

THE BLESSING OF BOOKS.

HERE is an extract from the same librarian's report, which will give an idea of what books and a place to read them mean to children in one of the crowded districts of New York City:

The population of this neighborhood is about three fifths Irish, one fifth German, and the other chiefly Italians and Bohemians. A large percentage of these are very poor, and many of the children are neglected and insufficiently clad. Of these classes above mentioned the library attracts very few of the adults; but to the children it must be a gleam of light in the darkness. The homes of many consist of one or two small, dingy rooms; consequently every evening, particularly in winter and cold days after school hours, the Children's Department is filled to overflowing.

The cleanliness, cheerfulness, and warmth of the library have a wholesome effect on the little ones, and they soon learn that the librarians are their sympathetic friends and helpers. There has been a decided gain in quietness, and a slight gain in courtesy and orderliness; and children to whom clean faces and hands were almost unknown, on finding that soiled hands and faces debar them from the treasures of the library, now make the much-dreaded ablution, even if it be only in a stray puddle in the gutter, with a coat-sleeve or a little skirt for a towel.

Imagine what it is to a child whose home is a room in a poor tenement to open a book and find himself in fairyland, or in company of the Knights of the Round Table, or roaming with Robinson Crusoe on his desert island!

SOME QUESTIONS TO ANSWER. Who wrote "Goody Two Shoes"?

Where was Robinson Crusoe's island?

Which is stronger, a lion or a tiger? Which is the braver animal?

What book was first printed in England?

What is the origin of the expression, "N. or M.," in the Catechism?

What is the meaning of "viz.?" What is its origin?

Who was "A. L. O. E.?" Who was "The Country Parson"?

For the best answer to the questions printed in this item a year's subscription to *ST. NICHOLAS* will be awarded. Answers must be brief, and must be received by August 15. Address, "Books and Reading Department," *ST. NICHOLAS* Magazine, Union Square, N. Y.

ELEANOR'S COLONEL.

BY ANNAH ROBINSON WATSON.

ELEANOR FAIRFAX was a little girl who lived in the Shenandoah Valley, one of the most beautiful parts of Virginia.

Her home was the prettiest rose-covered cottage in a small village, and here her young mother lived, with only Mammy 'Liza, the old colored nurse, to help her take care of the household.

Eleanor's father had gone off to the war with the Southern soldiers, and Mammy 'Liza's husband, Uncle Reuben, had gone, too, "to take care of young marstuh," he said.

As yet, no Northern soldiers had been seen in the town, and Eleanor and her little friends often paused in their games to wonder what these soldiers were like, and whether they would ever really come.

Eleanor was the eldest of three children, and often her mother would take her in her arms and talk long and seriously.

"You must help mother," she would say tenderly—"help mother to lead the little ones right. Baby sister and little Edward will both watch you; they will do what you do, and speak as you speak. Father has gone, and mother has no one but Eleanor to help her."

"Father is a Secesh,* is n't he?" said Eleanor, slowly, one day, when they were talking.

"Yes, father is a Secesh," answered the mother, smiling.

"And you are a Secesh?" continued the little questioner.

"Yes, of course; I am whatever father is."

"Then I am a Secesh, too—a great big Secesh," exclaimed the little girl, sturdily. "I'd like to be a soldier, too, like father."

"Well, a soldier must be loyal to his colors. That means he must be true and always keep his word. Even if the enemy should come and want to shoot him for it, that should make no difference to a really brave man, and he must always tell the truth, no matter what it costs."

* Then a popular abbreviation for "secessionist."

Eleanor looked very solemn as her mother said this, and exclaimed: "I'm not a coward, mother. If the Yankees came, I would n't be afraid one bit. I'd tell them right out I was a Secesh, and I'd try to get them to let you and little sister and Edward go free, and just take me."

Tears came to the mother's eyes, though she laughed as she caught the small soldier to her breast. "Oh, there's no danger of that, darling," she said. "If the Yankees came they would n't want such a little rebel as you."

It was only the next week that the Yankees came, sure enough, and pitched their tents in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, just on the edge of the little town.

This caused great excitement, for no one knew why the soldiers had come, whether there was to be a battle, or what was to happen. Even the children shared in the general feeling of anxiety and unrest. They had been in the habit of visiting each other freely, and of playing upon the beautiful green spaces between the houses; but now they were kept closely within doors, lest, as they thought to themselves, they should be captured by the Yankees and carried off to prison.

But several days passed by, nothing terrible happened, the soldiers had done no harm to any one, and the citizens began to feel more comfortable, and the children to return to their usual occupations and pleasures. Day by day, in their games upon the meadow, they came nearer and nearer to the Federal camp. They watched eagerly all the movements of the soldiers, and one day a half-dozen of the most daring among them decided to go nearer still, "just to see what the 'bluecoats' look like," they said to one another.

The youngest of the tiny group was Eleanor. She looked very serious, as if her little heart was burdened with matters of great importance. She may have been thinking that the time of

trial had come—that if she saw the terrible Yankees she might tell them her father had gone to fight them, and that if they wanted anybody, they must take her, and let nothing hurt her dear mother, baby sister, and little Edward.

Anyway, she was one of the band of children, and they approached with quick-beating hearts the Federal camp, which was only a few hundred yards distant.

As they neared the place they saw a group of soldiers out in front of the tents, and one of the number, the colonel, called out cheerily: "Come on, little people; I'm glad to see you."

At this the children looked much startled. Two of the number took fright and beat a most inglorious retreat. Only four obeyed his summons. These came somewhat reluctantly, and stood before him, silent, and with anxious eyes lifted to his face.

The colonel began to talk to them, and at last said he wanted to know whether they were rebels or Yankees—whether they were on his side or were for Jeff Davis.

The children were speechless, and turned to one another with wondering faces. But he continued: "Now, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll make a very nice present to the little girl who gives me the best answer to that question."

With a common impulse, the children drew back and began with great excitement to talk to one another.

"What's he going to do with us?" asked one.

"Maybe shoot us," answered a little girl, shivering, "unless we say we're for the Yankees."

"But that would be a story!" exclaimed Eleanor, hotly. "We're not for the Yankees, and you know it!"

"I'd rather be for the Yankees than be shot," said little Eunice Clarke, looking frightened.

At this moment the colonel called them: "Come on; I'm ready for your answers."

A group of soldiers had gathered about him, attracted by the unusual scene, and the children looked fearfully at the "bluecoats."

Eunice happened to be in front of the group. "Well, my little girl," asked the colonel, "what are your sentiments? Whom are you for?"

"I—I'm for the Yankees, sir!" she said in an almost inaudible tone.

The colonel smiled and asked the next in line.

"If you won't shoot me, I'll be a Yankee for—for a little while," she answered, twisting the corner of her apron.

"And you?" was asked of the next; but the child covered her face with her hands and said nothing.

Only Eleanor was left. She took a step toward the colonel. Her sunbonnet had fallen back, and her tangled brown curls were blown by the summer breeze.

"And you, my little lady, whom are you for? The Yankees?" he asked.

Eleanor lifted her brown eyes with a flash to his face, while her cheeks glowed, and her lips, though they quivered a moment, parted, as she cried, stamping her little foot:

"No, no! I'm a Secesh. I'll live a Secesh, and I'll die a Secesh. That's what I am. Now, if you want to, take me and shoot me!"

The men gave a loud cheer. "Hurrah for the little Secesh! Hurrah for the brave little Secesh!" they cried.

"Hurrah for the little heroine!" exclaimed the colonel. "That's what she is—a little trump of a girl who's not afraid to tell the truth. She's a dear, loyal little rebel!"

Then he caught her in his arms, lifted her to his shoulder, and, followed by the other children, who were shamefaced and abashed, he carried her into the town, then to a shop, where, sure enough, he selected for her a beautiful gift.

"Just look!" said Eunice Clarke, with wide-open eyes. "That's what she got for telling the truth. Just look! I don't believe I'll be afraid next time."

After this the colonel took Eleanor to her own gate, and left her, saying tenderly, as he held her hand at parting: "I hope, my dear little rebel, you will always be as true as you have been to-day." Then he kissed her and went back to camp.

This one colonel had in a sense captured the entire town, and for years the children talked about him, until he became their favorite hero. They called him always "Eleanor's Colonel."

THE BULB OF THE CRIMSON TULIP.

BY LILLIAN L. PRICE.

THE village lay dusty and dozing in the hot sunshine of an early summer day. In the church steeple the bell rang out three of the afternoon.

The broad highway was almost deserted, save for a waddling flock of ducks crossing toward the wayside brook, and an old man, with silvery gray locks neatly tied in a queue, who leaned upon a garden wicket and watched his opposite neighbor.

She was a little slip of a lass in a brown stuff dress and plain cap, kneeling, trowel in hand, beside a bed of tulips which glowed scarlet and yellow and white in the bright sunshine, while she slowly and with infinite care raised a beautiful crimson blossom from the mold and transplanted it to a flower-pot.

Then, rising with the posy clasped in her arm, she came down to the gateway and looked anxiously up the "Broad Street."

Grandpapa Davis nodded and smiled at her standing there, an erect, graceful little figure, with a look of thoughtful care upon her face. The shadows of the newly leaved trees blotched and flickered upon the highway. Beyond lay the military green, with its long rows of elms arching over a pathway, and out of their shadowy distance appeared a gleam of scarlet, which proved to be a tall soldier walking slowly along, flourishing his riding-whip. Grandpapa Davis and the little maid exchanged glances. His was one of deep anxiety; hers, of questioning fear.

Both thought instantly of the evening before, when the roadway glimmered in faint starlight, and a wounded rider crept up in the fragrant May darkness to the cottage gate. There he was assisted from the horse by women's hands, and disappeared within the cottage, bowered in its budding vines. Grandpapa recalled Margaret, standing in the candle-light of his kitchen, telling him her brother's story. The anxiety of

a woman replaced the pretty, roguish joking she was wont to parry with him.

Mahlon Ross had ridden from Elizabethtown with a cipher of importance from Maxwell of that place to General Washington, lying at Morristown. While crossing the Salt Meadows his horse had thrown him, and he was able to go forward only to his home, where he arrived fainting in his saddle.

"Whom shall we trust to carry the papers onward?" Margaret had asked the old man.

"Ford Halsey of the mill," he answered promptly. "He is in York Town on business, and will be back by the coach to-morrow noon. Ford rides like the wind, and knows every byway as well as an Indian."

As Margaret watched the coming British soldier she anxiously scanned the highway beyond him in the direction of the Halseys' mill, whither her mother had ridden to interview Ford. No welcome figures of horse and rider appeared in the sunny loneliness of the broad highway. A robin whistled in the tree-top, the soldier lounged slowly along, and drowsy silence reigned.

Her grandmother's gentle old face, framed in its cap and kerchief, appeared above the blue half-door.

"Margaret!" she called softly.

Margaret turned hastily.

"Dear heart," said the old woman, "it has just struck three. What keeps thy mother?"

The little maid shook her head.

"'Old Dobs' sleeps and dreams with mother on his back," she said. "Oh, I would that he felt my birching! If his lazy hoofs kept time to my heart-beats he would be here. Grandmother, is Mahlon safe, lying in the stable-loft? I see a redcoat yonder."

"Tut!" cried the old woman, sharply. "Even the spring wind has ears in days like these! Be mindful of what thou sayest, my child!"

Then, seeing the flower, she exclaimed: "What art thou doing, lass? Why hast thou potted a tulip to-day?"

"'T was promised to Cicely Halsey for this

her grandmother a swift look, and fled, without another word, around the corner of the house. Setting the tulip on the bench-seat of the rear porch, she went on to the barn, where her sick



"'SIR, I MUST GO,' SAID MARGARET. AND SHE REACHED FOR HER FLOWER."
(SEE PAGE 831.)

brother lay concealed, and returned almost immediately with something clasped under her kerchief. One pull, and the tulip came out of the pot, the mold scattering over the porch seat. Catching up a knife, she parted the bulb in halves and hollowed out the centers. In the bottom of the pot she placed a packet of paper drawn from her bosom, and within the hollowed bulb she hid the strip of precious cipher. With hands that lost no time, she repotted the cherished flower, cleared away the traces, and stood looking down upon it regretfully.

"If any redcoat must have Mahlon's papers, I would rather it were thee," she said, stroking a satin petal of her tulip. "I did so hate to wound thee—I who nursed thee from a sprout!" And with a little childish quiver of the lips, she stooped and kissed the flower before entering the house.

afternoon. 'T is her birthday, and she admires this tulip. It is most rare of color. I thought later to ride to the mill to give it to her."

Her glance strayed from the blossom in her arms to the soldier crossing the road. Then, with a thought kindling in her face, she gave

The grandmother sat knitting.

"I like not that redcoat soldier sniffing our lilac-bushes so closely," said Margaret. "I would mother were returned! But I have thought of a way to get the papers to Ford under the very nose of the redcoat, if need be—which God

grant not! I fear there are other soldiers of his kind in the village."

The old lady sighed and shook her head. "War breeds old thoughts in young minds. 'T is ill to judge the errand of a man by the color of his coat, lass. For the papers, I 'll trust thy wit."

Margaret flitted restlessly from table to dresser. A small chicken, under her skilled fingers, was soon bubbling in the pot. A head of lettuce lay crisply piled on a dish, and out of the oven she drew a freshly baked loaf. With her back to the doorway, she did not see a shadow fall across the sanded brick, as the redcoat soldier, leaning his arms on the ledge of the half-door, looked keenly about the little kitchen.

"Lass!" cried his hearty voice, thick with the Yorkshire accent, "thou seemest too busy even so much as to hear soldier boots crunching thy dooryard gravel — though I tried most manfully to steal a march on thee, I 'll confess."

Margaret turned and faced him steadfastly, while the grandmother's knitting dropped to her lap at the first sound of his voice. Neither spoke. "Hast thou a well?" he continued. "I 'm fain to drink! This road-tramping is churlish business. And ye have churlish folk in this town. Faith, I 've no opinion of their eyes and ears! General Knyphausen would better have sent one of his own Hessians than us; he had learned fully as much."

"Thou art from Yorkshire," said Grandmother Ross, mildly. "Since thou art thirsty, wouldst thou drink a glass of elder wine, and eat a slice of rice-cake made after the fashion of the motherland?"

"Why, now!" — the broad red face glowed with pleasure and astonishment — "that 's the first civil word I have heard this day! Madam, I do assure you, that wakes the heart in me, and makes me loath to take thy hospitality and do my soldier's errand here."

A flush of surprise almost matching the soldier's had swept over Margaret's face at her grandmother's words. But now she stepped forward courteously. "Nay," she said, setting a rush-bottomed chair for him in the cool breeze of the doorway, "thou mayst taste my mother's wine, for thou art weary and a wayfarer. Later, if needs must, we can talk of war."

The soldier dropped into the chair, with his

clanking spurs rattling on the bricks, and drank thankfully the great draught of water Margaret dipped from the well-curb bucket and brought to him.

"Ah, that takes the blaze of the sun out of the blood!" he said. His face softened as he watched her prepare the cake and wine for him.

When she placed them before him, the grandmother said gently: "'T is wine, sir, of the real English smack, being a recipe of my mother's, and I hope thou 'lt like the cake."

"I like them ay well," he growled, as the spicy wine fell clearly into the glass, "but not to repay thee with saucy questions."

The old woman sighed softly. "Sir, if saucy questions be thy duty, do not shirk aught of it. Hospitality is a duty, too."

"I am looking for a lad who should have ridden by here on a roan horse last eventide."

"One of thine own men?" asked Margaret, steadily, though with an effort.

The soldier stared at her.

"Beshrew me not," he said, laughing. "Do we waylay our own messengers?"

"Then art thou not tapping at folly's wicket to ask us to betray ours?" she returned.

He surveyed her slowly, from the white cap to the tiny buckled slippers, and said soberly: "Lass, all the folk of this town are not rebels; neither must an answer be always yea or nay to be useful."

While she set the plate and glass upon the dresser, he stared gloomily out into the sunshine.

"Hast thou kith or kin fighting against the king?" he asked.

"Yes," said Margaret, standing by her grandmother's chair; "my father and my brother. Sir, had I seen twenty horsemen riding by, thou knowest I would not tell thee!"

He looked sharply at her again under his bushy brows, and shook his head.

"What if I tell thee I must search thy dwelling?" he said, scanning her face.

"My grandmother is old and I am young. Our doors lie open to thee. Naught could hinder thee. Neither of us would ask thee not to. If that be thy present duty, follow it; yet it sets not well with thy question."

Margaret swung open the porch door, where the scarlet tulip drooped its head, and the sol-

dier glanced past it, beyond the double rows of tasseled currant-bushes, to the door of the little barn. A sound of hoof-beats stopping in front directed his glance to the highway again.

Dame Ross slowly dismounted from Old Dobs at the horse-block, and Margaret said, "It is my mother." She glanced at her grandmother. "Mother has been to mill, sir," she volunteered to the soldier.

"Thou ridest thine own grist to mill, eh?" he said, with returning good humor. Then, as the dame put out her hand for the heavy sack, he suddenly strode down to the garden gate, and, sweeping a low bow to the startled woman, said, "May I not put this on the kitchen floor for thee, or in the stable?"

Mrs. Ross turned herself to Dobs's bridle to hide the deadly whiteness of her face. The soldier stood there, smiling cheerfully.

"If thou wilt put the flour on the kitchen floor, I will thank thee. It is much courtesy from a stranger. I knew not that my roof entertained a guest of thy coat," she said at length.

"Nay, I 'm not of thy convictions," laughed the soldier, laying the sack upon his scarlet shoulder; "but my mother taught me courtesy to a woman ere the king taught me soldiering."

Margaret met her mother upon the thresh-old. "I am so glad thou art come," she said, mutely reading her face, as she laid her hand on her mother's bonnet-strings to undo them. "I feared I should not get to Cicely's to keep birthday tea with her. Mother, our guest is a wayfaring soldier." She looked at him apologetically for this poor introduction.

The dame felt the scrutiny of a keen pair of eyes fixed upon her face.

"Madam," he said, "my errand is to ask a question. Hast thou seen a lad on a roan horse riding by thy doorway?"

"Which way should the lad have been riding?" asked the dame, tying on her house-apron; "for, though the highway is a broad one, it leads as easily to Elizabethtown as to Morristown. Riders choose both ways to do their galloping. Dost thou take us for Tories, to ask us such a question? I wonder at thee!"

The soldier laughed restlessly. "I was not built to prowl in cottage gardens," he said uneasily, picking up his whip from the floor.

Margaret had slipped out and tethered Old Dobs to the pear-tree. Now she came in by the back porch door, calmly carrying her potted crimson tulip.

"Mother," she said, placing the flower upon the table and reaching for her straw bonnet, "'t is late to visit Cicely, but I think I will go, as I promised. I see shower-caps rising out of the west, and I want to get the tulip there before the rain."

"'T is a bonny flower," said the soldier, lifting the pot and sniffing the blossom. "Dost thou ride to a birthday feast?"

"Only to carry a token to a friend," she replied, looking wistfully up at him, standing there with the tulip in his arms.

The dame had assented to Margaret's request, and now sat down to her knitting. A waft of cool, scented mountain air suddenly swayed the white curtain of a west window. "I sniff a shower in that breeze," said Margaret. "Sir, I must go. Good day to you"; and she reached for her flower.

"Not so fast," he said, smiling quizzically upon her. "I must go, too. I shall seek no further in this town. My question seems like saying, 'Dilly, Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed.' Whither ridest thou, little hostess — north or south? If north, I beg to go with thee. My horse is tethered back of the church."

"I go north, sir," said Margaret, her eyes resting on the flower, which drooped now on the soldier's broad breast as he still retained it in his arms.

"North? That is well. Wilt thou point out the turn to the Bloomfield road?" And he followed her down the garden pathway.

"Gladly," said Margaret, as she mounted nimbly to Old Dobs's back. "'T is only a bit beyond the mill road. Sir, I can carry my tulip now."

"Thou wilt not have a redcoat cavalier, eh, to bear it for thee?" he said, laughing, as he delivered the precious pot into her outstretched hand.

Margaret grasped it, a wave of intense relief following the tension of uncertainty of the last few minutes. She pulled Dobs's bridle with a lighter heart, when a loud whinny in the little stable beyond suddenly broke the stillness.

The soldier turned his head and listened. In the swift action lay so shrewd a suspicion that the little heart beating behind the flower-pot stood almost still, but the serene look in Margaret's eyes never wavered.

"I fear we shall soon have a shower," she said, calmly meeting the soldier's gaze. "'Dapple' is whinnying, for he feels the thunder. Come, Dobs, thou must do thine errand briskly, if thou wouldst not have a wet skin."

She nodded to her mother and grandmother, and the soldier took a gallant leave of them; then together they disappeared up the road in a cloud of sifting golden dust.

The busy hoppers of the old mill hummed and sung in the afternoon stillness. Cicely Halsey had moved her flax-wheel into a little arbor back in the mill garden, whence she could overlook the stable-yard and Ford, who was sitting in a doorway, booted and spurred.

Suddenly up the road came Margaret riding, Old Dobs taking long, surprised strides, such as stirred in his dull brain certain memories of his youth. With flushed cheeks and shining eyes, Margaret ran up the garden path, and, bursting into the little arbor, flung the tulip upon the table.

"Where is Ford?" she cried. "Will he ride, Cicely? Will he ride?"

"Will he ride?" said Cicely, in astonishment. "He has been booted and spurred this half-hour, and waits but the papers. Did not thy mother tell thee?"

Margaret shook her head, and then, without a word, wrenched the tulip from the pot.

"Why, now!" exclaimed Cicely. "What art thou doing? That is my crimson tulip thou art tumbling from the pot! Is that the way—"

But Margaret was running stable-ward with the stalkless bulb and a packet in her hands, leaving Cicely speechless with dismay, surveying the dying flower and the heap of dirt.

Ford, getting the papers, simply looked inside the bulb, and, with a shrewd, intelligent nod to Margaret, slipped it into his pocket, mounted his horse, and rode away. Margaret swung the barred gate behind him, and turned, to find Cicely at her elbow. A long, distant roll of thunder sounded in the west. A gust of wind swept the garden, and puffed fragrantly into Margaret's face. She turned to Cicely.

"Thank God, Ford is gone!" she said. "The English evidently have learned that a messenger was sent with important news to Morristown. More likely they also know of Mahlon's hurt. A redcoat, looking, as I feared, for his hiding-place, came to the house this afternoon. I thought he would search the place, and so I hid the papers in thy flower, knowing I could get Grandpap Davis to ride with them to thee, if worst came to worst. Now I fear their return to take my brother prisoner. They will if they find him. Nay, do not look so frightened, Cicely. I saved the papers, and I must save Mahlon. I saw a look in the soldier's eyes when Dapple whinnied! The very roan he was so keen to find! Thou seest I must pace it home, dear."

Dobs, wounded and puzzled at his mistress's heartless urging of his lazy old legs, almost galloped to the home door, and the thunder rolled and muttered. A grayness had quenched the afternoon light, and the hush that preludes the storm lay over house and garden as Margaret entered the kitchen.

"Ford is well on the way, and the papers with him," she said, in answer to her mother's anguished glance. "The soldier did not ride off with the tulip. But I fear he will return. We must hide Mahlon in Grandpap Davis's old sugar-house, across the huckleberry swamp, and tie Dapple in the clearing. Rain or not, ill or not, Mahlon must go."

With the first big drops of the rain the little train set out across the fields, and as it poured down faster and faster, all traces of Dapple's hoofs were washed from the dusty pathway they had taken. In an hour the sick lad was under cover and the shower had passed.

The garden lay sweet and damp and dripping in the evening twilight, and Margaret was stooping to raise and bind back some storm-beaten sprays of a rose-bush, when at the gate five redcoat horsemen drew rein.

Margaret dropped her hammer in the mold. Inside the doorway the grandmother never ceased her knitting, and upon the porch appeared the dame's quiet figure. The soldier of the afternoon came up the path, with his companions following him. Margaret's first keen glance at him showed how entirely he had

become simply an English soldier in discharge of his duty.

"I learn that the rider whom I seek lieth ill in this cottage," he said sternly. "Dame, I must search this dwelling."

"T is easy to war on women," she said, sighing.

The soldier glanced at Margaret. "They shall do no more than is needful," he promised.

"I did not find thy brother," he said gravely, "and perchance thou knowest why. If his hurt was slight, no doubt he rides to Morristown. Thou art a brave little woman. Wilt thou bid me good night?" He put out his hand, and Margaret took it heartily.

The despatches reached General Washington in safety from Ford's hand, as he was about to



"DAME, I MUST SEARCH THIS DWELLING," HE SAID STERNLY."

They clanked their way across the kitchen floor. The rough soldier voices rose and fell, and then she heard her mother's quiet, clear tones. Both stalls in the stable were empty, for Dobs was out in the pasture with Grandpapa Davis's old roadster. The hay where Mahlon lay Margaret's own arms had retossed. The fireflies began to twinkle in the garden ere the search was given up.

Then the soldiers rounded the house corner, and Margaret, sitting on the step, arose. The tall soldier stopped, while his companions strolled on to the gate, plucking flowers.

journey to Springfield, and Mahlon, recovering, soon rode Dapple back to his post.

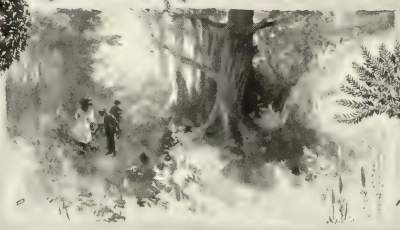
Three years later Margaret stood beside her brother in New York City and watched the British troops leaving the country. Suddenly in the marching ranks a soldier caught sight of her sober little face, and a bright smile of recognition brought an answering flash to her face.

It was the tall redcoat; and Margaret's friendly little hand waving to him as he left her shores gave token that kinship of heart wiped out remembrance of that sharp peril which had rent in twain the bulb of the crimson tulip.

NATURE AND SCIENCE



TRAILING CHRISTMAS GREEN.



BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW.

LOOKING FOR THE CLUB-MOSSES IN THE JULY WOODS.



GROUND-PINE.



SHAKING THE EXPLOSIVE SPORES INTO A FLAME.

THE CLUB-MOSSES.

DURING strolls in the very warm days of midsummer it is pleasant to seek the dense forests, where the ground is cool and moist, and to search in the tangled thickets of the side-hills at the margin of a swamp. Here may often be found the beautiful club-mosses familiar to us also as "ground-pine" and "Christmas green." This last name often designates such members of the family of club-mosses as are used for Christmas decorations, but the term ground-pine is seldom applied to any but one known to botanists as the *Lycopodium obscurum*. The club-shaped parts of the plants bear spores, which are to this plant what the seeds are to higher forms of plants. The very small sulphur-yellow spores are many, and seek even too close acquaintance with us by coloring yellow our hands and our clothes. Where many of the club-shaped spore-stems grow among leaves, our shoes will be quickly covered with the yellow dust. The spores are readily inflammable and slightly ex-

plosive from the abundant oil they contain. While all books on botany tell us this fact, comparatively few persons know of the singularly explosive properties of the yellow dust-like powder, and that it is used extensively



WATCHING THE FIREWORKS. (CLUB-MOSS SPORES ARE USED EXTENSIVELY IN COLORED FIRES, ROCKETS, ETC.)



THE LYCOPODIUM SPORES PREVENT THE WATER FROM WETTING THE FINGERS.

in making colored fires and other fireworks. Druggists use the powder to put in pill-boxes with pills, as it is not affected by moisture, and thus prevents the pills from sticking to one another. Powdered licorice is sometimes used for the same purpose, but lycopodium is considered preferable. For five cents about a half-ounce may be secured at a drug-store, and its resis-

tance to moisture and its inflammability may be easily shown. Fill a tumbler two thirds full of water and pour a little of the powder on the water. Then put your finger in the water down to the bottom of the tumbler, and your finger will not be wet. The powder goes down around the finger, preventing it from becoming wet, even if held quite a long time in the water. To test the inflammability of the spores, rap one of the club-moss heads that we have found in the woods over a lighted match or candle, or put upon a sheet of paper a very small amount of that obtained from the druggist, and then pour these few grains into a candle-flame.

Thus our club-moss, giving us both Christmas greens and fireworks, is seen to be closely connected with our two important holidays — Christmas and Fourth of July.

BOYS AND HORNETS' NESTS.

THE very mention of hornets' nests fills the heart of every country boy with dread, delight, and—fight. For some unknown reason, a hornets' nest brings into action every bit of a boy's fighting nature. It is but fair to say that the hornets are always ready to meet him in the



OUTSIDE VIEW OF HORNETS' NEST.

same spirit, and the boy often gets the worst of the combat.

But why this desire to injure the hornets? They are harmless, especially at a distance.

And why should we seek to destroy the hornets and their curious home, which has been well called "a real palace of paper"?

I remember how I was once rebuked for my



THE CELLS IN THE HORNETS' NEST.

boyish love of destruction. I had returned from a tramp in the woods with several companions, and was telling with delight how we had "smashed a big hornets' nest," when a lady who was visiting my mother said:

"So you 'smashed a hornets' nest.' Now let me tell you a story about a hornets' nest."

Of course I was ready to listen, so I remained very quiet while she related to me about watching the hornets:

"I was sitting in my room in our little cottage, one spring morning, when I noticed a number of hornets flying about the closed window. Watching them through the glass, I saw they were building a nest on my window-sill. Now, as I am too old



THE HORNET, LIFE SIZE.

to do much work about the house, I had plenty of time to watch these busy little creatures, and the other members of the family soon learned not to disturb 'grandma's pets.'

"Day after day for several weeks I watched my industrious little builders. I saw them bring

small bits of soft and decayed wood, chew it until it was pulpy, and from this make the wonderful little paper cells in which their young would be hatched. This part of their work took time, because the little creatures made several rows of the cells, the whole home being about the size of a saucer, and there were hundreds of cells in each row.

"After they completed the inner cells, they made the wonderful outside roof-covering to protect the baby hornets from the weather and from birds and other enemies. Oh, how they worked!—so steadily, so quietly, without quarrelling or shirking, each anxious to do his full duty. Finally the whole wonderful nest was finished, and the cells were filled with eggs. Through a hole or doorway the old hornets went in and out.

"I wondered what was going on inside their home, so I watched them very carefully, and after some time I noticed they were bringing little spiders, flies, and other small insects to the nest. Then I knew the eggs were hatched, and they were busy feeding the hundreds of hungry mouths. How they worked to feed that large family!

"When the frosts of early autumn came, the hornets all disappeared, except a few who remained to form a new colony next spring; and I took the nest into my room, where it yet hangs to remind me how patiently all creatures labor and care for their young."

F. ALEX. LUCAS.

FIREWORKS FROM THE MUD.

THOSE of our readers who are fond of wading will probably remember that sometimes, when wading in water with a soft, muddy bottom, they have seen large bubbles rise out of the mud. This is also likely to happen when rowing in shallow, muddy ponds surrounded by bogs of moss.

If you will carry matches the next time you go wading in such places, and will touch a lighted match to any one of these bubbles, it will burn with a little pop. You can often get more bubbles by thrusting a stick into the mud. In large quantities the gas is very explosive, but such a small quantity is harmless. This is

the same gas as the terrible fire-damp that causes explosions in coal-mines.

It accumulates wherever vegetable matter rots under water, as in other places where the air is shut out. For example, it is formed plentifully in brooks and rivers where sawdust has settled in large quantities.

A few years ago the Boston papers gave extended accounts of a great find of natural gas at Brattleboro, Vermont. The sawdust from the hundreds of mills along the Connecticut River and its branches had settled in a quiet



APPLYING A LIGHTED MATCH TO THE EXPLOSIVE BUBBLES.

place in the river, and in decaying gave off so much gas that people became excited about it. Natural gas and coal were probably made in some such way from leaves, wood, moss, and

other vegetable matter, only deeper down in the earth; for what is left after the gas is given off from the sawdust or the peat-moss is black, and, in the case of peat, will burn when dry.

A. J. GROUT.

HOW THE STARFISH EATS AN OYSTER.

THE oyster when at home lives in a hard lime shell which nicely protects him from the attack of enemies. Man, with his tools, can

two shells of the oyster are held together by a hinge which is opened by a spring. The spring is so adjusted that the shells will be pushed open unless they are held together by the muscles. Some scientists tell us that, after the starfish has held the oyster for a while, the oyster opens its shell in order to get food, and the starfish, that has been waiting for this, now injects into the shell a little reddish liquid. This acts as a poison, paralyzing the muscles and thus making it impossible for the animal to



STARFISH ATTACKING AN OYSTER, CLASPING ITS ARMS AROUND IT.

open the shell and remove the soft animal, but besides man the oyster has few foes. Oddly enough, his greatest foe is not, as might be expected, an animal with powerful jaws and strong teeth, but one wholly without jaws. It is the common starfish, so common everywhere at the sea-shore.

Now, the starfish is a soft, flexible creature, very sluggish, seemingly helpless, and utterly unable to attack such an animal as the oyster. Its mouth, which is in the center of the disk, has no teeth or jaws. How can such a helpless creature open the formidable oyster-shell, and get at the animal concealed within?

Its method of doing so is odd enough. It first clasps the oyster in its arms, wrapping its five arms around the shell tightly, as shown in the figure. Having thus seized the oyster, it quietly waits. Just exactly what happens next even our scientists do not exactly know. The

close its shell. Others tell us that the process is simpler, and that the starfish simply holds the shells tightly together until the oyster is smothered. As soon as it is stupefied by the suffocation, the muscles relax, and the shell opens.

Whichever of these two accounts is true, it is certain that after a little the oyster-shells fly open. Now comes the oddest feature of all. The stomach of the starfish is very large and elastic, and it is now thrown out of the animal's mouth much as one would turn a bag inside out. This stomach is then thrust within the oyster-shell, and wrapped around the soft animal, beginning at once to digest it. The starfish does not take the trouble even to remove the oyster from its shell, digesting it in its own home, and eventually crawling away, leaving behind the gaping, empty shell.

H. W. CONN.

A PLANT THAT KEEPS A SERVANT.

In this picture is shown a very curious plant, the Indian pipe. Did you ever hear of a plant keeping a servant to do work for it? Well, the Indian pipe keeps one. Sometime when



THE INDIAN PIPE.

you are in the woods where this plant is growing, dig up one, and you will see that its roots are short, thick, and all in a bunch. Now, the servant lives in these roots, and it is a plant, too. But it is a very minute plant called a fungus, and this fungus is so small that we cannot see it without the aid of a microscope. This fungus servant is like tiny threads, and it grows into the roots of the Indian pipe.

At first one might think that the Indian pipe had no leaves, but by looking closely we see that it has small pointed scales, white or pink in color, attached where we might expect the leaves. In fact, these are the leaves, though they look so different from the green leaves which we are accustomed to see on most trees and flowers. Some one may ask what these funny leaves on the Indian pipe are for. Well, we do not know that they are of any use to the plant — at least we do know that the leaves of the Indian pipe cannot do the work for it which the green leaves of trees and flowers do for them.

Plants with green leaves can make their own starch food. With the help of sunlight they make starch from one of the gases in the air,

which becomes mixed with the water in the leaves. The Indian pipe plant needs starch food, just as all plants do; but since it has no leaf-green, it cannot make its own starch. The fungus servant in its roots can get the starch food very easily from the decaying leaves in the ground. Some of this it turns over to the Indian pipe, and perhaps takes some other food in return from its master.

Very few green plants can take starch food through their roots without help. Many of them also have these fungus servants in their roots, the same as this Indian pipe, so that they get their starch food in two ways. This is so with a large number of the orchids, with the oaks, and other trees at times. These plants have not yet lost their green color. Others — for example, pine-sap, the pine-drops, coral-root orchid, etc. — have lost their leaf-green, and at the same time have fungus servants in their roots, or can take the starch food through their roots without any help.

GEORGE F. ATKINSON.

THE FIRE-CRACKER BUTTERFLY.

If you have ever chased a butterfly, you know how well it is fitted to escape from its enemies by swift flight and skill in dodging. Just as



THE AGERONIA BUTTERFLY, THAT MAKES A SNAPPING NOISE LIKE A SMALL FIRE-CRACKER.

you dash the net in full confidence of capture, you are surprised to see it far away in the field or high in air, perhaps among the topmost

branches of a tree, if you are butterfly-hunting in or at the edge of a forest.

A butterfly in South America, known to the naturalists as the *Ageronia*, makes a loud snapping noise when flying, so that we may well call it the fire-cracker butterfly. It pop-pops and snap-snaps in quite a startling manner as it flies here and there, and thus is not only able to get away from its enemies, but to frighten them away. Apparently the butterfly is noisy the greater part of the time, not so much for

protection as for enjoyment in the popping, like a boy on Fourth of July with fire-crackers.

You see, the closer and more extensively we study even the smaller members of the animal kingdom, the more we find that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and that the birds, butterflies, insects, etc., seem in some respects very much like human beings.

Discovering all these queer habits and traits of our little friends in the fields and forests makes the study of nature so intensely interesting.

RESULTS OF THE VOTING FOR FAVORITES.

PREFERENCES AND PRIZE LETTERS.

ANNOUNCEMENT of voting for favorites, with prize offers, was made on page 457 of the March number. Very interesting letters were

Every letter has been carefully considered and votes correctly recorded. The number of favorites voted on was surprisingly large, showing that general favoritism is not confined to a very few things. The "candidates" represented



THE DEER RECEIVED THE HIGHEST NUMBER OF VOTES AMONG FOUR-FOOTED ANIMALS.

received from all sections of the United States and several foreign countries. The largest number received from any city or town was seventy-one letters and eighty-four drawings from Elmira, New York.

were forty-two birds, twenty-seven four-footed animals, forty flowers, and twenty-one insects.

The choices were as follows:

Birds: First, the robin; second, the woodpecker; and third, the Baltimore oriole.

Four-footed animals: First, the deer; second, the squirrel; third, the rabbit.

Flowers: First, the trailing arbutus; second, the violet; third, the wild rose.

Insects: First, the honey-bee; second, the butterfly; third, the ant.

The writer of this letter also tells why she likes the violet the best of all the flowers. The prize awarded is "Familiar Life in Field and Forest," by F. Schuyler Matthews, which contains a very interesting and well-illustrated chapter regarding the deer and their habits.



THE SQUIRREL IS SECOND CHOICE IN FAVORITES OF FOUR-FOOTED ANIMALS.

PRIZE LETTERS.

In accord with the offers the following letters received prizes, as stated with each, for best statements of personal observation and reasons for the preferences.

REGARDING THE DEER.

706 WEST END AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like the deer best of all wild animals, although it lives and is hunted for its flesh and hide in nearly every country except South Africa and Australia. It seems a shame to kill these beautiful creatures. They have such a pretty form, and there is such an innocent, gentle look about their soft, brown eyes. Their legs are slender and look delicate, but bear them swiftly and gracefully over the ground.

The deer hide themselves so skilfully among the trees, bushes, and dried leaves that it is only skilled hunters, with the help of their hounds, that can find the deer. Another thing that I have noticed is that they carry their head and antlers with rather proud but pretty air. The hair of the little deer or fawns is fine and silky. I have seen hunters bring home the deer they have killed, and I could not look at them. I do not see how a hunter could raise his gun to shoot one.

I am your loving reader,

MARGARET MARSH.

(Age 12 years.)

reminded me of a strong but plain and simple man who tries to do his part in the world, content.

(Age 15 years.)

The rest of the letter tells of the violet, arbutus, bobolink, and luna-moth. The prize awarded is a botanical collecting-case.

LAURA WILLARD PLATT.

ST. NICHOLAS, CRICKETS, AND HAPPY HOMES.

SOUTH HAMILTON STREET,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For the first choice of an insect as an emblem of ST. NICHOLAS, I should choose the cricket. The principal reason is that the cricket is or might be considered a sign of a happy home, and as ST. NICHOLAS generally goes to one, the two might both be signs of peacefulness and happiness. Dickens must have thought so when he wrote "The Cricket on the Hearth." Who could say that as those English villagers sat beside a roaring fire, made in the old-fashioned fireplace, and heard the



THE COTTON-TAIL RABBIT. THIRD CHOICE.

"IN CLOVER."

PINE KNOLL, GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My first choice in flowers is the red clover. It is so sweet, and yet so sturdy and strong-looking. It is very useful, as all know, for the horse, the cow, the sheep, as well as the wild rabbit, love to eat it; and even we human beings speak of "being in clover," when especially delighted. Then it grows so abundantly everywhere, and its heads when perfect are so round and closely packed; not like the white clover, which is very often rather "straggly." It means "industry," which I think would be a very good emblem. It has always re-

cricket chirping cheerfully on the hearth, they were not the happiest family at that moment? As the family sit around the fireplace watching the children hang up their stockings and hearing them talk about what old St. Nicholas will bring them during the night, perhaps they hear the cricket's cheerful chirping above the crackling of the fire. Somehow, ever afterward there is a



THE HOUSE-CRICKET.

connection between St. Nicholas and the cricket. And so I think, even if the cricket does not work and toil as does the bee, it will be the best emblem for our magazine.

ELIOT D. ATWATER.

(Age 13 years.)

Place the crickets under a bell-glass or tumbler, with one edge on a bit of wood to allow circulation of air. Give them bread or moistened cracker to eat. Do not keep over twenty-four hours. A folding-net, with jointed bamboo handles and nickel trimmings, has been sent to the writer of this letter. May he catch many crickets and other interesting insects, and enjoy ST. NICHOLAS!

REASONS FOR PREFERRING THE WOOD-THRUSH.

FRANCES LANE, WALNUT HILLS,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The wood-thrush I like for its beautiful song, gentleness, and for its usefulness.

There is something very elegant and refined about every movement of the wood-thrush. It eats its grubs and worms so daintily that it is a pleasure to watch it. The song of the thrush is beautiful in the extreme. There is no vivacity in it, but there is a serenity and ethereality in its pure liquid tones that is found in few if any other birds.

(Age 15 years.)

The same letter also well describes the good qualities of the writer's second and third favorites—the Baltimore oriole and the flicker. The prize awarded to Miss Worthington is a

THE VEERY IS ONE OF THE SWEETEST
SINGERS OF THE THRUSH FAMILY.

LILY C. WORTHINGTON.

copy of Florence Merriam Bailey's "Birds of Field and Village."

HONORARY MENTION.

May Putnam, Jamestown, Rhode Island, interesting essay on robins.

Richard Dillon, 240 Garfield Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois, good essay on bees.

Allen Finlay, Fort Edward, New York, excellent description of the pansy.

Annie C. Goddard, Morristown, New Jersey, tells of watching squirrels and butterflies.

Helena Haffaker, Gray Horse, Oklahoma, tells of raccoon, mocking-bird, ants, and a pet wolf.

Dorothy I. Smith, 4725 Grand Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois, good descriptions of several favorites.

Margaret Conklin, Marquette, Michigan, for description and observations of the cedar waxwing.

Helen Dorothy Graves, 486 Forest Avenue, River Forest, Illinois, for several interesting observations.

Mary J. Mapes, Highland Park, Montgomery, Alabama, states many observations and reasons for preferences.

Marjorie A. Larson, St. Augustine, Florida, for an extremely well-written letter telling of favorites and preferences.

Howard Smith, Pittsford, Vermont, shows appreciation of cedar waxwing, chickadee, violet, rabbit, and other favorites.

Irwin Priest, 12 Flint Street, Mansfield, Ohio, gives a long list of concisely stated reasons for preferring robin and song-sparrow.

Henry O. Peck, 62 Pomeroy Avenue, Pittsfield, Massachusetts, for excellent description of the song-sparrow, robin, and bluebird.

Earl R. Lavers, 324 Cattell Street, Easton, Pennsylvania, excellently describes observations and characteristics of the robin.

Marie H. Hankens, 2818 State Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, excellent observations and drawings of rabbit, robin, violet, and bee.

C. H. Bradley, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, sends interesting observations of many birds, four-footed animals, flowers, and insects.

Irene Crisler, 133 Thirtieth Street, Chicago, Illinois, who thinks the thistles the greatest seed-travelers, and the hermit-thrush the sweetest singer.

Isadore Douglas, Vintondale, Pennsylvania, tells of the squirrel, and thinks the goldenrod the best emblem, "because it is found everywhere—like ST. NICHOLAS."

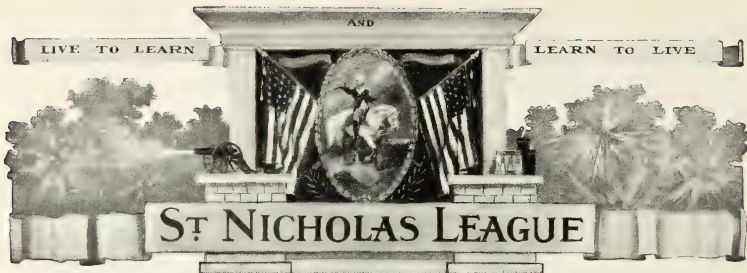
Helen Caton Culler (seven years old), 470½ East One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Street, New York City, for original observations of Baltimore oriole and ants.

Fisher Y. Rawlins, Oak Cliffe, Texas, has made good original observations of snowbird, frog, wasp, ant, etc. He is eight years old, and belongs to the B. B. B. ("Busy Bee Boys") Society.

Janet Ritchie, Brookline, Massachusetts, prefers the chickadee. "Several of my friends have tamed some chickadees so that they will come to the hand for something to eat in answer to a call."

Buelah Frank, 352 West One Hundred and Seventeenth Street, New York City, prefers wild flowers, and makes a good selection of favorites, stating reasons for preferences in a well-written letter.

Joe S. Beem, Marengo, Iowa, neat type-written statement of votes of the club of which he is secretary. Gives the following amusing and novel reason for preferring the red-headed woodpecker "because I can sympathize with it in having red hair."



No more the drifting snow piled deep—
Of frost and winter's chill no more;
The only winter, now, we keep
Shut in behind the ice-box door.

Up from behind the fringed mountain-top, the lifting sea, or the level green of the prairie, the red sun of July comes, fiery and merciless. Long before noon we are seeking a cool place in the shade, or hurrying down to the beach for a dip in the salt water. Everybody is saying "My! how hot it is!" and making a great to-do, when down in our hearts we know that we love this very heat, and all the ways of getting cool, and that we have been looking forward through the bleak winter and the backward spring, fondly and anxiously, to this very moment.

It is very hard not to be able to print all the good contributions that come. So many worthy poems, pictures, stories, and puzzles came for July that even the

roll of honor will not hold them all, while the selection for prizes and publication was far more difficult than ever before. The illustrated poem and story feature has proved most popular, and almost every one received was well worthy of publication. In fact, no member should be disappointed at one failure, or at ten failures. We should always be willing to face and surmount at least one failure for every year we have lived, and the reward for cheerful perseverance is sure. Some of those who have won prizes heretofore have failed this time, while some of those who have failed steadily since the beginning

have this month been rewarded with prizes, publication, or honorable mention. The League is a great school, in which every member who will may acquire the benefit that comes of worthy effort; and this is of more value, in the long run, than any badge, whether it be of gold or silver.



"THE GIANT CRACKER." BY CARRIE S. ORTH, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 7.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

POEM. Gold badge, Ethel Robinson (age 16), Canton, St. Lawrence County, New York.

Silver badges, Doris Francklyn (age 13), 15 Wash-

ington Square, New York City; and Warren Jennison Willis (age 10), Elysian, Minnesota.

PROSE. Gold badges, Irwin Priest (age 14), 12 Flint Street, Mansfield, Ohio; and Rose Wilder Terry (age 15), Englewood, New Jersey.

Silver badges, David M. Cheney (age 15), 50 South Street, Lynn, Massachusetts; and Laura Byrne (age 10), Ellicott City, Maryland.



"SUMMER FIELDS." BY ROBERT B. KING, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

DRAWING. Gold badges, Fred Carter (age 16), Crescent House, Peel Park, Bradford, England; and Elizabeth Norton (age 12), 135 Lincoln Park Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

Silver badges, Alice Appleton (age 16), 209 Angell Street, Providence, Rhode Island; Carol Bradley (age 13), 2221 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and Roger Stanton Norton (age 8), 5620 Washington Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

PHOTOGRAPH. Gold badges, Carrie S. Orth (age 17), 1011 L Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.; and Robert B. King (age 13), 21 Capitol Avenue, Hartford, Connecticut.

Silver badges, John Seley (age 15), Pocatello, Idaho; and Annie A. Dorman (age 12), 28 West Sixty-ninth Street, New York City.

PUZZLE. Gold badge, Jessie Dey (age 15), 121 Brewer Street, Norfolk, Virginia.

Silver badges, Ruth Allaire (age 13), Eighty-fourth Street near Twenty-third Avenue, Bensonhurst, Long Island; Herbert Allan Boas (age 11), 128 West Seventy-fourth Street, New York City; and Ellen Burdett McKee (age 13), 70 Court Street, Exeter, New Hampshire.



"WAITING." BY ANNIE A. DORMAN, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badge, Katherine Forbes Liddell (age 12), Montgomery, Alabama. Silver badge, C. B. Gottlieb, 2404 Eutaw Place, Baltimore, Maryland.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

ILLUSTRATED POEM. Gold badge, Besse Jenkins (age 15), 236 North and East Street, Washington Courthouse, Ohio.

Silver badge, M. Effie Lee (age 15), Wilberforce, Ohio.

ILLUSTRATED PROSE. Gold badge, Marjorie Beebe (age 9), 1154 East Long Street, Columbus, Ohio.

Silver badge, Caro Gregory (age 13), 717 Jefferson Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH. First, five dollars and gold badge, "Gopher," by Bessie Stowell (age 15), Valley City, North Dakota. Second, three dollars and gold badge, "Turkey-buzzards," by Theodore Pratt (age 12), 241 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Third, gold badge, "Sea-gulls," by Alfred W. Wotkins,



"AN INDIAN HOME." BY JOHN SELEY, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

Corner Bellefontaine Street and Orange Grove Avenue, Pasadena, California.

A FARM BOY'S SUMMER.

BY IRWIN PRIEST (AGE 14)

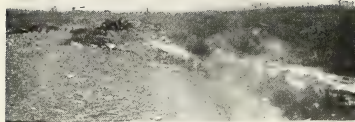
(Gold Badge.)

WHEN I was a little boy father often took me to the harvest-field with him. When I was tired he made me a seat by taking a sheaf out of the shady side of a shock and laying it on the ground in the place from which it was taken.

When I was seated in this golden seat, father would take between his hands a few heads of grain, and rub off the husk, then blow away the chaff. This grain I chewed and ate.

Here, in my shady seat, I would sit and watch the great reaper, drawn by two, three, or four horses, as it went round the field, cutting down the waving grain and binding it into yellow sheaves. The nest of the "bob-white" is often found in the wheat-field. Father was careful that it should not be harmed.

And I learned of the wheat-field that when shocks



"BUZZARDS." BY THEODORE PRATT, AGE 12.
(SECOND PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

stood close together the harvest was a big one; that when father said it was time for the rabbit to run, the field was nearly finished; that the pretty flower, the cockle, was an injury to the wheat.

In the pleasant summer evenings the family sat on the long porches that ran along either side of the house. Here we lounged in the hammock or sat on the floor or bench. Here we heard the croaking of the frogs and the hum of insects, perhaps the fall of water in the fountain. If there were enough young people, perhaps we played hide-and-seek here and in the yard.

From here we watched the fireflies, or chased out after the little spark that would go out and light again. Perhaps, after a chase over the cool, fresh grass, we would catch it under a broad-rimmed straw hat. We would put it in a bottle or tumbler, being careful to give it air. When it was time to go to bed, perhaps we did not let out the flies we had caught. Probably this was a bit cruel, but we did not think of that then.

IN SUMMER.

BY ROSE WILDER
TERRY (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

It is a bright summer afternoon, and the cloudless sky above is as blue as the rolling ocean beneath. Over the water white-winged sea-gulls are swiftly darting, sometimes almost touching the foam-crested waves, and then again flying far up into



"GULLS." BY ALFRED W. WOKYNS, AGE 15. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")



"WHO GOES THERE?" BY
KENT SHAFFER.

the heavens. The waves come pounding up on the beach, and breaking, send up long arms of white foam over the golden sands.

Here and there, scattered over the beach, are little groups of children with their nurses, digging in the sand and running races with the waves. It is a place loved by all little children, and seldom visited by any one else, except by the kindly faced

poet, who used to wander by the rolling ocean, seeking thoughts and inspiration.

Here, down near the waterside, is a little mound of sand, surmounted with shells and seaweed. It was made to-day by a little child who is going away to-morrow. "You will stay here till I come back next summer, won't you?" she had whispered, as she softly patted down the little heap of sand, and then had run away, in happy, childlike faith.

Then, too, there are some brawny fishermen launching their boat as they prepare to go out. They are surrounded



"PRISONERS." BY HENRY G. HOLD, AGE 12.

by an eager little crowd, who watch them with longing admiration.

But already the sun creeps lower to its setting, and the children begin to go home. A soft purple light spreads over the sky, and the waves whisper more softly as they run up on the sands. The man from the life-saving station, who patrols the shore all the night, comes slowly up the beach, and stops to speak to the few lingering nurses and children. Then they too are gone, and all is silent.

Softly darkness falls upon the ocean, covering it with its dusky mantle. Then, from behind a cloud, the moon comes forth and lets fall her silver light upon the sea.

And as the first moonbeam touches the water, the waves, running up, wash away the little mound of sand.

TO MY COUNTRY.

BY ETHEL ROBINSON (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

I WOULD not have thee great on land and sea,
Nor proud, nor reveling in ruddy gold.

I care not for renown or history old,
For empires proud have ruled with harsh decree,
And in the progress of eternity

Have burst like bubbles. Swelling armies bold
And splendid pomp I care not to behold,
Nor greedy wealth, nor sensual luxury.

But oh, my country, I would ask for thee
A brimming measure of that sacred fire
That, breathed upon the earth, insureth light
And peace and joy; and stainless liberty

I ask, and sweet content, and motives higher,
And citizens whose strength is truth and right.

SUMMER.

BY LAURA BYRNE (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

In summer we have many outdoor pleasures. We can go riding and driving and swimming, and take long walks through the woods.



"LIONESS." FROM LIFE. BY ELIZABETH NORTON, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

In summer the house is no account. We have a woods back of our house that belongs to us. I love to go there and lie in the hammock and watch the squirrels as they jump from tree to tree, making their little call.

They get a nut and run up a tree as fast as their little legs can take them, sit on a limb and eat it, using their front feet like hands.

Seeing them so light and graceful about a tree, you would scarcely believe they would be less so on the ground. But they are, for they really do not run at all, but hop or jump like a rabbit.

Then the birds singing and flying around, so busy getting food for their babies! They are feeding them all the time. It seems as if they never get enough.

In summer, if you lie under a tree and look straight up, you will notice that it is almost impossible to see through the leaves to the sky; but in winter, with the leaves all gone, it is so bare and bleak that you can see miles and miles up.

It is a delight to be out of doors in summer. Even the rain is delicious. It is so warm and fresh, like a shower-bath.

At night, when the day is done, we go out on the south porch, where we can see the moon shining so bright and lovely, throwing its soft beams across the lawn and on the flowers.

Sometimes papa, who is a doctor, will tell us a story about some little poor child he has seen that day, who has no pretty lawn, or flowers, or ST. NICHOLAS.

This makes me sad. When everything is so beautiful, I would like to think that everybody was happy.

THE LEGEND OF THE ROYAL BIRD.

BY DAVID M. CHENEY (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

FAR in the south lived a bird whose beauty and rareness of voice were famed through all the world

Many had tried to capture him, to deprive him of his joyous freedom in the woodland, to banish him forever from those flowered hills and green mossy banks that he loved. No one had succeeded.

Alas! there came a hoary-bearded hunter who had dwelt in the bosom of nature all his life, but who, for all that, was cruel, bloodthirsty, and avaricious. Well versed was he in all the arts of the hunter, and he would catch the "Bird of the South" if any one could. He succeeded.

Away from the land of his birth, away from all that he loved, far into a strange, cold country. It was summer, and yet it seemed as cold to him as the coldest winter day seems to us who live in the north.

With drooping feathers and piteous cry the bird was taken before the king.

"Thou art indeed a right royal bird!" cried the king; for he had

not believed the reports

about the bird. Ever afterward the bird was known as the "Royal Bird."

Now, although the king's heart was hard, he had a little golden-haired daughter whose heart was



"THE FIRST MEETING." BY MARY BALDWIN.



"FISH BAIT." BY EMILY STORER, AGE 13.



"COLLIE PUPS." BY REYNOLD A. SPAETH, AGE 13.

not. When she beheld the Royal Bird she begged the king to give him to her. Her soft little heart saw his sufferings, saw how he longed for the home of his birth.

"He is thine," said the king.

Taking the cage in her little white hands, she raised the door, crying as she did so: "Little bird, thou art free to go whither thou wilt."

He fluttered his wings, and stepped out into the palm of



"EASTER LILIES." BY ALICE APPLETON, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

her hand; he cocked his head, and sent a swift, grateful glance at the princess, and then, with a burst of song such as he had never given before, he flew upward.

He soared upward, singing as if he would burst his throat. On, on, toward the clouds, on toward the deep blue sky, now touched by the magic hand of God and setting sun. On past the rosy, sunset-tinted clouds. Upward he winged his way, until, singing, he soared into the depths of heaven; and there, forevermore, he will sing his song to the angels.



"ROVER." (SEE THE STORY BELOW.)

SATURDAY AT GRANDMA'S.

BY MARJORIE BEEBE (AGE 9).

(Gold Badge Illustrated Story.)

ONE bright May morning, Elsie Hill was sitting on the shady porch, wishing she had something to do. Just then she saw the postman waving a letter that proved to be for her, from grandma, who wanted her to come and spend the day with her.

Mama put an old dress and a sunbonnet in a small bag, papa took her to the station, and a half-hour's ride brought her to the cross-roads where grandma was waiting for her with the horses and hay-wagon. This was a jolly ride for Elsie, and grandma was delighted to see her.

There were so many things to be done! She patted the noses of the horses and cows, fed the rabbits with cabbage-leaves and the kittens with milk, and took some bread to the dear, downy ducklings that were just learning to swim.

She heard some one whistling for Rover, and, running back, saw grandma putting a ladder by one side of the house. He said: "Rover, go up there." But Rover

had to do a good deal of barking and growling before he would climb the ladder, and Elsie had to coax hard to get him down.

Rover was very sorry to see grandma bringing out a chair, a bonnet, a pair of glasses, and a pipe. Grandma told him to get on the chair and be a good dog. He looked very mournful, but sat still while he wore them. How Elsie laughed at him!

Next, grandma told Uncle Frank to bring out the tandem and give Rover a ride. Now, Rover hated this trick more than any other, and scolded dog-fashion all the way. He nearly wagged his tail off when he was allowed to get down, and barked with joy when Uncle Frank led out old horse Jack, for he dearly loved to ride on his back, holding the reins in his mouth.

After she had seen Rover do all of his tricks, grandma said: "Come to dinner, Elsie," and after telling Rover he was the best dog in the world, she went in to a dinner such as only grandmas know how to cook.

The day's pleasure came to an end all too soon, and grandma took her to the station. Elsie waved her hand to grandma till the tall bushes by the roadside hid her from sight.

THE CAPTIVITY OF REYNARD.

BY SPENCER JUDD SEARLS (AGE 13).

"HERE is where our ducks have gone—right in this hole. There is the old drake's wing. There must be young foxes here. Robert, you go down and tell Felix to bring up two spades, and you bring up a sack and the rifle. The old fox may be around."

The above discovery was made in the middle of what was called the "ten-acre lot," across the creek from the house and barns of Mossy Point Farm. So it came to pass that Reynard and his brother and sister, who were then about three months old, were aroused from their afternoon nap by the sound of digging overhead. Soon Reynard saw that the diggers had reached the entrance to the nest. He made a dash at the man's foot which appeared at the opening. The spade descended on his head, and he knew no more.



"REYNARD." (SEE STORY.)

When he came to himself he was in a small cage in a barn. In a few minutes a boy came in and fed him some meat. He then found he could not move his hind legs. He was soon put outside the barn, where he could get fresh air. For several nights, in answer to Reynard's bark, his mother called to him from across the creek. At last, finding she could not entice him away, with dismal yelps she retreated up the glen. She never returned, nor was her son ever heard to bark again.

It was some time before Reynard recovered the use of his hind legs, paralyzed by the blow on his head. When entirely well he was secured by a collar and chain and placed in a large cage, where he lived for almost a year, and, although never quite tame, became the wonder of the neighborhood.



"SUGAR." BY FANNY R. PORTER, AGE 12.

A LESSON FROM NATURE.



"THE LITTLE BROOK FLOWS SWIFTLY."

BY GEORGE FRANKLIN KRAUSE (AGE 16).

'T is summer in the country,
And the scent of new-mown hay
Comes drifting o'er the meadows
Throughout the sunny day.

The cattle in the pasture
Lift up their drowsy heads;
The sheep go slowly homeward
A-bleating to their sheds.

THE STRICKEN TREE.

BY CARO GREGORY (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

FOR many years two willow-trees grew side by side in the yard of a city home. Every year found them taller



"THE STRICKEN TREE."

and stronger, until their branches touched each other, completely shading the little yard in which they stood.

Birds nested in their branches, and book-loving girls and boys found cozy nooks in the big boughs. Little children played in their shade in the sand-piles, and hammocks swung invitingly between their huge trunks. But one day a great mishap befell one of these trees. During a thunder-storm a bolt of lightning shattered its noble branches into thousands of pieces, and left the bark hanging in ribbons. It was an awe-inspiring sight. Hundreds of people came to view the ruin wrought by the storm.

The summer passed away, and in the fall the woodman came with his ax and felled the remains of the stricken tree, and thus ended the long companionship of two noble trees.

The other still stands alone, facing the winds and storms, and though every spring it puts forth a foliage of green leaves, the children playing beneath its branches

The crying of the blackbird
Keëchoes through the wood,
Where all the trees are covered
With a brightly varied hood.

The little brook flows swiftly,
With many a rill and bend,
And all their stored-up fragrance
The flowers to us send.



"THE SHEEP GO BLEATING HOMEWARD."

look up at it tenderly and lovingly, as if it needed more sympathy in its loneliness.

A REMARKABLE HAIL-STORM.

BY PHILIP MACBRIDE (AGE 13).

ON May 5, 1894, Iowa City suffered from one of the most severe hail-storms ever known. Many of the hail-stones were larger than a silver dollar. They weighed from four to six ounces, and some were nine inches in circumference.

The wind was from the west, and at first the hail was small; but in the course of fifteen minutes it grew much larger, and inside of half an hour every western window was broken, tin roofs were punctured, and shutters and wood-work badly shattered.

Soon, however, the hail changed to rain, and the water, running through the holes in the roof, flooded many of the houses of the city. The total damage was estimated at seventy-five thousand dollars.

The crops of the farmers were ruined. The birds lay dead on the ground, and their nests were knocked from the trees.

One gentleman was caught in the storm while riding in his carriage. Luckily it was a covered one, but his hands were badly beaten, and the horse was almost killed. Some enterprising citizens enjoyed themselves by using the hail-stones to make sherbet and to cool lemonade. They gathered the hail from the flat roofs which were on many buildings.



HAILSTONES LARGER THAN DOLLARS.



"THE ALAMO." (SEE POEM.)

THE ALAMO.

BY MARGARET DOANE GARDINER (AGE 16).

(Miss Gardiner won gold badge for poem in May.)

I STROLLED beneath the blinding sun that beamed on
 San Antonio,
 And wandered to the little square, the plaza of the
 Alamo.
 No need to tell me that these walls had rung with
 shout and battle-cry!
 No need to say this ruined fort had seen, had known,
 how heroes die!
 Who does not know the tale, or who forgets the story
 of that day?
 Who has not heard the names of those who held all
 Mexico at bay?
 Their memory had filled my mind, and, entering, I
 whispered low:
 "Arise, ye spirits of the dead! Tell me the siege of
 Alamo!"
 About me, from the shadowed walls, a noble garrison
 and true,
 Arose the rough-clad frontier men, so brave, so strong,
 but ah, how few!
 Their faces pale, their hair unkempt, as living warriors
 from the dead,
 They came. I did not ask again; the story in their
 eyes I read.
 My heart within my bosom swelled as I beheld that
 hero band
 Who fought so sternly unto death, whose life-blood
 bought our Texan land.
 Oh, is our race still brave and true as those who
 conquered Mexico?
 Have we still gallant sons like those who fell within
 the Alamo?
 Pray God to give us men like these to fight against
 our country's foe—
 To fight, to fall, to die like those defenders of the
 Alamo.

DON'T COPY.

WE learn that one of the drawings in the March League was a copy of another picture. Work drawn for the St. Nicholas League should be only from life or from the young artists' imagination.

THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE GUN.

BY JOHN F. REDDICK (AGE 9).*

IN the ST. NICHOLAS for March there was a story about "The Automobile: Its Present and its Future," the first lines of which were as follows: "For three thousand years, perhaps for a much longer time, men have used horses in peace and in war."

The author then told us of the many ways in which the horse has been crowded out by the automobile, but said nothing of how they would be crowded out of warfare.

The first step toward making the automobile take the place of the horse in warfare was made at Highland Park, Illinois, last year, when Major R. P. Davidson, commandant of the Northwestern Military Academy, invented the first motor gun-carriage in the United States or in the world.

The motor part of this automobile gun has three wheels with large pneumatic tires, and is moved by a three-cylinder six-horse-power gasoline-engine. This engine is started and stopped and the carriage guided by one lever.

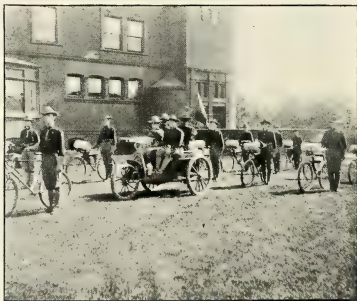
There is room on the carriage for four people, the ammunition, and fuel enough for one day.

On the front part of the automobile is a Colt automatic gun. This gun fires four hundred and eighty shots a minute. It stands on three legs and can be taken off the carriage and be used for field work. The cartridges are strung on a belt and are fed into the gun from little boxes which are fastened at one side.

After the gun is set and the belt started, all you have to do is to pull the trigger, and the gun will shoot as long as you hold the trigger back or until the cartridges are all gone.

With this gun you could sneak upon an enemy and fire four hundred and eighty shots and get away before they would know what had happened.

A corps of trained bicycle-riders, armed with rifles and revolvers, and carrying their own tents and cooking out-



AUTOMOBILE GUN SQUAD AND BICYCLE CORPS. (SEE STORY.)

fits, goes with this gun crew. In this way Major Davidson can move a trained body of armed men and a rapid-fire gun quickly from one part of the country to another without the aid of a horse.

When the time comes for "the child of the twentieth century" to say, "Good-by, Mr. Horse," we can imagine the soldier being able to say the same thing.

* Master Reddick was the winner of a silver badge for photograph in May ST. NICHOLAS.



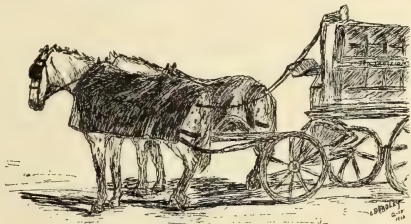
"HEADING." BY FRED CARTER, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

DAT WON'FUL FOURT' JULY.

BY MARJORIE S. HOOD (AGE 12).

COME, put up dat ole banjo, Pete,
An' chillun, stop yo' dancin'—
It really seems as if yo' feet
Would drop right off fo' prancin'.
I don' suppose yo' lile niggers
Know de reason why
Dey toot de horn an' wabe de flags
Upon de Fourt' July.
'T was jes lak dis: Long time ago
Dis country wa'n't free,
An' so dey had a rumpus,
Wot begun erbout some tea;
An' so dey wrote a heap o' stuff
How dey'd be free er die,
An' read it out erloud upon
Dat won'ful Fourt' July.
An' den dere was a dreadful war—
For seben year it las';
Dis country won, an' all was free
When dat turrible war was pas'.
An' now yo' lile niggers
Know de reason why
Dey toot de horns an' wabe de flag
Upon de Fourt' July.

Pouring out of the cone was a river of fire about twenty feet wide, which afterward spread out into a great glittering mass of red with streaks going off from the sides in every way. We could not see the river



"HORSES WAITING." BY CAROL BRADLEY, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

above, but were told about it. It hurt my eyes to look at the lava.

A number of men went up to the cone, and they got very tired, as they could not take horses, and had to carry water and food.

Some of the Hawaiians thought that Madam Pele, the goddess of the volcano, had shown her dislike of having Hawaii belong to the United States by causing the volcano to break out on the Fourth of July. Others thought it was because she liked it.

I think Madam Pele's fireworks are the most beautiful ever seen, and a very nice way of celebrating the Fourth.

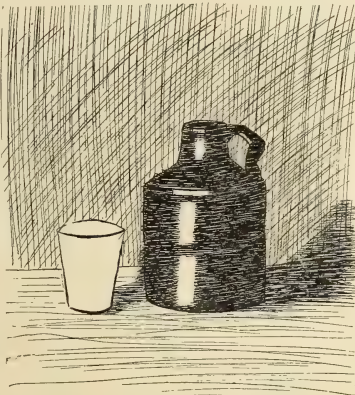
OUR SUMMER TRIP.

BY LORRAINE ANDREWS
(AGE 11).

LAST Fourth of July, very early in the morning, the crater on top of Mauna Loa broke out. We saw it from Hilo, and papa thought it would be very nice to take mama, two other friends, and me to see it more closely.

We went a short way by steamer, and then drove and rode the rest of the way. In three days we reached a sheep-ranch which was only seven miles from the foot of the lava-flow. It was growing dark when we came to the ranch, and we could see the red glow from the lava getting brighter as night came on.

The lava had built up several cones, and from one of these we could see



"STILL LIFE." BY ROGER STANTON NORTON, AGE 8. (SILVER BADGE.)

TO NEW READERS.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers.

To any reader of the magazine, or to any one desiring to become such, a League membership badge and an instruction leaflet will be mailed free upon receipt of a written application, accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope. There are no League dues.



BY BESSE JENKINS (AGE 15).
(Gold Badge Illustrated Poem.)

BABY Molly
Had a dolly
With a lovely face.
One day Molly
Washed her dolly
In its dress of lace.

Little Molly
Sat her dolly
On a chair to stay
Till sweet Molly,
Very jolly,
Should come home from play.

Pretty Molly,
Not so jolly,
Soon grew tired of play;
Back came Molly,
Found her dolly—
Paint all washed away.

Now poor Molly
Has no dolly
With a dress of lace;
For sweet Molly
Spoiled her dolly
When she washed its face.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY BARBARA CHENEY (AGE 8).

THE Fourth of July is coming near,
The Fourth of July is almost here,
When boys and girls their trumpets blow,
When boys and girls their torpedoes throw.



"A COLONIAL GIRL." (SEE POEM BELOW.)

A QUERY.

BY M. EFFIE LEE (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge Illustrated Poem.)

WERE all colonial children grave,
And did they never grin, pa?
And did they always just behave,
Nor do what was a sin, pa?

If everything that people say
They really said and did, pa,
I 'm pretty glad this very day
I 'm not a colonial kid, pa.

CORN.

BY KATHARINE KINSEY (AGE 11).

CORN is a very useful grain. When Columbus discovered America the Indians were raising corn. He therefore named it Indian corn.

The farmer plows the ground in furrows about four feet apart each way, and, where the furrows cross, plants from four to seven grains. Corn needs rain and sun, but not too much rain. It grows in the temperate zone.

Corn grows from seven to eleven feet high.

It has male and female blossoms. The tassel is the male and the silk the female.

There are three kinds of corn: Indian, green, and pop-corn. Indian corn is used for corn-meal, from which corn-bread is made. The Indians used to grind it, mix with water, and lay it on heated stones to bake.

Syrup is sometimes made out of the stalks. The stalks make good fodder for horses and cattle. Starch is made of corn. We use green corn for food.

Pop-corn is used as a dainty. They put it on the stove and it pops into large white grains.

America raises four fifths of the corn in the world.



INDIAN CORN.

TAKING PRECAUTIONS.

BY KATE COLQUHOUN (AGE 16).

WITH a rush, a roar, and a downward pour, falls the rain.
If you want to go out, put on rubbers stout, or else
you 're in bed again,
With a very bad pain, and a very bad cold—as I am
told.

NOTICE.

IF writers of stories or articles will put their name, age, and address on the upper left- or right-hand corner of their manuscripts, also the number of words in the manuscript, it will be a great accommodation to the editors. Please bear in mind that the shorter the contribution, the better chance it has of getting used.



"TAKING PRECAUTIONS." (SEE LINES ABOVE.)



"CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE." BY GILBERT JEROME, AGE 10.

THE DEFEAT.

BY DORIS FRANCKLYN (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

'T WAS the 1st of July, and
very hot weather,
When four little boys put
their wise heads together
To plan for the great, glorious
Fourth what to do,
That all men might know
they were loyal and true.

They talked of fierce battles,
and heroes long dead,
Of victories won and of gal-
lant blood shed,
Till they all felt like soldiers
instead of small boys,
And crackers and rockets
were no longer toys,

But big booming cannon and
guns that would kill;
Each felt that he had great
missions to fill.

Quoth Tommy, "I wish some
old redcoats would
come!"

When they saw us fellows,
they 'd gladly run
home!"

Dame Fate with her distaff looked queer as she smiled;
There were knots in the thread that she spun for that
child—

And, indeed, for all four! she 'd a lesson to teach,
Some boasts to subdue, and a moral to reach!

Golden bright rose the sun on our nation's birthday;
It glittered and beamed upon armies at play;
But oh! dark was the room where the little boys lay,
For the redcoats had come, and had *not* run away.

Lest some one should doubt the truth of this story,
In their ear be it said, the foe was no Tory,
No trooper nor guardsman with sword or with fire,
But plain Mr. Measles in scarlet attire.

To NEW READERS.—It costs nothing to become a
member of the St. Nicholas League. Any reader of the
magazine, or any one desiring to become such, may join
the League by sending their name and address on a
stamped envelope. We will return it with a League
badge and an instruction leaflet.

Every boy and girl should be a reader of ST. NICHOLAS, and every reader of ST. NICHOLAS should be a member of the St. Nicholas League.



BY NORAH NELSON GRAY,
AGE 17.

"I 'VE
COME,
TAIN SUMMER
I'M A LITTLE LATE,
I KNOW, BUT
HERE
I AM."

But 't was not for this the squirrel
Scampered up the apple-tree.

Frightened was he at the laughter,
Frightened at the horns that blew,
And perchance the timid robin
Felt a little nervous, too.

For the fireworks were shooting,
All the earth was glad and gay;
Have I need to tell you, reader,
It was Independence Day?

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY MABEL FRANK (AGE 16).

UP the tree the squirrel
scrambled,
To her nest the robin flew,
While the bonfire in the meadow
Kindled where the green
grass grew.

Grand was all the earth to
look on,
Lovely to behold, the sea;



"COYOTE." BY FELIX NICOLA GAYTON, AGE 9.

CHAPTERS.

IN forming chapters the secretary chosen may have the badges all come in one package, thus saving labor and postage. To school-teachers desiring them, League badges and instruction leaflets will be sent post-paid, free of charge. Many teachers have assisted in forming chapters, and report excellent results.

A mother writes concerning her little daughter's appreciation of the League:

"The League is her delight, as is the magazine. I think it is the very best idea ever conceived, this of encouraging the children to give something of themselves."

No. 83. "The North Star." Edwin Bass, President; G. A. Richardson, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, 39½ Hamilton Street, Watertown, New York. No. 83 will charge fifteen cents initiation to pay for St. NICHOLAS.

No. 84. Barton Parker, President; Isabelle Lissner, Secretary; six members. Address, 32 Greenville Street, Roxbury, Massachusetts. No. 84 opened with a magic-lantern show and games.

No. 85. Roland Bayne, President; Arthur Hall, Secretary; seven members. Address, Chicago, Illinois.

No. 86. Henna Hukari, President; Harriett Simpson, Secretary; eight members. Address, South Dakota School for Deaf-mutes, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

No. 87. Alphonsus Corcoran, President; Ruth Brock, Secretary; forty-five members. Address, Seventh Grade, Webster School, Tenth and H Streets, N. W., Washington, D. C.

No. 88. Louis Acker, President; Griffith W. Lindsay, Secretary; eight members. Address, 917 Beech Avenue, Allegheny, Pennsylvania.

No. 89. Willie Pinson, President; Fred Lewis, Secretary; twenty-five members. Address, Lewis Academy, Forney, Texas. No. 89 was formed by Professor Lewis, principal of Lewis Academy of Forney. Professor Lewis is interested in League matters and in nature study.

No. 90. Elizabeth Chapin, President; Helen Harris, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Springfield, Massachusetts.

No. 91. Lawson T. Reed, President; Howard K. Hollister, Secretary; seven members. Address, Madison Avenue, opposite Fairfield Street, East Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio. No. 91 assesses five cents for tardiness at meetings, and one cent for misbehavior, to provide a fund for some good purpose.

No. 92. "Eye Spy." Kate Field, President; Bertha Bowman, Secretary; eight members. Address, care of Miss Carrie Wiley, Bane Street, Montpelier, Vermont. Miss Carrie Wiley is the principal of a Montpelier school, and has assisted in the formation of this chapter.

No. 93. "American Literary Society Chapter." Bernard Ack-



"SKETCHING." BY CHRISTINE PAYSON, AGE 14.

erman, President; George Goldsohn, Secretary; twenty members. Address, Educational Alliance Building, corner East Broadway and Jefferson Street, New York City. No. 93 makes debating a feature of its chapter meetings.

No. 94. Milton Perry, President; George Cottingham, Secretary; eleven members. Address, 1526 Lyndale Avenue, Helena, Montana. No. 94 meets every fortnight. Two cents from each member is collected at each meeting for the purpose of paying postage on communications with other chapters.

No. 95. Edna Mumm, President; May Fease, Secretary; four members. Address, Whitewater, Wisconsin.

No. 96. Elizabeth E. Skinner, President; Helen R. Smith, Secretary; seven members. Address, Du Quoin, Illinois.

No. 97. Hope Watson, President; Elizabeth Wilbur, Secretary; five members. Address, Sanborn, Iowa.

No. 98. M. P. Brook, President; C. Bailey, Secretary; six members. Address, Sturgis, Kentucky.

No. 99. Rossiter R. Potter, President; Elizabeth L. Anderson, Secretary; four members. Address, 721 West South Street, Kalamazoo, Michigan. No. 99 enjoys all of St. NICHOLAS, especially the new departments.

No. 100. Helen Scribner, President; Sophie H. Smith, Secretary; nine members. Address, 428 Fairfield Avenue, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

No. 101. Elizabeth Adams, President; Lucille Gibson, Secretary; five members. Address, Goldman, Louisiana.

No. 102. "Union Chapter." John H. Thomas, President; Asa B. Dimon, Secretary; fifteen members. Address, Springfield, Ohio. No. 102 meets the first Saturday of every month.

No. 103. Herbert Stroud, President; Linford Morley, Secretary; eleven members. Address, 2421 North Twentieth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No. 104. Ethel Lewis, President; Pauline Nancrede, Secretary; six members. Address, 720 South University Avenue, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Chapter No. 69 reports great progress. They have bought a punching-bag, a pair of Whiteley exercisers, dumb-bells, and an acting-bar, besides games and books. This summer they expect to have a show. They will have acting and a menagerie. This looks like the beginning of a prosperous season for No. 69.

It will be seen by the above that the number of chapters each month is, like everything else, rapidly increasing.

There are no restrictions on chapters. They may arrange their meetings and programs to suit themselves. This means that they may find pleasure and profit for themselves and others in any wholesome way that their fancy and ingenuity may suggest.

In reporting new chapters, the names of president and secretary should always come first.



"SAIL-BOATS." BY ERIC L. MILLER, AGE 13.



"IN THE FIELDS." BY CHARLOTTE S. CROSSMAN, AGE 13.

ROLL OF HONOR.

POEMS.

Frances P. Wheeler
 Jean Olive Heck
 George Elliston
 Lula Mills
 Florence Norton
 Carl Bramer
 John Walters
 Flora Towne
 Hazel D. Downs
 Harold Esdale Keays
 Willard S. Bissell
 Marguerite M. Hillery
 Elise R. Loebman
 Beulah Frank
 Della H. Varrell
 Edith Romaine
 Virginia C. Craven
 Alice Moore
 Ellinore Kreer
 Steele Wotkins
 Bessie Alter
 Alice B. Potter
 Nannie C. Barr
 Zane Pyles
 Harriet A. Ives
 Florence Fischer
 May Belle Wagner
 Eunice Faulhaber
 Grace Taylor
 Theresa Geraldine White
 Louisa Schroeder
 Ernestine Powers
 Edmond W. Palmer
 James Robertson Webb
 Hanna D. Monaghan
 Ellinor Hollis Murdock
 William C. Engle
 J. Elmer Burwash
 Graham Hawley
 Edna Heller
 William Carey Hood
 Marguerite Stuart
 Roger Dod Wolcott
 Matilda Otto
 Maude McMahon
 Ruth Noyes
 Marguerite Beatrice Child

PROSE.

Ruth Auxter
 Mabel S. Johnson
 Edward Rice
 Laura Benet
 Alberta Bastedo
 Edwin Leonard Wilson
 Janet Gregory
 Lawrence Avery Rankin
 Frances Rhoades
 Allan Fowler
 Katherine B. Shippen
 Gertrude Fisher
 Ruth L. Bagley
 William Herbert
 Madelaine Dixon
 Elizabeth H. Warner
 Hyman Jacobs
 Grace Warner
 Ruth L. Walker
 Gertrude L. Cannon



BY HELEN R. ROLLINSON, AGE 15.

Howard McElfresh
 Esther Johnston
 Julia W. See
 A. R. Montgomery, Jr.
 Frances Howe
 Elodie Chamberlain
 Ida C. Bailey
 Elizabeth Spies
 Viola E. Hyde
 Dorothea Posegate



BY ARTHUR FARWELL TUTTLE, AGE 7.

Lucy H. Chapman
 Lina Gray
 Barbara E. Smythe
 Ruth Brock
 Ray Barse
 Gladys Thomas
 Herbert Stroud
 Donald Haldeman



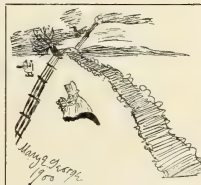
BY TRUMAN F. HANDY, AGE 9.

Edward C. Day
 Grace H. Graef
 Oliver Wolcott Roosevelt
 Natalie B. Kimber
 Muriel Wright
 G. A. Richardson

DRAWINGS.

Wallace Wright
 Dorothy Ebdon
 David A. Wasson
 Ethel Pollard
 Viola Beerbohm Tree
 Calvin Foster Favorite
 Florence Pfeifer
 Ambrose Cramer
 Henry C. Quarles
 Edward Klotz

Talbot F. Hamlin
 Arnold Lahee
 Charles W. Church
 Mary A. Clapp
 Winnifred Bosworth
 Katherine A. Schweinfurth
 Marcus H. Dall
 Lloyd Sprague
 Eddie Kastler
 Charlotte Peabody Dodge
 Edward E. Stifler
 Julia Evans



BY MARY ELEANOR GEORGE, AGE 11.

Eugene White, Jr.
 Fern Cammack
 William C. Engle
 Philip M. Price
 Edwin Sipes



BY LINDSEY FIELD CAMPBELL, AGE 7.

Edwina Louisa Keasbey
 Alan McDonald
 Edwin S. Healy
 Perry Wilson
 Donald McMurry
 Minna Hoskins
 John N. Sumner
 M. C. Underwood
 Carrie May Fraser



BY ELIZABETH COOLIDGE, AGE 10.

Susa E. Renwick
 Frank W. McAnathan
 Edward Royce
 Elizabeth L. Anderson
 Melton R. Owen
 Sylvia McCurrie
 Jack Shaffer

Eberle L. Wilson
 Lawrence Curtis
 Margaret E. Conklin
 Charles F. Clark
 Charlotte S. Woodford
 W. Burke Morris
 Isabel White
 Gordon K. Miller
 C. W. Whittlesey
 Clare Currier
 Bessie Greene
 Theresa K. Tobin

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Irving Roberts
 Edith Spalding
 George H. Stewart, Jr.
 Mary G. Amory
 Obed Hosking
 Stuart G. Morley
 Kenneth Miller
 Frederic C. Smith
 F. E. Swope
 Jimmie Murch
 Philip G. Clapp
 Miriam W. Roberts
 Alexander Atworth
 Katherine Osgood
 Walter M. Sternberger
 Nellie Lambert
 Emily Storer
 Donald G. Robbins
 W. D. Beggs
 Erwin White
 Carrie Eugenia Dickenson
 E. P. Guerard
 Susanne M. Henning
 E. H. Coy
 Edward Locke Bennett
 Raymond Coan
 Mary Sanger
 Margaret Williamson
 Helen Thomas
 Winifred Brooks

PUZZLES.

Carroll R. Harding
 Elsie F. Steinheimer
 Bertha B. Janney
 Dorothy Ingalls Smith
 Henry Goldmann
 Charles Buck
 Charles Schley Mercem
 F. Waldo
 Robert W. Wilson
 Margaret Campbell-Bayard
 Edward Very McKey, Jr.
 Emily Norris Vaux
 Helen Dudley
 Margaret G. Stone
 Marion F. Lauson
 Almy Miller
 Anne Taggard Piper
 Frederick Branch
 Miles Washburn Weeks
 Mary Newbold Reed

The prize puzzles and list of puzzle-answers will be found in the regular Riddle-box.

LETTERS.

RUTH EVELYN WHITE, who is nine years old, and lives in Colebrook, Connecticut, sends an interesting account of the burning out of their chimney, and how they put it out by throwing cattle-salt in the stove. That is worth remembering.



RAY VYNE'S "BEARER."

Ray Vyne says: "I find the St. NICHOLAS an interesting magazine, so I will send my best respects to you by a mysterious messenger. He is black and strong. He is the bearer."

The picture of Ray's "bearer" is as interesting as his letter. Here it is.

Curtis Nance, age eleven, of Fort Sill, Indian Territory, says: "I am an army boy. I live at Fort Sill and see lots of Indians. The tribes are Kiowa, Comanche, and the Apache prisoners of war. Every Fourth of July the post-traders put up some prizes, and the Indians run horses for them, and then that night the tribes dance and 'ki-yi' until very late."

From Clara L. Horr comes this entertaining little story:

THISTLES.

ONE day Teddy was taken by his parents for a walk in the suburbs. He was brought up in the city, and had been taught not to touch or pick flowers in the parks.

They came to a thistle in bloom, and when Ted saw it, he cried, "Oh, papa, can I pick it?" His father said yes, and he went to it eagerly, but drew back his hand when he touched it, and tried from another side, but with the same result. After a while he walked away, and his father asked him why he did not pick the pretty flower. He said: "I don't want it; it has too many 'skeeter bites on it.'"

Paul Rowland writes from Sapporo, a city on an island at the north end of Japan. The name of the

island is Hokkaido, and it looks like a sea-horse looking up at Alaska. Paul says: "I think the League is the most interesting part of the magazine. There are no foreign children [meaning foreign to Sapporo] here to play with, so I have plenty of time for reading."

Mattie F. Hibbard of Helena, Montana, says: "I think the League the best society or club ever thought of in the United States." Miss Mattie sends us a drawing which, though not quite available this time, indicates that, if she will try, she will do better later on. This is true of many others.

Kate E. Chambers writes from Adana, Turkey. Like Paul Rowland, she also is alone in a foreign land. "But," she adds, "there is an American girl at Tarsus (an hour's ride from here) who takes St. NICHOLAS. Most of the houses here are low and miserable. The

rooms open on a dirty courtyard, and very often two or more families live in the same house, each family occupying a room."

Other entertaining and interesting letters have been received from Effie C. Watson, Mary Parrott, Alice Miller, Philip Cole, Dorothy Edden, Alexander Morris, Margery F. Sprague, Anne Valentine, Virginia P. Jennings, Marguerite Wells, Bertha Soper, Mary George, Victor Sherman, Helena Camp, Mary Louise Patterson, Marguerite Crawford Cleveland, Fred Stearns, Agnes Forshaw, Katharine Gurney, Mary



BY MORROW WAYNE PALMER, AGE 16.

Van Wagenen, Franklin Rice, Alfred Aldrich, Albertine Moyer, Marie van Liew, Russell Kettell, W. Gilbert Sherman, Frances Howland, Ruth Quinn, Gregory Hartswick, Sybil Hale, Rachel Rhoades, Nell Neill Parks, Beatrice Baisden, Barbara E. Smythe, Jacky Troup and his Mama, Marie Kerr, B. G. Segar, H. Madeline Hogg, Mary Eleanor George, Mabel Frank, Marian Shove, and Kittie Heusel.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 10.

COMPETITION No. 10 will close July 12. The awards will be announced and the prize contributions published in St. NICHOLAS for October.

POEM. To relate in some manner to the autumn season, and to contain not more than twenty-four lines. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author.

PROSE. Story or article of not more than four hundred words, and relating in some manner to the vacation just past. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author.

DRAWING. India or very black ink on white, unruled paper. The young artists this time may select their own subjects.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, and any subject. No blue prints or negatives.

PUZZLE. Any sort, but the more original in form, the better.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of St. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun:

For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, the League gold badge.

Remember, every contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square, New York City.



BY REBECCA SMITH, AGE 11.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centra's, graduation. Cross-words: 1. Begin. 2. Carts. 3. Plain. 4. Ladle. 5. Bluet. 6. Chase. 7. Match. 8. Faith. 9. Stout. 10. Candy.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Transvaal.

FLORAL PUZZLE. From 6 to 1, Heywood; 6 to 5, history; 7 to 1, Elmwood; 7 to 2, Electra; 8 to 1, Leopold; 8 to 2, La Plata; 9 to 2, Ilyria; 9 to 3, Ingauni; 12 to 2, Agrippa; 10 to 3, Alfieri; 11 to 3, Nicolai; 11 to 4, nucleus; 12 to 3, Tolstoi; 12 to 4, Tokotes; 13 to 4, Howells; 13 to 5, harmony; 14 to 4, Ulysses; 14 to 5, Uruguay; 15 to 5, Southey; 15 to 1, storied. From 6 to 15, helianthus; from 1 to 5, daisy.

CHARADE. Pen-sive.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from C. B. Gottlieb—"The Thayer Co."—Allil and Adi—Marjorie and Caspar—Joe Carlada—Peggy and—"Semas"—Katharine Forbes Liddell—Hildegard G.—"Jack-in-the-Box"—Weston O'B. Harding—Augustus Bertram George—Frances Richardson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from H. Valentine, 1—E. M. Bacon, 1—E. Meakle, 1—E. F. Stanton, 1—A. L. Valentine, 1—M. P. Stevens, 2—"You and I," 1—M. Dixon, 1—E. Neely, 1—G. Endicott, 1—D. C. Macley, 1—E. A. Murphy, 1—M. S. Wilmo, 1—A. Loomis, 1—A. M. Rogers, 1—V. Naseth, 1—M. V. Martin, 1—M. Clemens, 1—D'une Amie, 5—R. V. Carlin, 1—R. A. Campbell, 1—L. Pumpyanak, 1—L. Taber, 1—C. M. Penn, 1—C. Amory, 1—L. A. Trowbridge, 1—A. Leach, 1—T. G. White, 1—Jack, Watson, and Raynor, 4—B. C. Palmer, 1—F. Kuntz, 1—G. Perie, 1—A. C. Cochran, 1—Rose C. Scanlan, 8—Florence and Edna, 4—Marguerite Sturdy, 7—"Zyzjxqz," 3—Clara A. Anthony, 4—C. L. Barnwell, 1—Marion and Julia Thomas, 4—Mary L. Brigham, 8—Musgrave Hyde, 3—S. M. Berbecker, 1—R. A. Adams, 1—E. Gardner, 1—Ruth Bliss, 3—Paula Sauze, 1.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A YAWNING abyss. 2. From this place. 3. An ancient gold coin of England. 4. Odor. 5. Dissolves.

LIBERTY BELL.

1. I . . .

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Clergymen. 8. Underlining written letters or words. 9. Destroys the effect of. 10. A distinct statement. 11. Extreme recklessness. 12. Expressed in the form of a question. 13. The quality of being indissoluble. 14. Two words, one meaning "yearly" and the other meaning "the act of celebrating."

Central letters, from 1 to 2, spell the name of a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

CARROLL R. HARDING (League Member).

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

(Second Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

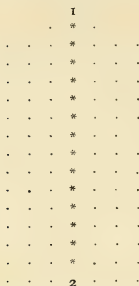
In the following sentences, eight words of equal length are concealed. When these are rightly guessed, and written one below another, the central letters will spell a time which young persons enjoy.

Two cousins had a play-room over the hall of the house. The girl's name was Esther. As Esther did not have a dog, Mac awed her very much by telling of his dog's bravery. His parents said he boasted too much.

One day a gnat, alighting on the nose of his dog, whose name was Beppo, interrupted a long nap which he was taking. Beppo ran in the corner to get away from it. After that Esther did not think him as brave as before.

RUTH ALLAIRE.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Arrays. 2. Pained. 3. To force in. 4. Anger. 5. To correspond. 6. Chooses. 7.

ILLUSTRATED FIRE-CRACKER
PUZZLE.

When the sixteen objects in the accompanying picture have been correctly guessed, and arranged as shown in the accompanying diagram, the central letters will spell the name of a very celebrated American.

ANGUS M. BERRY.

SOME HIDDEN ANIMALS.

IN the fourteen sentences following, sixteen animals are concealed.

1. I went only by the navy's orders.

2. Good Doctor Ambrose allowed me to go out.

3. Arthur, at what time will you meet me to-morrow?

4. The stove exploded, and the saucepan, therefore, was broken.

5. Jack, all children must obey their parents.

6. Let us play hide-and-go-seek, as tag is so tiresome.

7. Oh, Leo! Pardon that poor man, for my sake.

8. Rebecca, take this present from me to John.

9. Just look at that bad German lad who stole the diamonds!

10. I saw strange men in the wood, chuckling and laughing as I went by.

11. That squalling, screeching babe arrived here yesterday.

12. Charlie asked me if oxen ever were in deer-parks, and I told him he was very silly.

13. After taking the steam-car I bought some candy and magazines.

14. "Is Douglas able-bodied, strong, and healthy?" asked the judge.

HERBERT ALLAN BOAS
(League Member).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals spell the name of a famous play, and my finals spell the name of its author.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Beasts. 2. Sunday. 3. A small post-office in Lake County, Florida. 4. An Egyptian pil-



lar. 5. Shade. 6. Migratory, winged insects. 7. An old word meaning to engrave. 8. A joint. 9. A feminine name. 10. Pertaining to the people of an island. 11. Pertaining to a tiger.

HELEN MURPHY.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE.

My first doth fold her wings to stay
Above that happy breakfast-tray
(Unless I deeply in my second be),
Where from the steaming coffee-pot
My third, with proper fragrance hot,
Salutes His nose, and punctually She
Doth do my fourth with smiling face.

Oh, Bachelor, take heart of grace,
Don't do my fifth to me,
But seek a vis-à-vis.

H. M. P.

SUBSTITUTIONAL ACROSTIC.

(First Prize, St. Nicholas League
Competition.)

By substituting for each letter in the groups of letters given below a letter which, in alphabetical order, is the third before or after it (counting the given letter as one), the words defined may be spelled out. When the twelve words are correctly guessed, the central letters will spell one of the most important days in the year. For example, "dog" might be spelled *b q i*, as *b* might be substituted for *d*, *q* for *o*, and *i* for *g*.

1. kpdgt. To draw a conclusion.
2. etqyl. A great concourse of people.
3. dpsqf. An instrument used in painting.
4. lmtjr. One of the cardinal points.
5. ucrql. A glossy fabric.
6. cdfmp. To detest extremely.
7. anqvj. Stuff formed by weaving.
8. tkdnc. To plunder.
9. clhmc. To take pleasure in.
10. itscj. A kind of light food made by boiling meal in water.
11. tcjke. Something which remains after loss or decay of the rest.
12. urwng. Manner.

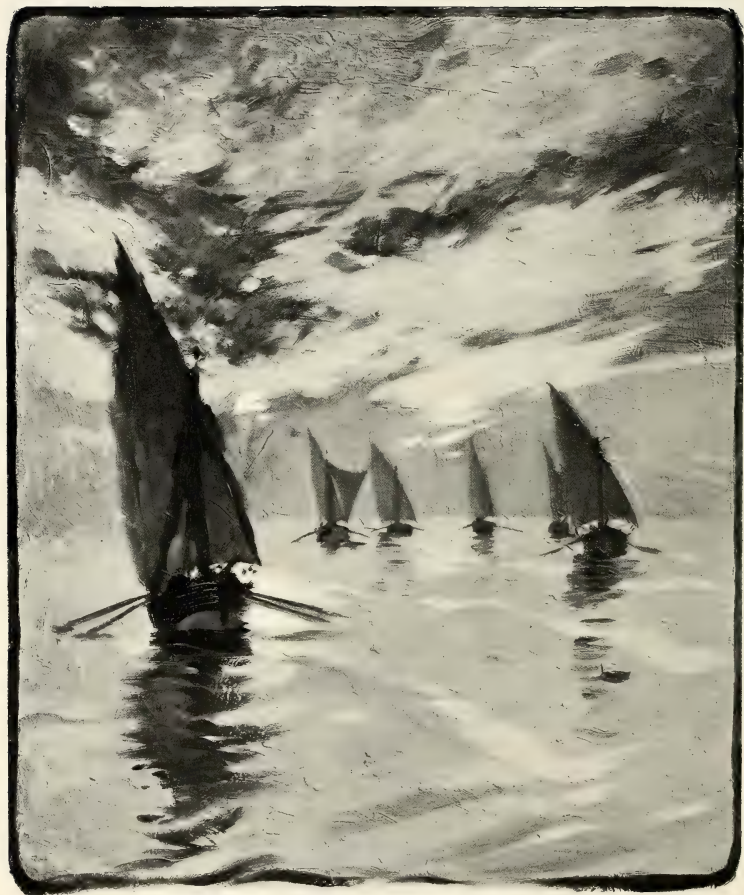
JESSIE DEY.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in sew, but not in cut;
My second in kite, but not in string;
My third is in yard, but not in hut;
My fourth is in run, but not in fling;
My fifth is in oar, and also in boat;
My sixth is in cat, but not in dog;
My seventh is in skin, but not in float;
My eighth is in tree, but not in log;
My ninth is in cricket, but not in frog.

If you would answer this little rhyme,
Just think of the Fourth and you'll
guess it in time.

ELLEN BURDITT MCKEY
(League Member).



"AT SUNSET THE REAL FELUCCAS CAME SAILING IN ON THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN."
(SEE "THE LAST CRUISE OF THE STELLA DI MARE," PAGE 882.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVII.

AUGUST, 1900.

No. 10.

QUEEN LOG AND QUEEN STORK.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE FABLE.

A COLONY of frogs, discontented with their pond, prayed Jove to send them a king. For answer he dropped into the pond a heavy log. For a while the frogs looked with awe at this new ruler, but becoming accustomed to it, and discovering that it never spoke or moved, they learned to despise it, and importuned Jove to provide them with a more active monarch. This he did in the shape of a stork, who made things lively indeed in the pond, and caused the frogs to regret that they had ever found fault with their inoffensive and quiet log. They went to Jove with fresh complaints; but he angrily bade them hold their peace, or he would provide them with a ruler whom they would dislike even more than they did the stork.

THREE girls were sitting round the fire in a big, old-fashioned house in the outskirts of a New England village. The eldest, not quite eighteen, was in shortish long dresses; the other two, twins, in longish short dresses. Each occupied a rocking-chair, and as they rocked they talked, as I fear some nieces are but too apt to do, about the shortcomings of their maiden aunt — of her who had charge of them, and regulated the length of their frocks and other matters of importance.

"Only think," said Amy, the eldest of the three; "Mrs. Pendexter has put up all her preserves already! Such a lot! And all her pickles, sweet and sour, and head-cheese, and a barrel full of lovely Shaker apple-sauce. I was there this morning, and she showed me her store-room. Such rows and rows of jars and tumblers, and shelves full of hard pears set to ripen, and home-cured hams and tongues. I never saw anything like it. It really made me ashamed

to think of ours — just currant jelly and quince sauce, and spiced cucumbers, and Aunt Sophia saying that baked apples are much more wholesome than sweetmeats. Who wants wholesome things? I wish Aunt Sophia had more energy and more faculty. It really reflects on us, her bad housekeeping, for of course people suppose that we have no more ambition than she has."

"I know," said Margaret, the curly-haired twin; "and all the time we have quite as much as the other girls, only we never get a chance to show it, because Aunt Sophia is so slack."

There was something a little foreign and un-American in the looks of the Grenell girls, — something dark, vivid, piquant, — which shows how far down ancestral traits can be traced, for it was more than two centuries since the first of the race, a young Huguenot flying from religious persecutions, had landed in Maryland, so tradition said, with only his

wits and two louis d'or with which to begin life in a new country. His name was La Grenouille, which in course of time underwent various changes and corruptions, being successively Greenwheel, Greenville, Grenville, and, finally, Grenell, by which last title his descendants had called themselves for the past eighty years. Whether the wits or the louis d'or helped him most no one now could tell. The only thing certain was that the young emigrant prospered, and all of his name had been respectable and well off. His great-great-great-grandson, Squire Grenell of Marsh Hollow, so called from a wide stretch of pasture-land fed by meadow-springs which defied droughts and always produced a big crop of hay whatever the season, was a clever and highly esteemed lawyer. His French blood gave him a certain vivacity and dramatic power which told with a jury. His daughters were like him in coloring and gesture, but they had a good share of common sense and "gumption" as well; for all the Grenells, from the first settler down, had married New England wives.

Mrs. Grenell had died when the twins were a few weeks old, and her place was taken—not filled—by her sister, Miss Sophia Wood, an easy, good-natured, rather indolent person of thirty. That was about sixteen years ago, and under her management the big, green-blinded house at the Marsh had taken on an air of mellow shabbiness, which, though it had an irregular pleasantness about it, conflicted not a little with the standards of the neighborhood. To use a room for "company" days and common days alike, and, in consequence, have no best parlor, was considered in Boxet an impropriety, a flying in the face of all traditions, almost of gospel privileges. So people called Miss Sophia "shiftless" and pitied her nieces; but, in spite of the criticism, every one, young and old alike, found something attractive in the sitting-room at the Marsh, with its fire and easy-chairs, its strew of books and newspapers, where the sun was allowed to fade the carpet if it would, the canary to scatter seed at will over the table of geraniums below his cage, and where Aunt Sophia's work-basket, spilling over with stockings to mend and buttonless shirts, stood always in plain sight on the patch-covered

sofa. The room certainly was not tidy, but just as certainly it was pleasant; and so the girls thought it, except when they occasionally took the turn of wishing their aunt was like other people's aunts and had "faculty." "Faculty," as perhaps some of you girls do not know, is a mysterious endowment which includes all the requisites for perfect housekeeping. It means a natural turn for thrift and order, for getting a great deal out of a little, an aptitude which makes bread rise and plants flower, and is equally successful in the manufacture of a pudding or a shroud. It is the highest possible compliment in New England to say of a housewife that she has faculty; but it is a compliment that has to be paid for. The bubble reputation is expensive in all ranks of life, and I question if the little Grenells, as they sat there discussing their aunt, had any idea how high the price might be. They liked ease and hated details, as most girls do, and Aunt Sophia, with her comfortable, slipshod ways, had made them lazy. After all is said and done, it is easier to have some one else *not* do things than it is to do them yourself.

"Who is that?" asked Amy, as a heavy step sounded in the entry, and some one passed the door on his way to the dining-room.

"It is Mr. Gage, I believe. He's always coming to see Aunt Sophia, it seems to me—I suppose because she is president of the Missionary Society."

"But," put in Margaret, doubtfully, "I don't quite see why that should bring Mr. Gage here so often. Auntie never does anything, you know. She's just a figurehead at the meetings. Mrs. Pendexter attends to all the work."

"Perhaps Mr. Gage does n't know that. He seems to think it necessary to come quite often."

Mr. Gage, the Congregational minister at Boxet, was an elderly man, "out of wife at the moment," as one parishioner phrased it, with his children all married and settled at a distance from him. He had a comfortable parsonage and a fair salary, and was a good-looking man, who did not seem so old as he was. Shrewd observers might have suspected a more sentimental reason for his frequent calls on Miss Sophia Wood than an abstract interest in mis-

sions, for she was pretty well off, cozy and comfortable in appearance, and known to be extremely kind and even-tempered. But not her nieces. Nieces are particularly unsuspicious where their elderly relatives are concerned, and

was evidently as much taken by surprise as his daughters.

"Married!" cried Amy. "You don't mean it, papa,—and to that tiresome old man! Aunt Sophia! why, she is as old as the hills."



"THREE GIRLS WERE SITTING ROUND THE FIRE IN A BIG, OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE." (SEE PAGE 859.)

slow to admit the possibility of their having lovers. Why should they?

So, though old Mr. Gage came and went and creaked regularly over the oilcloth two or three times a week, and the president of the Missionary Society put on her best gown for these interviews, and was apt to have a rather becoming spot of color on her cheeks after them, the girls suspected nothing, and were entirely taken by surprise when, two months after this talk about Aunt Sophia and her easy ways, their father came in with the astonishing information that their aunt was going to be married.

Mr. Grenell looked pale and annoyed; he

"She's forty-eight, if that's what you mean. It does n't seem to me quite as old as the hills. I'm fifty-four myself," was the father's reply to this remark.

Dead silence. To his children Mr. Grenell, who considered himself and whose neighbors considered him a man in the prime of life, seemed in venerable old age.

"Yes, papa, yes," cried Sophie, finding her voice at last. "But poor Aunt Sophia; how terrible it is! What on earth should she want to marry Mr. Gage for—or he her?"

"Don't ask me," said Mr. Grenell, testily. "What does anybody else want to marry for?"

I don't suppose that your aunt could give an intelligent reason, or Mr. Gage, either. But, nevertheless, the fact remains that she is going to be married, and the question is how we are going to manage without her."

"Oh, papa, there won't be any trouble about *that*," asserted Amy, confidently. "Aunt Sophia never was much of a housekeeper, you know. We shall get on just as well—though, of course, we shall miss her," she added.

"Hum! I don't know," replied Mr. Grenell. "She's made the house home-like and comfortable, somehow. I shall be glad if, among you all, you can do as well."

"How curious men are!" remarked Amy, after he was gone. "They never understand about things as a woman does. I must say, it would be queer if we could not keep house as well as Aunt Sophia, and better, too."

"I should say so!" This was Margaret. "And I think it will be rather nice to have our own way a little more than we have ever had it. Just for one thing, I always wanted Mary Ann to wear caps when she waited on table, as they do in the cities, but Aunt Sophia objected. She said Mary Ann would never stand it."

"Oh, she 'll stand it fast enough, when she finds that she has to," said Amy, easily. "We 'll use the pink china every night, and always have flowers at dinner. I do like to have things pretty. Aunt Sophia! Good gracious! wonders will never cease. But I should think she 'd be ashamed—at her age."

Aunt Sophia was not in the least ashamed. It was her first experience of being married, and her lover, her wedding, and her wedding-gown were as interesting to her as to any girl of eighteen. Things went in a more haphazard fashion than ever at the Marsh during the interval between the engagement and the marriage, and even Mr. Grenell heaved a sigh of relief when, the ceremony over, and Mrs. Gage's bridal splendors of pink and olive changed for sober gray, the newly wedded pair departed in a roomy gig for a few days' honeymoon on wheels, after which they were to return and settle in the parsonage, in time for the Sunday services.

"Now we 'll get the rooms in order, and fall to work and eat wedding-cake till all is blue!"

announced Margaret, gleefully. "For once in my life I am going to have as much as I want. Aunt Sophia said we must send some to the neighbors; but cut smallish pieces, Amy, so that plenty may be left for us."

It may have been this overdose of wedding-cake which made that first week seem hard to them all. For a day or two the girls were busy installing Amy in Aunt Sophia's roomy chamber over the dining-room, lengthening all the dresses, altering the position of the chairs and tables, and generally unsettling the routine established by their aunt—that to which the servants were accustomed. It cannot be said that the changes were always improvements, but at least they gave a different look; that was the main thing. Little tables containing a variety of fragile articles were placed casually here and there to give an air of elegant disorder; but after Mr. Grenell had stumbled over them once or twice, and broken eight of the best cups, the tables were withdrawn into corners, where they were safer and less in the way. Strange new dishes out of the recipe-book appeared on table. Some were good, but more were bad. Mr. Grenell objected to them all in toto, and demanded familiar food for every meal, the plain roast and boiled to which he was accustomed. This was discouraging, and Amy took less interest in her elaborate recipes when she found that papa could by no means be persuaded to eat them.

For a few days the pleasure of authority sustained her, but as soon as this began to flag, old habits of ease and forgetfulness reasserted themselves. Aunt Sophia was married on a Monday, and on the Friday of the following week Amy went out directly after breakfast, "for a few minutes," she said, and forgot to come back. She had left no orders either with her sisters or with the servants; result, at twelve o'clock, Norah, the cook, with a very black aspect, went in search of Margaret, who was the only one of the girls at home.

"Miss Amy's gone off without a wurrud, and she's tuk the kay of the pantry wid her, and sure there's not a thing ready for dinner," she announced. "The master 'll be in at wan, and he 'll want his dinner punctual, for coort's sitting. What's to be done?"

"Good gracious! Norah, what *is* Amy thinking of? I supposed she was back long ago."

"No, ma'am; she ain't back, nor the pantry kay ain't back, neither. Miss Sophia *she* did n't have no need of a kay," added Norah, with fine sarcasm. "She was n't afraid I'd stale the sugar or the tomaterses if she left the dure free. I'd make a corn-starch pudding if the things was n't all locked up. But there, it ain't no use talking."

"There she is, coming down the street, now," cried Margaret. She flew out to hasten her sister's steps. Amy had stopped to speak with a friend. She was chatting away in the most leisurely fashion when the breathless Margaret reached her; but she broke the conversation off short and fairly ran for home as soon as she realized the hour and the situation. The store-room was unlocked with penitent apologies, but Norah was not easy to pacify, and Mr. Grenell, when he appeared, sharp at one, with just twenty-five minutes to spare, to find dinner half an hour late, was exceedingly displeased.

"This must not happen again," he said grimly, when, after swallowing a cup of tea, a sandwich, and a slice of dried-apple pie, he dashed on his hat to get back to the court-room. "Some one has got to keep this house. If you can't do it, Amy, I shall look out for some one who can."

"Oh, oh, oh!" sobbed Amy, after he was gone. "And aunty not married a fortnight yet! How could I be such a wretch as to forget? I shall never forgive myself! I will not be late again — indeed, I will not."

But she was! The habits of a lifetime cannot be overcome, or the lack of training remedied, in a moment. She repented, she resolved, she did better, made fewer blunders. In time she would have "risen on stepping-stones" of her own mistakes and become a fairly good housekeeper; but while the process of improvement was going on things were not very comfortable at the Marsh.

Norah departed, in despair at the new order of things.

"Sure, 't was a good enough place so long as the old lady was to the fore," she told her

crony; "but look at it now! *She* never wint stavagering about, and misremembering the dinner, or coming in ten minutes before the time tō say she forgot, but it was turkey she intended. Turkey, that takes two hours! And *she* never kim in the middle of the ironing, telling me there was frinds dropped in and I must stop and make ice-cream for them! I don't want no more girls giving me orders; I want a settled place" — which settled place she later found at the parsonage, Mrs. Gage being naturally glad to inherit the old servant who knew her ways and recipes. Mary Ann also gave warning. Being asked to wear a cap was her ostensible reason, the real one being that she was lonely without Norah, and put out at the changes in the house. Amy did not regret her departure till she found how hard it was to hear of any one half as good to take the place.

She was learning fast. In another year or two she would probably have improved into a fairly good manager, but, unhappily, this interval was not granted her. In September, five months after Aunt Sophia's marriage, Mr. Grenell called his daughters together, and informed them, briefly and without comment, that he was going to be married, almost immediately, to Mrs. Bird, a widow who lived about five miles from Boxet, on the river road, and who had the reputation of being the best house-keeper, and one of the most successful farmers and butter-makers, in the neighborhood.

The Grenells had never known Mrs. Bird, but they were familiar with her face as it appeared on Sundays across the church—a sharp face, with keen eyes, a Roman nose, and a long neck curving upward from the folds of a Paisley shawl—a kind of shawl which past generations knew only too well, but which our own knows not. Amy had been wont to laugh at this shawl, and at Mrs. Bird's bonnets, which were evidently home-made, unlike other people's, and suggested chiefly an absence of trimming. To have those bonnets marry into the family seemed more than could be endured!

Mr. Grenell departed as soon as he had launched his thunderbolt. His daughters were at first too much stunned to speak.

"Do you suppose it *can* be true?" gasped

Sophy, at last. "Did papa really mean it? Mrs. Bird? Marry Mrs. Bird? It's impossible!"

"It is my fault!" sobbed Amy, bursting into tears. "I've managed badly and made him uncomfortable. This is the way he takes to punish me. Oh, girls, can you ever forgive me?"

"Nonsense!" This was Margaret. "It's nothing of the sort. You've done as well as any one could do with such servants. It certainly is *n't* that. But then, what is it? Mrs. Bird is n't pretty."

"I should say not!" interjected Sophy, grimly. "She is n't young. She's old-fashioned, and grumpy, and common. She looks like a cook."

"Most cooks are much better dressed," put in Sophy.

"She has n't an idea beyond her farm and her kitchen. What can papa want to marry her for?"

"It's like a bad dream," moaned Amy. "What will Aunt Sophia say? How vexed she will be!"

Dear me, no! Aunt Sophia took the news placidly, as she took everything else.

"I've always heard that Mrs. Bird was a real smart woman," she remarked. "She'll make you very comfortable, I have no doubt; and you can learn all sorts of things from her, if you have a mind to. Now, dear girls, don't set yourselves against her in advance. Your father has a perfect right to marry to suit himself. Nobody could find fault with him for doing so. Try to like her, my dears, and start pleasantly from the first. It'll be much the best way for you all, in the long run; and it will be no manner of use for you children to fret and rage, and make a fuss. Mrs. Bird is a woman who has had her own way all her life, and she'll have it now, whatever you do."

Excellent advice, but cold comfort. The girls privately raged over it, but it had a certain influence; at least, they kept their dissatisfaction to themselves, and did not air it in public. Margaret, the most daring of the three, made one attempt to remonstrate with her father, but the reception she met with was not encouraging. Mr. Grenell, in a single terse sentence, asserted his right to do as he pleased without asking permission of his daughters, and issued an order

that they should all go at once to call on Mrs. Bird and be polite to her.

"You ought to have gone before," he added. "She's all ready to treat you well, if you treat her well. It will be your own fault if you don't get on with her." Then, relenting a little at Margaret's woe-begone face, he added more kindly: "Now, don't be foolish, Meg. Girls never like the idea of a stepmother, I know; but that's all nonsense. We shall be infinitely more comfortable under this arrangement. It'll give you more time to yourselves, and more time to — well, study — all sorts of things. You'll see I am right when you're used to the idea. Go at once to see her."

Poor girls! They had been putting off the call with a vague sense that something *must* happen to prevent the necessity of their going at all. That hope was over. After what papa had said there could be no further excuse. They must go.

It was a fine afternoon in October, and the whole world shone in the bravery of its new autumn dress, as they drove down the river road on their way to the "Nest"—for such was the romantic name of the Bird farm-house. The woods were bright with sudden reds and golds; every sumac-leaf and moosewood-bush was transfigured into splendor by the touch of last night's frost, the lesser trees being brightest in color, as is always the case. The sky and river were very blue; the water sang a merry song as it dashed over its rocky bed; it was a day to be happy in. But the three girls in the carryall, hiding their tear-stained faces behind their veils, had no heart to be happy. For them the beauty and the charm were in vain. They saw nothing, heard nothing; the only thing of which they were distinctly conscious was that two more turns of the road would bring into view the house of their future step-mother.

It was not at all an unpicturesque house when at last it came into sight, with its long range of low red-painted buildings, barns, woodsheds, granaries, all in excellent repair, and presided over by a tall water-wheel and two or three fine old elms. Their call came at a particularly unfortunate moment, had they but known it. Mrs. Bird was deep in soap-making, and soap, as

every housewife will tell you, is not a thing to be laid aside easily. They were shown into a terrible "best parlor," neat and exact to a degree, kept dark to discourage flies and save the carpet, with rows of mahogany and haircloth chairs set tight against the wall, a shiny table with nothing on it, a mantelpiece whereon "ambrotypes" and some empty flower-jars mounted guard over an air-tight stove below, and a smell of mice and cake-crumbs. That was all!

The girls had fully twenty minutes in which to study these effects, while Mrs. Bird put her soap aside and changed her calico gown for a mousseline-de-laine.

"Do you suppose this is the room papa sits in when he comes here?" asked naughty Margaret, in a whisper. "*What* a good time he must have!"

"I should think the very smell of it would scare him away for good," replied Amy, her dainty nose in the air. "Did you ever behold anything so dreary?"

The fact was that papa had never once seen this best room, which was kept for very select occasions. For every-day purposes Mrs. Bird used a much smaller room opening out of the kitchen, where she could keep an eye on the housework; and it was here that Squire Grenell had done his courting. It was not at all a disagreeable place. There was sunshine

there, and growing plants, and a little open-grate stove, and the newspaper. Mrs. Bird, in spite of her long nose, had a jolly way with her when she was not busy; she could talk over the public news and practical matters as straightforwardly



"THE BRIDE WALKED IN FROM THE CARRIAGE IN A MATTER-OF-COURSE MANNER."
(SEE PAGE 867.)

as a man, and there was always something savory to eat and drink. Altogether, Cupid fared pretty well at the Nest. But the poor girls, sitting stiffly on the edge of the haircloth chairs, could not realize this.

At last the door opened and Mrs. Bird came

in. Her face was still red from the fire, and she was not woman of the world enough to conceal the fact that her mind was preoccupied with her soap, but she was perfectly civil and good-humored.

"It 's very nice of you to come and see me," she said. "Your pa mentioned that you 'd be along some day soon, but he did n't say which day it would be. I 'm real glad to see you." Then she went to the door and called, "Mary, bring some ice-water and raspberry vinegar and some of that fresh sponge-cake. You 'll be hungry after your drive," she added, coming back.

"Oh, no, indeed; don't put yourself to any trouble," protested Amy. "It 's not at all a long drive, and we had dinner just before we came away."

"Pity's sake!—what time do you eat your dinner?"

"Half-past one generally, but when papa 's in court it 's earlier."

"I should think so. Twelve 's our hour. Farm-folks could never be kept waiting till one. They have to get a lunch, as it is, to carry them through till twelve."

The sponge-cake and the raspberry vinegar, when they came, proved too good to be resisted. Mrs. Bird, with hospitable urgency, filled glasses and cut slices till the girls, to their own surprise, found themselves making quite a meal. Then a loaf of cake was wrapped up in paper because Sophy had praised it, and a bottle of raspberry vinegar because Margaret liked it, and they were taken into the garden, which sloped to the south, where some late flowers lingered still, and a great bunch of many-colored chrysanthemums was cut for Amy to carry home. So the call ended better than it began, but, for all that, the girls drew a long breath of relief as they drove away.

"Well, it 's over!" said Margaret. "We need n't go again, need we? I think papa ought to be satisfied. But really—was n't she rather nice?"

"Y-es," responded Amy, grudgingly. "But dear, dear, *dear!* What are we going to do with her when she comes to live with us?"

"Or rather, what is she going to do with us?" put in the sagacious Sophy, with a smile.

And Mrs. Bird, as she whipped into her calico gown again, said to herself:

"Not bad girls, but they 'll take a lot of breaking in. I wonder sometimes if I ain't a fool to undertake such a job at my time of life! But there, the squire 's a real likely man; no one can deny it. He 's worth it."

"You must come out again when I am not so busy!" she had called after the carriage. But when was Mrs. Bird not busy? The next time the girls went—for their father by no means let them off with a single visit—she was deep in filling sausages. The third visit found her in the middle of a huge baking. That was the pleasantest visit of the three, for Mrs. Bird was forced to receive them in the kitchen, a much cozier room than the best parlor, and warmer. There were on the table piles of crisp jumbles and fairy gingerbread, of which they were urged to partake, and such a maddening smell in the air as made it evident that the loaves in the oven were wedding-cake and nothing else. No other cake in the world could smell like that.

"This must be the last visit," Amy said, as they turned the horse's head toward home. "There can be no reason for coming again. The wedding is next Tuesday, and even papa must own that we have done our full duty by Mrs. Bird. But did you ever see a woman work as she does? I don't think she ever sits down. She seems always on the keen jump."

"She may jump as much as she likes and welcome," responded Margaret, "if only she won't jump on us. That 's what I 'm afraid of. She seems good-natured—"

"Trust no stepmother, however pleasant," hummed Sophy. "They 're always nice in the fairy-tales till after the wedding. Of course, she won't begin to beat us till she has secured papa!"

"Well, there 's one comfort," added Margaret; "she has n't any plain daughters of her own to send to balls in our clothes, while we turn the spit at home. That woe is spared us!"

"I should almost be glad of the plain daughters, if only their existence could bring about a ball in Boxet," sighed Amy. "This certainly is the most dead-alive place in the world."

The wedding-day came, and the wedding-

day went. The new Mrs. Grenell was, of course, married from her own house, which had been put into spotless order for the occasion from top to bottom. Even her critically disposed stepdaughters were forced to admire, and to own that the collation provided, all of which was home-made, was as delicious as it was plentiful.

"We shall have to work hard to make the Marsh look anything like this," Amy whispered to Sophy. "As for things to eat, I despair! Think of Ellen's biscuits and cake and of her awful hashes! These rolls are a dream—and the jelly, and the charlotte russe! As for butter—I give it up! What will Mrs. Bird say to ours? And I have n't the least notion where to go for better!"

"Just leave it to her," said Uncle Gage, who had overheard their remarks. "She'll know. Better leave everything to her. Your step-mother, Amy, is the cleverest woman in my parish. She could give points to most of the farmers in the country, and nearly all the business men. She's not used to being interfered with, and you'll find it is far the easiest and pleasantest way to leave everything to her."

Amy flushed and turned her head aside. She did not enjoy being advised by Uncle Gage.

"Now, Ithuriel," put in Aunt Sophia, "don't talk like that to Amy. She's really done wonderfully well for a girl of her age. It was hard on her to have me leave the house in her hands, and she not twenty; but she's done very well."

"Indeed she has," cried Sophy, emphatically. "We were never more comfortable in our lives than since Amy kept house." This was hardly true, but Sophy was an eager partizan and did not measure her words.

"Did you know that my grandson Green was coming to spend the winter with us?" asked Uncle Gage, hoping to make peace with Amy by the introduction of a pleasanter topic. He did n't quite know what his offense had been, but he liked peace.

"No, I did n't," replied Amy, indifferently. "What did you say his name was, Mr. Gage?"

"Green. He is a young lawyer just admitted to the bar, and a very fine fellow, they tell me. I hope you girls will like him."

"Green Gage—what a name!" said Margaret, after they had started for home. "I can't imagine a green gage being nice."

"Aunt Sophia will have to boil him down with sugar!" said Sophy. "Oh, girls, what a time we are going to have getting the house in order to meet the eye of Mrs. Bird!"

They did their best, but it was not possible in one short week to bring the big disorderly mansion, with its accumulations of years, up to the standard of the Nest. Pleasantness rather than perfection had to be the thing aimed at, and certainly the Marsh did look pleasant on the night when the newly married pair came home. The girls had taken great pains with the supper. There were muffins and rolls, cold chicken and oysters, poached eggs in a wreath of parsley, cake, over which Amy had spent infinite pains, and a glass dish of apple jelly. A jar of late chrysanthemums stood in the middle of the table, the fire burned brightly; altogether the effect was attractive, homelike, and cheerful.

The bride, wearing pinned round her shoulders the identical Paisley shawl at which Amy had always laughed, walked in from the carriage in a matter-of-course manner and no thought of embarrassment. She was not in the least an ill-natured woman, only direct and masterful. Mistress of whatever house she lived in she must be, but that right conceded, it would please her to have every one in the house content and happy. She praised the cake, and asked where Amy got her tea, which was "excellent," and she forebore to take out her handkerchief and flick from the mantelpiece the ashes sent into the air by a too vigorous fire-poking, though her fingers fairly itched to do it. So the first evening ended well.

But it was only the first evening. Next day the housewifely instinct asserted itself, and the new Mrs. Grenell fell to work, nor rested till the Marsh, from garret to cellar, was in a condition of apple-pie order. Little was said, but by the way in which the new mistress superintended the re-cleaning of the already-cleaned, the fresh polishing of the just-polished, her stepdaughters understood perfectly how low was her opinion of their housekeeping. Corners

never thought of in Aunt Sophia's day were sorted out and tidied. Not a drawer in the house escaped notice. Each in turn had a thorough scrubbing, and its contents were dusted and arranged.

"She 's attacked even papa's tool-drawer!" announced Margaret, in a tone of awe. "All the tacks with points are put in one little box,—the points all turned the same way, I *think*,—and the tacks without points are sold for old iron, and the nails are sorted into separate boxes, big and little and in between. The tack-hammers and screw-drivers and gimlets are all rubbed with oil and pumice, and lie side by side, like the lion and the lamb in the millennium. And what do you think? She has found Aunt Sophia's seal-ring that was lost before she was married. It was among the tacks!"

"Dropped off, I suppose, when she was taking something out, and I don't believe any one has been at that drawer since."

"That 's what Mrs. Bird said. She said the drawer looked as if it had 'set up as a rats' nest in the year one.' I told her that we had been meaning to have a grand general cleaning some day and put it in order, and she gave a sniffy laugh, and said nothing ever got cleaned on 'some days.' "

"She is *awfully* neat," remarked Sophy, "and I have a feeling in my bones that some day she 'll get hold of us and make us neat, too. We shall be Birds of a feather before we are done with her. You 'll see! Papa is the only privileged person. He throws his slippers on the floor just as he always did, and she picks them up meekly and puts them away."

"She makes everything in the house look so stiff," said Amy, petulantly. "We used to scold about Aunt Sophia being too easy, and all that, but I only wish we had her back again. What geese we were! I suppose Aunt Sophia was n't a particular housekeeper, but everything looked pleasant when she was here, and it looks horrid now, I think. I hate it!"

There were some grounds for this complaint. A "best parlor" was absolutely essential to Mrs. Grenell's happiness, and nothing at the Marsh seemed so well adapted for the purpose as the room where the family had been accustomed to sit. It was the largest of the three

rooms on the ground floor, and had the sunniest exposure. But now the sun did little good, for the blinds were kept closed all day. The shabby wall-paper, which had gradually mellowed from old gold to a pale apricot, was replaced by an uncompromising pattern in deep blue roses, the faded carpet by a spick-and-span Brussels in two shades of arsenic green. The cozy strew of books and papers had been done away with, the geraniums and the canary were sent up to the small north room on the opposite side of the hall, where neither fared as well, and no work-basket was suffered on the new cover of the sofa. Amy asserted that the same odor was beginning to creep over the room which she had always noticed in the best parlor at the Bird's Nest. And she was sure that her step-mother had brought the mice with her, as none were even known at the Marsh before she came.

"Girls," said Mrs. Grenell, about two months later, "I want to have a serious talk with you."

Three alarmed young faces turned toward her.

"Don't look so scared," she said, with a short laugh. "I 'm not going to bite you. What I want to say is this. It 's nearly three months that we 've been living together, and I 've been studying you. This is the conclusion I have come to. You 're good girls enough, all of you, and smart girls, too. Sophy 's the smartest, but you 're all smart. There is nothing to prevent your all learning to be good managers and good housekeepers except one fact, which is that in all your lives you 've never been taught to do one single thing as it ought to be done."

The girls stared at her, half surprised, half offended.

"There 's a right way and a wrong way in everything," went on Mrs. Grenell. "The right way sometimes seems hardest, but it 's easiest in the long run, because it does n't need to be done over again, as the wrong way does. Now, I don't know whether you care to learn. Perhaps you think it 's of no consequence how things are done. If that 's the case it 's no use taking pains about you. But if any of you are thinking of getting married some day—to a young lawyer, say," her keen eye fixed on Sophy, "or a farmer, or a clergyman with a small salary, any one with more brains than money,—and

that 's the sort to marry,—to know how to do things exactly right would be like money in your pocket. Think it over, and if you should decide that you want to learn I will teach you."

"There was no necessity, and you need n't get so red, Miss Sophy."

Green Gage had, in fact, arrived in Boxet some weeks before. He was working in Squire



"'JUST LISTEN TO THIS IDIOT,' SAID MRS. GRENELL, AND SHE READ FROM THE NEWSPAPER." (SEE PAGE 871.)

"What *do* you suppose she meant by saying that about Green Gage?" whispered Margaret.

"She did n't say Green Gage, she only said a young lawyer," retorted Sophy, with an angry blush. "She did not mention any names."

Grenell's office, and was a great deal at the Marsh — a tall, manly young fellow, well set up, with a nice face and honest blue eyes. Somehow he always seemed to sit next to Sophy. Mrs. Grenell's sharp eye had noted this fact.

"I don't think that Mrs. Bird's offer 's a bad one," went on Margaret. "She 's over-particular, no doubt, and she has n't the faintest notion how to make a house look pleasant, but so far as details go she 's the best housekeeper I know. I think I shall go to school to her and learn how to do things."

"So shall I," said Sophy.

"With a view to the future Green-Gagery, I suppose," remarked Amy, scornfully. "I 'm not going to be taught by Mrs. Bird, I assure you. She thinks she knows everything, but I know something myself. I have had experience, too, and you will be sorry if you do; that I can tell you. Give her an inch and she 'll take an ell, as you will see."

"She 's welcome to any ells she can get out of me," said Margaret. "I 'm going to learn. There 's no knowing what fate may have in store for me—if not a green gage, at least a gooseberry, or a Bartlett pear. I intend to be ready."

She and Sophy were as good as their word. They put themselves to school with their stepmother, who certainly took no pains to make her lessons easy to them.

Was it bread they attempted, or cake, or soup, or puddings? Trial after trial was exacted until the articles turned out absolutely perfect. Then they were made to repeat the lesson again and again until they had it at their fingers' ends, and certainty was assured. Was it the cleaning of a room? That room had at least three cleanings while Sophy and Margaret learned just how to do it. The silver grew thin with the extra polishing it received; the glass and china were washed and re-washed. But when the exacting task-mistress conceded that her pupils knew a thing, they knew it for life; there was no further uncertainty or forgetting. Best of all, they learned the reasons which underlie all household laws and make them of value.

Amy, meanwhile, had no share in this practical education. It was her own choice, but no one likes to be left out of anything. She was dissatisfied with her lot, and began to wish she could escape from it.

"If I had any way of making money," she said to herself, "I would go away and live somewhere else, in a place different from this,

and much more interesting." She thought, as many young girls think, that it might be possible to earn an income by writing poetry for the newspapers. Versifying had always been easy for her, and she tried her hand at various sonnets and "occasional poems" which she sent to the Boxet "Chronicle." Several of them were published, but when Amy found that the "Chronicle" never paid anything for poetry, the hope of getting a living that way died discouraged.

This attempt, however, had one consequence on which she had never reckoned. Her visits to the "Chronicle" office made her acquainted with the junior editor, a pleasant young fellow with a kind heart. He was sorry for the pretty Miss Grenell and her disappointments, and persuaded his senior to give her a little work on the paper. It was the preparation of a daily "Menu"—a bill of fare for breakfast, dinner, and supper. Some city papers had started the fashion, and, of course, all the country papers wanted to copy it.

Now this was an idea which, well managed, might have been of real use. Had an experienced housekeeper undertaken it, keeping a careful eye on prices, and what was in season and what not, and fitting yesterday's left-overs into to-day's needs, many people might have profited by her hints. But Amy was not an experienced housekeeper, and she hated trouble, though she was pleased to make four dollars a week, which was the sum agreed upon by the "Chronicle." She made no attempt to study prices or possibilities, but just took a receipt-book and from it arranged a series of repasts which speedily became the derision of all who read them.

Each was headed by a quotation in prose or verse supposed to be appropriate, and perhaps to aid the housewife in the composition of her meals!

They ran something like this one—which Amy had the pleasure of hearing her stepmother read aloud one snowy morning in March. She had felt unusually bored with her task the day before, and had set things down at hazard out of a receipt-book, anxious only to send something to fill the required space, and paying almost no attention as to what they were about.

"Just listen to this idiot," said Mrs. Grenell, and she read:

"March 30.

MENU.

'And deep into the dying day
The happy princess followed him.'

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

"Now what on earth has the happy princess to do with this absurd food — unless, indeed, she ate it! But in that case she 'd be an unhappy princess, I should say.

BREAKFAST.

Honey and Cream.

Tea. Coffee.

Boiled Milk.

Oranges. Plum-jam.

Breakfast Bacon.

Lamb Chops. Omelet. Creamed Potatoes.

Water-cress.

Waffles. Maple Syrup.

Strawberries and Cream.

"Three solids and three kinds of fruit! And where are you going to get strawberries in March, or water-cress, either, I should like to know?" demanded Mrs. Grenell. "Hum! Pretty expensive breakfast! The goose who writes these bills is crazy about water-cress. He has it three times a day.

DINNER.

Lobster Bisque.

"Where is he going to get his lobster? and what 's bisque, anyway?

Fresh Shad, Broiled.

"Shad, indeed! There won't be any for six weeks to come.

Minced Turkey.

"Now, where is he going to get the turkey? There has n't been a turkey for more than a week. Yes,—” Mrs. Grenell rapidly turned over some newspaper cuttings,—“not since February 19. I cut them out because it seemed to me that we were always being told to have hashed this and cold that when there was nothing that went before to make them out of, and you see —

Mashed Potato. Creamed Onions Succotash.

"Succotash! Canned, I suppose. How stupid!

Cabbage Salad.

Water-cress.

Cherry-pie.

Sliced Peaches and Cream.

"I should just like to ask," observed Mrs. Grenell, "where he 's going to get sliced peaches at this time of year, or cherries for his pies, either? I suppose in the same place where he gets dandelions for salad, which I see set down for supper, together with chipped beef and raised muffins and 'Quenelles à la Revolution,' whatever that may be, and prune jelly, and loaf-cake. Well, that 's a day's feeding, indeed! There ought to be a course of physic to wind up with."

Amy sat with tingling cheeks, listening to these comments. Had she really been so absurd? Why, oh, why had she not taken more pains? Did everybody think the menus so ridiculous? How lucky that no one knew that she wrote them!

It was for the improvement of these unhappy bills of fare that about this time she made some timid overtures toward joining the housekeeping class. Her stepmother responded in her usual downright way, took the new pupil in without remark, and treated her exactly as she had treated the others. Amy worked harder than she had ever worked before in her life, but she learned fast. The time came when Mrs. Grenell was proud of her scholars.

"You know a good deal more now than I did at your age," she said, one day. "It would have been an awful assistance if some one had taken me in hand and learned me such things when I was younger. But no one did. I had to pick it up by the hardest. Your ma was the only person that ever gave me a hint. She helped me a lot."

"Mama!" cried the girls, astonished.

"Yes. I always meant to tell you some day. It was n't for my own pleasure that I offered to teach you. Generally speaking, it 's easier to do things one's self than to show a raw hand how to do them. But I felt a kind of responsibility for you, and I wanted to do my duty." Her keen face softened as she spoke. "And I was glad to have the chance to help along your mother's daughters a little bit. Your ma was married before I come to the farm," she went

on, after a pause. "I was a raw sort of girl, and she was the prettiest woman in the place, and the most respected. She just went out of her way to lend a helping hand to me. I needed it, too, and I never forgot it; and when your pa asked me to marry him, one thing in my mind was that perhaps there 'd be something I could do for you girls." Her voice shook a little as she ended, and she moved away.

"Oh, don't go!" cried Margaret. "Did you really know mama? None of us remember her. How did she look? Do tell us."

She had got hold of her stepmother's hand and was holding it tight.

"She looked almost exactly like Amy," said Mrs. Grenell. "Her hair grew the same way, and she had the same eyes, and the little dimple low down in the chin. I always watch when Amy smiles because it reminds me of her. She was real pretty, I can tell you. But you and Sophy are like her, too."

"How dear of you to tell us! Was mama as tall as Amy?"

"Pretty nigh, I think. Her hands were exactly like yours."

"Were they?" spreading out her fingers. "I am glad I have something like her. Go on; tell us some more."

"I don't believe there 's any more to tell. She died the year after I came to Boxet. But she was n't one ever to forget."

"But, Mrs. Bird —"

"Bird ain't my name!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Amy, flushing hotly. "Indeed, I never meant to say it. It just slipped out of my mouth. You know, that was the name we always knew you by till just now."

"I know," said Mrs. Grenell, mollified. "'T ain't easy to change a name. You don't want to call me mother, and I don't blame you; and Mrs. Grenell does n't work in for every day. I don't know what you 'll do."

"I know," cried Sophy, boldly. "We 'll call you 'aunt.' Then we shall have an aunt and an aunty. Shall we? Would you like it?"

"I guess it 'll do as well as anything else," said Mrs. Grenell, marching away as she spoke. In her heart she was extremely pleased.

She had never had a daughter or a niece, and the instinct for mothering young things asserted itself strongly, now the chance came. From that day life went better for all at Marsh Hollow. Nothing makes a decided person so gentle as the sense of being liked. Mrs. Grenell had seldom had that pleasure in her life before. She had been respected, obeyed, a little feared — but never exactly liked. To have Sophy run in to kiss her good night, or Margaret set her cap straight, abuse her bonnets, take liberties, and laugh at her as a daughter may, was a new experience and an absolute enjoyment. She took pleasure in pleasing them in return. Little by little her rigid rule relaxed. The house grew pleasanter, the family more at ease; by the end of a couple of years the Marsh had become a real home.

By that time other changes had come to the family. Amy was married to the young editor of the "Chronicle." It was the revelation of her extraordinary abilities as a housekeeper which won his affections, he declared; but Amy always winced at this little joke. The menus were still a deep mortification to her.

"And you are actually going to become a Green Gage?" she said, one day, to Sophy, who had walked over with a piece of news which every one had been expecting for months. "Well, what 's in a name?"

"There 's a great deal in a name, Shakspeare to the contrary notwithstanding! Do you want to know what Green 's real name is? Horatio Greenough! Think of that! From this day forward he is going to be called by it. Greenough Gage is a most superior name, I think, and Mrs. Greenough Gage just as good. Any one who calls him 'Green' after this will reckon with me. Oh, Amy! I mean to be *such* a good housekeeper."

"So do I."

"Neither of us would have the least chance of being that if it had n't been for Mrs. Bird — aunty, I mean. How we scolded when she came into the family, and what a blessing in disguise she has turned out! But I think we owe something to Aunt Sophia, too. We learned from her how pleasant a house can be which is not particularly tidy; and then aunty came along and showed us how to make a house

exquisitely clean without its being at all unpleasant. I mean to combine the two receipts, and I hope I shall produce a most delightful result."

"You made these discoveries since you discovered that Green's name is Greenough, I suppose. Now, Sophy, here is your cup of tea.

What would Mrs. Bird have said to tea in the afternoon when she first came to us? Let us drink to the health of our two instructors: the one who taught us not to do, and the one who showed us how to do."

"Aunt and Aunt! Three cheers!" said Sophy, with the heartiest good will.

HIS ANSWER.

BY PENRHYN STANLAWS.



I was walking by the sea-shore,
Where the breaking billows' crest
Makes one wish that he was in 'em,
Minus coat and minus vest.

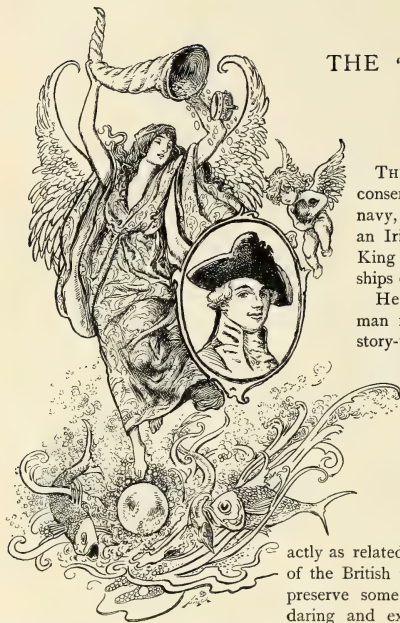
And I saw an ancient seaman,
Sitting quiet as could be,
Watching clouds from his tobacco
Drifting lazily to sea.

And I watched this ancient sailor,
And 'twas in my heart to grieve,

When I heard a chortling chuckle —
Heard him laughing in his sleeve.

So I said, "Oh, ancient seaman,
With your pardon and your leave,
Would it trouble you to tell me
Why you laugh so in your sleeve?"

He replied, "With all my heart, sir,
The true reason I 'll declare;
I 'm a-laughing in my sleeve, sir,
'Cause my funny-bone is there!"



THE "LUCKY LIEUTENANT."

BY REGINALD GOURLAY.

THIS sobriquet was applied, by the universal consent of his shipmates, and indeed of the whole navy, to the Hon. John O'Brien, younger son of an Irish peer, who served his Britannic Majesty King George III. in various frigates and other ships of war about the middle of the last century.

He was sometimes called also "the luckiest man in the navy." And with reason; for if a story-writer were to relate in any work of fiction

such a string of extraordinary adventures and hairbreadth escapes as those which in cold fact were experienced by this young officer, his tale would be pronounced too far-fetched and absurdly improbable, even for fiction itself. I cannot, therefore, state too strongly that the adventures and escapes that I shall relate of this young man are all authentic, that they happened exactly

as related, and that they are proved by the records of the British navy. I have (besides the natural desire to preserve some record of the strange good fortune of a daring and excellent young officer) another motive in

writing this account of them; viz., that one of the most astonishing of the hero's escapes occurred during the still more astonishing action between the "King George"—privateer frigate, Captain Walker—and the Spanish line-of-battle ship "Glorioso," seventy-four guns—this being the only instance on record where a frigate of any nation has voluntarily placed herself, in smooth water and fine weather, alongside an enemy's ship of the line, and has given her enough of it. And that this frigate should be a privateer makes the affair still more remarkable.

There are none of the old line-of-battle ships or frigates now; but the modern reader will understand what Captain Walker's feat was when I say that it was pretty much the same as if a second-class protected cruiser was to run alongside the "Oregon" or "Massachusetts," and engage one of these battle-ships at close quarters.

But already, before his almost miraculous escape (which I will relate in its proper place) during this well-fought and, in its way, unequaled action, the luck of John O'Brien had become a proverb in the British navy. His first accident was on the coast of India, where his ship was wrecked with the loss of all hands except himself and four sailors. He next embarked in a vessel to return to England, but was cast away near the Cape of Good Hope,

where *he alone* of the ship's crew contrived to get safely to shore. "This makes him *one* out of a total of *five* people saved in two shipwrecks," as a naval historian puts it. But what follows is still more astonishing. At the Cape, the Dutch governor, finding him to be a person of quality, supplied him with every necessary for continuing his voyage, and provided him with a cabin in one of the Dutch homeward-bound East-Indiamen. Just as O'Brien's luggage was being put on board, a Dutch governor of some of the eastern settlements in India, who was going back to Europe in the same ship, having a large family and suite with him, found himself straitened for room. So he applied to the governor of the Cape, and told him "that he would esteem it a particular favor if the other passengers could be prevailed upon to quit the ship, and leave it entirely to his family and suite." O'Brien was offered accommodation on board another ship that was to sail on the same day, and, with true Irish politeness, complied "with all the pleasure in life." Within twenty-four hours after putting to sea, he saw with his own eyes the ship he had just quitted founder in a gale of wind, taking with her every soul on board!

We come now to the account of the celebrated voyage of Captain—or, rather, Commodore—Walker, and his remarkable action with the seventy-four-gun ship *Glorioso*, during which our young hero had another opportunity of showing how remarkably he was favored by fortune. It should be said first that O'Brien did not sail with Walker, who was a privateer of great renown in those days, whereas O'Brien was a king's officer.

The ship "*Dartmouth*," of which O'Brien was second lieutenant, got into the mêlée by the purest accident, while the *Glorioso* was trying to escape. Her dreadful and sudden end was the result of unforeseen and unpreventable misfortune, and the preservation of O'Brien the most extraordinary accident of all. In fact, the whole career of the gallant Irish sailor is one succession of perils and escapes which no human foresight could have expected. The "blind goddess Chance" had surely taken a fancy to brave Lieutenant O'Brien. The action with the *Glorioso* was brought about as follows:

In 1746 the famous privateer, Captain George Walker, sailed from Bristol in search of prize-money, with a squadron commonly known as the "Royal Family," composed of the ships King George, "Prince Frederick," "Duke," and "Princess Amelia." They carried all together one hundred and twenty-two guns, and nine hundred and seventy men. To give the reader an idea of what privateering was in those days, I shall just note that, in eight months from the day they sailed, these ships put into Lisbon, having made prizes to the amount of two hundred and twenty thousand pounds, without the loss of a man. Here Walker first heard of the *Glorioso*. She was a Spanish seventy-four-gun ship, with seven hundred and eighty men, who had sailed from the Spanish Main for Spain, with treasure in her hold amounting, it is said, to three million pounds. She was also the best-commanded and best-manned ship the Spaniards ever owned, and had already beaten off two small English ships of war, the "Lark" and the "Warwick." Then she had put into Ferrol, and unfortunately *landed her treasure*.

Thence she sailed for Cadiz, when Walker sighted and chased her. He had but two ships of his squadron available—his own ship, the King George, and the Prince Frederick. The chase lasted till noon, when the King George came up to her. When she did so, it fell a dead calm, and the two ships lay within gunshot of each other, the Prince Frederick being far away to the southward. Lying thus (as Cassel relates), "the Spaniard hoisted her colors, and ran out her lower tier, thus showing that she was a seventy-four-gun ship." Why on earth she did not take the opportunity of firing on the King George and sinking her, as in that calm sea she could have done, it is impossible to guess. However, she threw away her chance, and at five o'clock, a light breeze springing up, she headed for Cadiz. Then Walker performed the heroic deed that has made his name famous. With his consort far astern, by eight o'clock, in brilliant moonlight, he ranged alongside the *Glorioso* and hailed her.

The big line-of-battle ship replied with a whole broadside, dismounting two of the King George's guns, and bringing down her mastsail-yard. Walker's men, who had been

lying down at their quarters expecting this, suffered little loss, and now, jumping to their feet, "returned the compliment before the Spanish guns had well ceased to roar." "Thus," says Professor Laughton, in his "Studies of Naval History," "began a battle that has absolutely no parallel in naval history." There are many cases of a frigate hanging on to a line-of-battle ship, and detaining her till some heavier ship came up and finished her; but this was the first and last time that a frigate of any nation voluntarily placed herself, in smooth water and fine weather, alongside a ship of the line, and engaged her, yard-arm to yard-arm.

As may be supposed, after sustaining this unequal contest for *three hours* the little King George was in a bad way. Her foremast was down, her mainmast wounded, her maintopsail-yard shot away, her hull riddled with shot, her sails like lace, and most of her running rigging cut away, when at last the Prince Frederick came up. At her coming the Glorioso took to her heels; and Walker found his ship too badly shattered to allow his consort to pursue *then*. But his loss in men was small, and finding, when the morning broke, that the condition of his ship was not altogether desperate, and the Duke having come out of Lagoa Bay to his support, he sent her with the Prince Frederick in pursuit, and himself followed slowly with the battered King George. Walker soon met a big ship, the English man-of-war "Russell," and told her captain the situation. Her captain, thanking him for the news, crowded all sail in pursuit of the Spaniard. The Russell, however, was unfortunately but a poor sailer.

But just then Walker, through his telescope, saw the flying enemy hotly engaged with a ship much smaller than herself. This he took for the Prince Frederick, though the distance was too great to be sure. The firing, however, was so fierce and rapid that Walker cried out: "That fellow Dottin"—the Prince Frederick's captain—"will fire away all his cartridges, and have to load with loose powder, and likely enough some fatal accident will happen." He had scarcely spoken when a vast livid bar of fire shot far into the sky from the English ship, followed by a dense, billowy cloud of smoke that spread slowly out far over the sea.

"Great heavens!" Walker cried out. "It has happened! She's gone, and poor Dottin and all his brave fellows with her!"

The lost ship was not the Prince Frederick, however, but the British corvette Dartmouth, with our young friend the Hon. John O'Brien on board her as second lieutenant. It so happened, by a side current in this strange tide of events, that this ship, the Dartmouth, cruising near, had heard guns the night before, had steered for the sound, and fallen in with the flying Glorioso, whom she instantly engaged.

It was a running fight, which grew warmer and warmer till, by some means which will never be known, fire reached the Dartmouth's magazine, and she blew up. The Duke and Prince Frederick, then coming up, lowered boats. But of all the Dartmouth's crew of three hundred men, only fourteen were picked up.

Among the saved was John O'Brien, the "lucky lieutenant." He was picked up insensible on the top of a floating gun-carriage. He had been blown through a port, and his clothes, of course, were all in tatters, torn and burned. But even the awful experience he had just been through seemed insufficient to subdue his undaunted spirit; for as soon as he came to himself, and was introduced to the captain of the Duke, he said with great gravity:

"Sir, you must excuse the unfitness of my dress to come on board a strange ship, but really I left my own in such a hurry, I had no time to put on better."

This incident, which reads like the creation of some story-teller's brain, is literally and exactly true. Meanwhile, the Russell at last got alongside the Glorioso, and after an action which the gallant Spaniard, in spite of all the mauling she had received, maintained with great spirit for nearly five hours, took her. No Spanish ship was ever so well fought before or again as the Glorioso. The fury of the English, however (men-of-war's-men and privateers alike, who would have, by the then rules, shared evenly in captured treasure), when they found that the Glorioso had landed her three millions of treasure at Ferrol; and that they had all their hard fighting for nothing in prize-money, may be imagined. One of Walker's owners even

attacked him furiously for venturing their ship against a man-of-war. Walker's reply silenced him. He said :

"Had the treasure been aboard, as I ex-

Amazon was sailing along, about nine o'clock one evening, before a brisk breeze and a strong "following sea," a marine named Morris fell overboard off the poop. O'Brien, who was



"THE BULLET PASSED THROUGH O'BRIEN'S HAIR, AND HE FELL INSENSIBLE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

pected, your compliment had been otherwise ; or had I let her escape with that treasure on board, what would you have said ? "

On his arrival at the West Indies, whither he was now ordered, O'Brien was appointed first lieutenant on the "Amazon" frigate. Immediately after his joining her, she was sent out to look for the relieving squadron of four frigates which was expected to join the English ships cruising off the French island of Guadeloupe in an attack on that important place. As the

close to him, was the only one that saw him go ; and knowing the man could not swim, with characteristic courage and impetuosity, first heaved a grating over the side, and then instantly followed it himself, raising the cry of "A man overboard !" as he did so.

He succeeded in catching Morris, and in helping him to the grating, to which he also clung ; and then the blackness of the tropic night instantly swallowed them up.

O'Brien said afterward that when he realized

the position his impulsive act had brought him into,—knowing it was almost impossible that the frigate, in that dark night and ugly sea, would ever be able to pick them up,—he felt that "there was about one chance in a hundred of their ever being saved." In fact, the frigate could not be stopped till she was at least four miles from where O'Brien jumped over; and though her boats searched for hours (for O'Brien was a great favorite with his ship's company), they had to give it up at last. Nevertheless, O'Brien's luck began to show what it could do almost immediately. To begin with, the wind suddenly went down, and, of course, the sea with it. Otherwise they must have been washed off their grating long before morning. Then, when at last morning did come, and the swift tropic sunrise began to drink up the morning mists, O'Brien suddenly uttered a great shout, and clapping his companion on the shoulder, pointed to a large, dim shape looming through the fog not a hundred yards away. It was the "Callopie," flagship of the squadron for which the Amazon had gone out to search. O'Brien's luck had drifted him into the very midst of the relieving squadron! In ten minutes both men were safe on board her. The "one chance of safety in a hundred" had fallen to the lucky lieutenant.

The lieutenant went in the Callopie to Guadeloupe, and he led one of the storming parties which attacked the strong battery—or rather, fort—at the mouth of the harbor, where the British were thrice driven back before they carried the place. Here O'Brien had an even narrower escape than usual. At the second attack, he had led his men gallantly up to the breach, where they became engaged, hand to hand, with equally resolute Frenchmen.

Here a French grenadier, "bent on mischief," as O'Brien expressed it, put a musket within a foot of his head, and fired. Morris, *the marine O'Brien had saved*, saw this just in time to strike up the Frenchman's musket—the bayonet on it making a long score or cut from between O'Brien's eyebrows to the top of his scalp. The bullet passed through his hair, and O'Brien fell insensible.

In a short time the overwhelming numbers and fire of the French proved too much

for the handful of English sailors, and they had to retreat. But before Morris left O'Brien, who was lying in the narrow passage of the breach, he and another marine did what saved his life a second time; that is, they drew him as near the side of the pass as possible, and placed several muskets over him, resting them against the rocks, so that they would not press on or even touch O'Brien's body.

When the reinforced storming parties again rushed up the breach, they stepped on the muskets and not on O'Brien's ribs; so, instead of being trampled to death, he recovered in time to stagger after the attacking party into the fort.

After this O'Brien went on leave to England, feeling, doubtless, that he required a little rest. While there he acquired a wife in quite as eccentric and unusual a manner as that which characterized his more warlike feats. It seems there had been a strong youthful attachment between a great English heiress—an orphan, and the young officer, whose suit, however, had been decisively rejected by the lady's guardians. On reaching a certain town in the north of England, near where the lady resided, O'Brien was astonished to recognize the object of his former attachment in a lady who, accompanied by a crusty-looking old gentleman,—this was one of her guardians,—drove up in a post-chaise to the inn where he was staying.

He managed to obtain a ten minutes' interview with the lady, the result of which was that "on that very evening the pair set out in the guardian's post-chaise for Gretna Green in Scotland, where in those days hundreds of runaway matches were celebrated." They reached it safely and were married. This episode can hardly be called an "escape" for the lucky lieutenant; nevertheless by it he acquired not only a fortune of five hundred thousand pounds sterling, but, what was much better, an attached and estimable wife.

He went to sea once more, after his marriage, as captain of the "Aurora" frigate, when he fought off Brest an extraordinary action with *three* French frigates, in which engagement his remarkable lucky star shone out more brightly than ever.

This action was fought with a heavy sea run-

ning and a strong wind blowing, which increased into a gale as the action proceeded. It was, moreover, fought close on what was virtually a "dead lee-shore." One of his opponents escaped into Brest harbor. Another was forced on shore,—struck on the terrible Grand Stevenet Rock,—and went down with every soul on board.

O'Brien's own ship, the *Aurora*, just managed to weather the same rock by about fifty yards,—"the sea," says O'Brien in his despatch, "being white at one time all around her,"—and beat out to sea after the other French frigate. She came up with her next morning, and—again to use O'Brien's lively words—"took her easy!"

O'Brien then returned to England, to find that he had been gazetted a post-captain for

his bravery, and also that the four relatives that stood between him and an Irish peerage had all died in about four months. Two of them were younger than himself. This great change in his prospects, and the solicitations of his young wife, caused O'Brien to leave the navy; and the lucky lieutenant settled down to a long, prosperous, and—as far as we know—happy life ashore.

Judging from the courage, promise, and good fortune of his early career, England probably lost a distinguished admiral in this brilliant young Irish peer.

Every one of these remarkable adventures and escapes related in this short story of his life is well authenticated; and the reader can judge, after reading them, whether he did not deserve his nickname of the "lucky lieutenant."



MY POND.

BY ERIC PARKER.

IN the pond I call my own
 All the sides are made of stone;
 And there the gardener grows his plots,
 White and blue forget-me-nots.

In the summer I can sit
 On the pleasant bank of it,
 And watch the breathing fishes go
 Over all the floor below.

I should so much like to see
 What the fish do after tea;
 But nurse says that it 's getting late—
 That 's because I 'm only eight.

For when the dew is all about,
 And the zigzag bats come out,
 And every fish puts up its head,
 Then—I have to go to bed.

Then, I think, moon fairies fly
 Through the silent summer sky,
 And the fairy queen afar
 Is riding in a fairy car.

There, I know, she moves in white
 Through the black-and-silver night,
 And scatters with a starry wand
 Ripples on my little pond.

CONFLICTING ADVICE.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

"A SON," said Papa Lion, his better half
 addressing,

"Though strange appear the statement, is not
 an unmixed blessing.

For here Prince Leo 's growing up and ex-
 pects to rule this nation,

And — think of it! — he has n't yet the sign
 of an education.

And the Prince, declares Sir Beaver, should at
 once be taught to build,

And in catching mice, says Doctor Owl, should
 be by this time skilled;

The Poet Laureate Nightingale would have
 him learn to sing,

And Chancellor Hawk would have him taught
 to cut the pigeon wing.

Marquis Peacock thinks his manners are most
 fearfully uncouth;

Lawyer Fox opines that shrewdness is much
 lacking in the youth.

Young Viscount Monkey is inclined to teach
 the art gymnastic,

And Professor Parrot would instruct in lan-
 guages scholastic."

"Fine critics all!" replied the Queen. "They'd
 teach our budding scion —

But have n't they forgotten that Prince Leo is
 a Lion?"



THE "Stella di Mare," gay with flags, stood upon the ways Mario had constructed in imitation of the shipyard, and Mario, hammer in hand, stood ready to strike away the blocks. Dorothy, with a bottle of lemonade (some one had told her water was unlucky), was near, and Rob danced about, too excited to stand still. All three children were barefooted, prepared to follow the Stella into the sea. The blue

Mediterranean danced, too, and on the horizon a troop of real feluccas scudded.

The Stella di Mare was a felucca also; she stood as high as Dorothy, and was painted blue, with a golden star above her name.

"Because," said Mario, "blue is the Madonna's color, and we call her the real 'Star of the Sea.'"

Rob looked sober, then brightened. "It 's

the color of the sky, too," he said, "and the stars are in the sky."

She flew two flags, the Stars and Stripes at her mast, and the Italian tricolor at her bow, out of compliment to her maker, Mario, and her owner, Rob.

"*Pronto!*" cried Mario, lifting his hammer.

"Ready!" echoed Rob, and Mario struck the block.

"Stella di Mare, I name you," shouted Dorothy, breaking the tiny bottle on the vessel's bow. "Be brave and fortunate!"—for some one had told her this was the proper thing to say. And the Stella glided swiftly down into the water, where she stood dancing gaily in her ribbons.

"Hurrah!" shouted Rob and Dorothy, plunging in.

"*Evviva!*" cried Mario, with a second splash. And the rest of the day the Star of the Sea cruised, while Rob learned to set and swing and furl the strange winged sail which for centuries has flown over this sea of tempests and light.

At sunset, when the big boats came in, they brought in the toy felucca—little dreaming that never again would her bright flags fly above the Mediterranean. Dorothy was allowed as a great favor to carry the Stella homeward; Rob and Mario walked behind, feasting their eyes upon it, and yet a little melancholy, for the real Stella di Mare was to sail at midnight for the fishing-fields, and might be absent for days.

"But I shall not sail the Stella again until you come back," declared Rob, with tremendous magnanimity.

Mario's big dark eyes lightened with pleasure, but he said:

"*Caro Roberto* [dear Robert], you must sail her every day."

"No," insisted Rob, stoutly; "I shall wait till the big Stella comes in, and every night at sunset we shall be at the *molo* [quay], watching."

Thus they parted; only in the distance Mario turned to wave his biretta, and the children waved the Stella back to him.

The next morning was bright and gay. From the beach the children could see far out on the horizon the white wings of the fleet. Late that

afternoon they all vanished. At sunset Rob and Dorothy walked on the molo—the long quay to which the fisher-boats came. The sun went down in a great mass of coppery clouds, but shone on not one sail save Giacomo's, who was an old man, and so prudent that he was called *Il Pauroso*—the fearful one. There had not been good fishing, he reported, and the fleet had pushed on toward Leghorn; but he had turned back—he did n't like the smell of the air.

Every one laughed. It was a beautiful evening, but for that one mass of cloud, and one bright star trembled above the water.

"Perhaps it shines on the Stella di Mare," said Dorothy to Rob.

"The Stella di Mare has pushed southward, little signorina," said Giacomo; "but the star shines on her just the same. It will not shine long, however."

In fact, when the children woke the next morning it was to a tempest of rain and lightning.

"Oh, the Stella is sure to come in to-day," cried Dorothy, clapping her hands.

Her father did not answer. He knew that the greater part of the fleet had come in overnight, but the Stella was not of the number.

All that day it rained and blew furiously. The children from the window watched the flying water breaking over the long molo. In the course of the day three or four boats came in. Each time a tall sloping mast broke the curtain of rain and passed up the canal, drawn by a score of willing hands of anxious watchers, the children exclaimed hopefully: "This must be the Stella!" The last to come in was Andrea, Mario's uncle. Rob and his father went down to see him.

The tempest had struck them so quickly, he said, that they were scattered and driven apart. Those farthest out suffered most. The Stella was the farthest out of all. She might be another twenty-four hours. They might think it wiser to ride it out than to run against such weather. No fear but she was safe enough, he added, glancing at Rob's white face.

But the twenty-four hours passed, and no Stella di Mare.

"*Chè, chè,*" said Andrea, roughly, "she is

making up her catch. A boat as good as new — what should have happened to her?"

Then it was: "She has been driven afar on one of the islands. That has happened before now. In a week she will be back." Or: "She was disabled, and has put into Leghorn for repairs."

And then — they said nothing more.

Days went by, and on one of them three women in rusty black gowns appeared at the sail-making place and asked for work. Then everybody knew how it was, and the next Sunday there was a memorial service in the little church.

Such catastrophes befell yearly, and "Our dead," said these humble folk, reverently, "are safe with God; they will not be hungry any more."

Only Giulia, Mario's widowed mother, could not believe the sea had taken her boy, but went nightly to the molo to look for his return. So did Rob.

"I promised," he insisted, when his parents gently pointed out the uselessness. "I promised."

But the weeks went by, and no Stella di Mare ever sailed out of the sunset to reward their watching eyes. And at last the little Stella, which had stood all this time idle, with drooping pennants, was unrigged and packed and borne away to London, and every one thought her first voyage had been her last. But it was not to be so. She was to make one more — and a memorable — voyage.

The first thing any child would turn longingly to in London (especially after out-of-doors Italy) is her miles of parks, with their rivers, ponds, and noble elms; and Rob and Dorothy in their very first outing stumbled at once upon the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, and stood rooted to its margin, fascinated by the spectacle it presented.

Innumerable toy boats were scudding over its surface in all directions — from the rudest little finger-long canoe to stately sloops as tall as the grown-up men who sailed them; and a throng of excited owners ran about the pond, with long poles to draw in the boats. Sometimes these went swiftly across, leaving a rip-

pling wake; sometimes they tacked and turned with the eddies of air, and were hours before they came to port; sometimes there were collisions, and now and then a shipwreck of some small craft overtaken by a racer. Among the eager proprietors, the children discovered a boy from their own hotel, to the fortunes of whose boat they attached themselves, and for the next two hours ran gaily back and forth, launching the "Britannia" from many ports.

"I say," remarked Tom, breathlessly, as the three trudged home, "you ought to have a boat yourself."

"I have," answered Rob, and then fell into silence.

"Mama," he said slowly, that evening, after a long pause, "do you think Mario would feel badly if I did sail her here? It is n't the Mediterranean."

"I think Mario would much rather you *should* sail her," replied his mother. And within ten minutes Rob was hard at work rigging the Stella, with the assistance of Tom, who pronounced her the "jolliest boat he ever saw."

When the two boys started for the gardens, the next afternoon, it was respectfully and without comment observed by the family that while the Stars and Stripes fluttered gaily from the Stella's stern, at the peak the Italian tricolor drooped mournfully, half-mast.

The arrival of the felucca drew a crowd at once, and it was with a mixture of pride and tenderness that Rob knelt to launch his little boat again — the center of an eager throng of questioners.

"Mighty funny boat! What 's that long spar-thing for? Why do you loop her up so? How do you pronounce her name? What 's that flag, and why is it half-mast?"

"I bet there 's not another boat on *this* pond," said Tom, swelling with pride of association, "that 's sailed on the Mediterranean." And satisfied with the sensation he had produced, he added graciously: "That flag 's half-mast for the builder; he 's dead."

"Is she always going to carry two flags?" asked one inquiring spirit.

"Yes, always," replied Rob, briefly. "For I have n't forgotten dear Mario," he added to

himself, even as he gave a little push and the Stella slid softly out of the water.

Not much like the Mediterranean, this gray sheet, all set about with mists and the strong forms of unleaved elms.

"The wind is different, too; what if she should n't sail well or come in at all?" said Rob, anxiously.

"She will," responded Tom, reassuringly. "She 's a beauty to sail — just look!"

In fact, the Stella was riding as if to show that all water was one to her. So swift and successful was her course that the boys had to run to outstrip her at the landing. They launched her again and again, and she sailed for the honor of two flags.

The wind began to blow shiftily, as it is apt to do before it falls with the sun, and each voyage took a little longer than the preceding; but the fascinated boys continued launching her until suddenly Tom said:

"Hullo! almost everybody has gone, and it is getting dusky."

"So it is!" exclaimed Rob, glancing up. "We must get her right in. I promised not to be late."

This was all very well to say, but the Stella was out on the little lake, and seemed in no hurry to come in. Possibly she dreaded another long confinement in a trunk; or whether it was the increasingly fitful breeze, or that she was made for weathering strong winds only, or that Rob's inexperience had not perfectly adjusted her sails, she kept nearing the shore and then tacking away from it in the most provoking manner. The boys ran hopefully from point to point, but still the felucca, her flags flying, held defiantly at a distance, making little runs here and there, but keeping discreetly out of reach.

"You will have to give it up till morning," declared Tom, at last. But Rob would not hear of it.

"Could n't I get the guard?" he asked desperately.

"Not to-night; too late, and they have to shut up. Besides, it 's perfectly safe. Nobody can get in, and you can come down the first thing in the morning. Look, it 's almost dark now."

With a despairing glance at the Stella, riding

gaily, Rob dejectedly followed Tom. He had hard work to choke down the tears he was ashamed Tom should see, but he quite broke down when he told his father and mother, who were already at the window, watching anxiously. They consoled him as well as they could.

"I don't see what can happen to it to-night," said his father, "and we will go down early in the morning, and, if need be, hire a guard to bring it in."

With this assurance Rob was fain to console himself; but his slumbers would have been more disturbed even than they were if he could have known the truth. For, scarcely ten minutes after he left the pond, a puff of wind drove the Stella near the shore, and a moment later a boy's hand drew her from the water and bore her triumphantly away.

Rob could scarcely wait, the next morning, for his father to swallow a mouthful of breakfast, and at the earliest possible hour the two were on their way. Never had that way seemed so long, and when the gardens were reached Rob ran ahead. There lay the little lake, with smooth gray surface unbroken; but the Stella di Mare had vanished.

"We will ask the guard," said his father, quickly.

The guard knew nothing. Somebody might have taken her — he could n't say. No, he had not seen such a boat. One boat was all the same as another to him; or it might be she had gone to the bottom.

"Sometimes they does. If the young gen'lman was on 'and a few months later, when they drained the pond, he might find her."

This was cold comfort.

"We would willingly pay for its recovery," said Rob's father.

"Well, 'e should adwise the young gen'lman to stay there and watch a bit; 'e would keep an hey he hopen himself hif there was anything he could tell it by. There might be fifty boats some days; 'e could n't be hexpected to know w'ich was w'ich."

Rob described the felucca minutely; then, while his father patiently installed himself upon a bench, with a newspaper, he pensively surveyed the water-fowl, and kept an eager eye upon every boy who appeared. It was school-



"THREE WOMEN IN RUSTY BLACK GOWNS APPEARED AT THE SAIL-MAKING PLACE AND ASKED FOR WORK."

time, and only a few small children with nurses came and went. Heartily discouraged and weary, Rob was just about to give in and go home, when a voice behind him said:

"Might this 'ere be your boat, sir?" And turning, Rob saw the *Stella di Mare* itself in the arms of a shrinking boy whom the guard was pushing forward.

"None of that, now," said the tall guard.

Rob gave one look, and the next moment the *Stella di Mare* fell unheeded to the ground, and with a shout which made everybody near jump, and his father cast away his paper and spring to his feet, Rob hurled himself into the boy's arms.

"Mario! Mario! Mario!"

"*Roberto! caro Roberto! Roberto! caro Roberto!*"

And the two boys laughed and wept and hugged each other like little lunatics.

The guard looked on as if uncertain whether it were his duty to arrest them or not; while Rob's father, scarcely calmer than the boys, tried to make it all clear by explaining:

"It is all right; it is the boy who was drowned."

It was in the midst of a very sympathetic little crowd, who could understand his gestures, if not his words, that Mario—a poor, pale, thin Mario—poured out his story, keeping fast hold of Rob's hand as they sat on the bench together, while Rob's father hung over both boys.

The *Stella* had been wrecked in the first blast of the squall, and Mario, by one of the ever-recurring miracles of the sea, had been picked up by an English vessel which had seen the *Stella* founder. For a long time he lay unconscious from the shock and exposure, and when he recovered he was far from home. Nobody on the vessel understood Italian, and even if the name of the obscure little village which he kept repeating had been known to them, they could not have put about to land one small boy. They were not unkind, and he was soon able to work his passage.

"But oh, *caro Roberto*, when I thought every day I was going farther from you all!"

He made up his mind to slip away at the first port and find an Italian ship on which to

work his way home. But the vessel was homeward bound, and, with adverse winds, only reached London the day before. As soon as possible Mario slipped ashore. He had expected to find an Italian ship easily, but, to his amazement and distress, he found none. He hunted all day, but in the miles of docks he did not know where to look, and wandered aimlessly along, looking for an Italian flag among the thousands, and finding none. A few men spoke so roughly to him that he became afraid to sleep there, and turned away and walked, not knowing where, always looking for something Italian.

"And oh, dear Roberto, it is such a great place, with so many people, and I felt so much fear!"

And so, tired and hungry, he came upon the parks and stumbled in, meaning to sleep under a tree, and renew his search in the morning. He wandered on, looking for a good place to spend the night, till he came out at the pond at dusk, and stooped to drink of it.

"There was something drifting about on it, but I was too tired to notice much, till something red and green and white fluttering caught my eye—I had been looking so for that all day! I could not believe my eyes, but I looked again and I saw it was the *bandiera Italiana* [Italian flag] on a little boat—a felucca, Roberto!"

Rob squeezed his hand silently.

"And next I saw the *bandiera Americana*, and I thought my fever was come back again. I would have plunged in after her, but she came right to me, as if she were sent. And when I saw the gold star and the name, then I *knew* there could not be two, and I said to myself, 'Roberto is here, and he will come back for her.' I guessed she might have been becalmed, and I decided to wait by the pond, when there came a *guardia* [policeman] like this, and he said something, and took me by the shoulder and pointed. I understood I must go, for our own *duchessa's* gardens are closed at sunset, and I thought this might be the king's or queen's. I took the *Stella* to make sure, and I meant to stay quite near to the pond; but crowds of people kept coming and pushing me on, and I walked and walked—"

"It is a wonder you were not lost," said the old bright smile; "but I should like to see Rob's father. the signora and the signorina."

"I was—a little; and then I had fear—oh, In a few minutes they were tucked away in



"MARIO WAS WELCOMED BY ROB'S MOTHER AS IF HE HAD BEEN HER OWN BOY."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

such fear that I should miss you, and I ran and ran, and then the guardia seized me."

"And you have been walking and running all night long! Rob, he has not eaten for twenty-four hours."

"That is nothing — *niente*," said Mario, with

a cab, the tall guard so far forgetting his dignity as to close the door for them. Both of the boys were too excited to stop talking for an instant.

"Dear, dear Stella di Mare!" said Rob, regarding her affectionately. "I shall never sail

her again, for I could not bear to lose her. She brought you back."

"I think," said Mario, simply, "it was the good God who did that. But why is our flag in mourning? I wondered when I saw it. Is the king dead?"

Rob was seized with a sudden confusion and shyness. Mario looked at his friend, and his eyes filled with tears.

"*Caro Roberto!*" he said softly — and then all at once, looking into each other's eyes, they both began to laugh.

On the way home they stopped to telegraph to Mario's mother.

How the receipt of that telegram turned the little village upside down with rejoicing; how Mario was welcomed by Rob's mother as if he had been her own boy who was lost and found; how Dorothy laughed and cried over him; what delightful days the children passed together waiting for the ship on which Rob's father had arranged for Mario to return; how the good captain became so interested in him that Mario went to sea with him for years after — all this would make a story of itself.

The last thing Rob said when he parted with Mario on the ship was this:

"Good-by, dear Mario. I shall keep the Italian flag flying on the *Stella di Mare* always, for you."

And Mario answered: "*Addio*, dear Roberto; and when I am grown up and have a boat of my own, I shall call her the '*Stella di Mare*,' and she shall always carry an American flag, for you."

Mario is not grown up yet, so the big *Stella* has not come into existence; but the little *Stella*, both her flags flying gaily, occupies a place of honor on the mantel in Rob's home. She has never made another cruise, but is the joy and admiration of Rob's friends, to whom he is never weary of telling her story and of reading the legend inscribed upon the rack in which she rests,

STELLA DI MARE.

HER CAREER, THOUGH BRIEF, WAS GLORIOUS. LAUNCHED ON ITALIAN WATERS, IN HER SECOND AND LAST CRUISE, ON AN ENGLISH LAKE, SHE GAL-
LANTLY EFFECTED THE RESCUE OF HER OWN MAKER.



MOONLIGHT ON THE MOLO.

THE GREATEST EXPLOSION OF HISTORIC TIMES.

BY DR. EUGENE MURRAY-AARON.

WHEN we speak of the terror of a volcanic eruption, and of what such a manifestation of the explosive power hidden in the earth's interior is capable, we usually think of Vesuvius and its overwhelming of Pompeii and Herculaneum in the year 79 of our Christian era. This is no doubt largely due to the marvelous way in which those cities were covered over by volcanic ash and their contents kept almost intact until the spade has little by little laid them bare. Yet, terrible as was that visitation, we have had within the memory of most of us, and only seventeen years ago, one that was far worse and much more destructive of human life and vast territories than anything else of its kind of which history tells us.

Many no doubt remember the uniformly beautiful sunsets observed almost every day, and throughout the world, during the autumn of 1883, and will also remember that astronomers and physicists told us then that these were the result of the mighty eruption of Krakatua, a volcano on an island of that name in the Strait of Sunda, which connects the Java Sea with the Indian Ocean, between Java and Sumatra, East Indies. For Krakatua had thrown a mighty stream of fine pumice and vapory particles to a height of over twenty miles, and for many weeks these were shifted from point to point by the ever-varying wind-currents until their effect upon the light caused every portion of the world to wonder at the exquisite colorings of those sunsets.

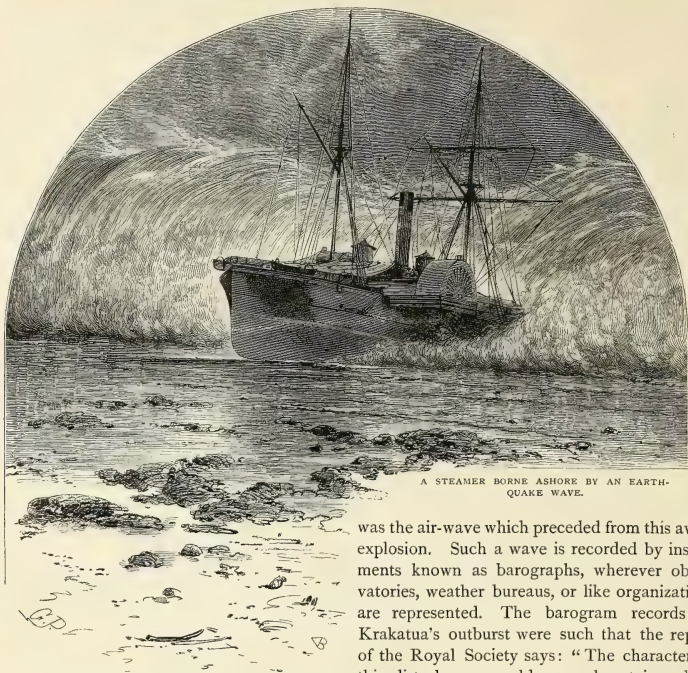
There were several stupendous ways in which this interior force in the depth of Krakatua were manifest, each almost beyond human belief and human understanding. Of these the principal were the earth-lifting force, the tidal wave caused by the shock, and the noise of the mighty explosion; and these we will consider in turn.

It has already been noted that to a height of over twenty miles, or one hundred and five thousand feet, Krakatua hurled a volume of pumice, in fine ash, that was literally wafted around the

world. Large blocks of pumice, still quite warm, were picked up fifteen miles away. But even better is this mighty force illustrated when we learn that the whole northern part of the island, several square miles in extent, was completely blown out of sight, and where was formerly dry land are now sea soundings, in some points nearly one thousand feet in depth. This upheaval lifted the bed of the deep sea, five or six miles away, so that in places small islands, entirely new structures, appeared above the surface.

Even more irresistible must have seemed the mighty earthquake wave which overtook and drowned over thirty thousand people on neighboring islands, some literally hundreds of miles away. A Dutch man-of-war, the "Berouw," anchored off the coast of Sumatra, was carried by this wave up a valley nearly two miles inland, and left high and dry more than thirty feet above the sea-level. At Telok Betong, fifty miles away, this devastating wave reached within six feet of the resident governor's house, which stood on a hillside seventy-eight feet above the sea-level. No wonder that such a wave, quite twice as high as the average dwelling-house, caused so fearful a loss of life both at sea and along the coast of the East Indies for many miles. It was even noticed at the Cape of Good Hope, seven thousand five hundred miles away.

However, it seems that when we come to the deafening report or detonation of this unprecedented upburst in the earth's surface, that its wonderful force is most impressed upon us. If a man were to meet a resident of Philadelphia and tell him that he had heard an explosion in Trenton, thirty miles away, he might be believed, although there would be some doubt as to his powers of imagination. If, however, he should make the same assertion of an explosion in Wheeling, West Virginia, three hundred miles away, all doubts of his accuracy and of his imaginative powers would vanish. But if, with every sign of sincerity and a desire to be believed, he should earnestly insist upon his having heard an explosion in San Francisco,



A STEAMER BORNE ASHORE BY AN EARTH-
QUAKE WAVE.

three thousand miles away, he would receive a pitying smile, and his listener would silently walk away. Yet just this last marvelous thing was true of those who, on the island of Rodriguez, over toward Madagascar, two thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight miles away, heard clearly and beyond doubt the faint sound of the ear-splitting detonation in the Strait of Sunda. In India, in Australia, and in every direction, literally for thousands of miles around, this sound was carried. At Karima, Java, three hundred and fifty-five miles away, native boats put out to sea to look for some imaginary steamer that they felt sure must have exploded out there.

Although not so wonderful to most of us, to scientists the most remarkable feature of all of this most wonderful cataclysm known to man,

was the air-wave which preceded from this awful explosion. Such a wave is recorded by instruments known as barographs, wherever observatories, weather bureaus, or like organizations are represented. The barogram records of Krakatua's outburst were such that the report of the Royal Society says: "The character of this disturbance would seem almost incredible were it not for the fact that it is attested by the barograms of every great meteorological station on the world's surface." And this air-wave is recorded as having encircled our globe three times before its marvelous force was finally spent.

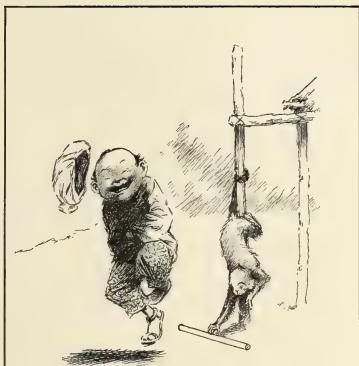
So it is quite safe to say, when we are asked the question as to which of all the mighty manifestations of God's power in this world, thus far within the ken of science, has been the most stupendous, the most all-overwhelming, that the terrific annihilation of Krakatua, in 1883, surpasses all else.

A smoke that encircled the globe, a wave that traveled seven thousand five hundred miles, a sound heard three thousand miles afar, and an air-shock hurled thrice around the earth—what more can be sought as testimony to the pent-up energies beneath our very feet?



I.

WHILE JOCKO DREAMED OF COCOANUTS
A LITTLE TURK CAME NEAR,
AND MEANLY TRIED HIS BLOW-GUN
IN STINGING JOCKO'S EAR.



II.

LOUD LAUGHED THE LITTLE TURKISH IMP,
TILL TEARS WERE IN HIS EYES.
SLY JOCKO, SWIFTLY SLIDING DOWNWARD,
SEIZES ON THE PRIZE.



III.

THE TURK IS LOOKING FOR HIS GUN.
'T WAS IN THAT VERY SPOT.
SLY JOCKO NOW TAKES CAREFUL AIM
AND MAKES A CLEVER SHOT.



IV.

THE LITTLE TURK IS DANCING NOW,
AND SINGS—THOUGH NOT FOR JOY;
WHILE JOCKO, RESTING AT HIS EASE,
SMILES AT THE ACTIVE BOY.

PRETTY POLLY PERKINS.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

[*This story was begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER XIII.

RUTH'S NEW DRESS.

SHORTLY after Jamie had been "bleached" Josh came home from the post-office with the morning's mail.

Mabel, in her dainty blue-plaid gingham, was comfortably settled on her cushions and eagerly awaiting her letter, for hardly a day passed without bringing her some affectionate message from her father.

"Here is your letter, dear one, and I hope it may have an especially welcome bit of news," said her mother, handing it to her.

Mabel tore it open and read eagerly. Then she exclaimed:

"Oh, listen, listen! He will be here to-morrow morning at twelve o'clock, and Uncle Bert is coming with him."

"How delightful! Uncle Bert is Mr. Temple's brother, of whom you have so often heard us speak, Miss Wheeler," Mrs. Temple explained. "His home is in Colorado, where he has a large ranch, and consequently his visits to New York are not so frequent as we could wish. He is Mr. Temple's only brother, and Mabel is so fond of him."

"Only think! he has promised me a pony when I am fourteen; but that will not be until a year from next month, for I sha'n't be thirteen till the 9th of July. I wonder if I shall be strong enough to drive about by that time?"

"To be sure you will, dear; and Molly Wheeler claims the second drive, for your mother comes first"; and Miss Wheeler nodded reassuringly.

"Indeed, you shall have many, Molly, and I do wish the time would hurry and come. Oh, dear! a year is *such* a long time. But, mama, now that we have had our letter, can't we begin

on Ruth's new dress? I 'm just wild to do something on it, for I can make the bows, if I can't do anything else."

"That will be a delightful way of spending our morning, and we will set about it at once. Only, I fear Ruth may come upon us suddenly if we work here, and I suggest that we go up to my sitting-room. It is delightfully cool there."

"Do let 's tell Polly about it," begged Mabel. "She loves to do things for other people, and will be so pleased to do this, I know."

"Yes, by 'all means. Molly dear, will you go hunt her up after we have settled Mabel in our impromptu sewing-room?"

Mrs. Temple soon had the pretty waist under way, which grew like magic under her skilful fingers, and Mabel reveled in making the pretty bows which would adorn the frock when finished.

"Won't Ruth look just sweet in this?" And Polly held up the dainty bit of ruffle she was hemming. "Somehow, I would rather see her have pretty things than have them for myself. I love them too, but Ruth is so good, and she does n't ask for pretty things very often, so that 's why I like to see her get them. I like to have my room pretty; but she does n't care so long as hers is tidy. I love pretty pictures and such things, and some day, when I grow up, I 'm going to have loads and loads of them. Don't know just how I 'm going to manage it, but guess I shall, some way. Oh, I do wish you could see all those lovely old things up garret. When will you come for the rummage?" And Polly's eyes danced at the prospect.

"The very first rainy day. There is nothing so delightful as a rummage in an attic on a rainy day."

By dinner-time the simple little dress was nearly completed, and Mrs. Temple congratulated herself for having brought to Endmeadow the hand sewing-machine which had so expedited matters by doing the long seams.

"Mrs. Temple," asked Ruth, in her shy way, while they were seated at the midday dinner, "may I come up to your room this afternoon to see about my dress? Ma says I have done right smart work this morning, and all our jelly is made, so I sha'n't have a single thing to do after I've done up the dinner dishes, and I guess I'll be able to get my dress all cut out."

"I shall be delighted, dear, if you will come about half-past two. Mabel needs my assistance for a little while immediately after dinner, but I shall be quite free then."

"Thank you, ma'am; I'll come at the very minute"; and Ruth looked as excited as was possible for her. Polly had much ado to keep from betraying herself, and the minute dinner was over flew back to the sewing-room.

By two o'clock all was completed and the pretty dress was spread upon Ruth's bed.

"Now let's stay near the room and listen," said Polly. "Miss Wheeler, please put Mabel on my bed, and then all come in and push the door nearly to."

For a moment silence reigned, and then Ruth outdied herself, for the next thing the eager listeners heard was:

"Oh, oh, o-h! Who did it? Who did it? Quick, ma, come and see what has happened! My muslin's finished! just done entirely!" And Ruth rushed out into the hall to fall headlong into the arms of her mother, who, at her call, had run out from her own room across the hall.

At this Polly could keep quiet no longer, and, flinging open the door, rushed out into the hall to execute a wild dance from one end of it to the other, while she sang: "Did n't we do it fine? did n't we do it fine?" And Mabel, in her excitement, sat straight up in bed and waved a towel triumphantly.

"Put it on quickly," said Miss Wheeler, "and let us admire our handiwork"; and she began unbuttoning Ruth's neat print gown.

In a moment more a transformed Ruth stood before them; for it was surprising what a change the dainty little gown made in her. She was naturally a very pretty child, with her beautiful eyes and long hair, but no taste had ever been shown in her dress, and she usually looked as demure as a little brown sparrow.

"Seeing Ruth all dressed in her new dress makes me wonder when I shall be able to wear my pretties again," said Mabel, rather wistfully.

"If you continue to improve for the next two weeks as you have during the past, it is not going to be very long before you'll be going about in some of the pretty little gowns that I helped to pack," said Miss Wheeler.

"Why — did you bring them, mama?" asked Mabel, in surprise.

"Yes, sweetheart; but I've the suspicion of an idea that they are going to be far too short, for I believe you have grown much taller."

"Where are they, mama? Do let us look them over!"

"They are in the big dress-trunk at the end of the hall. It has not been needed, so Josh put it there for us."

"May we look?"

"Certainly you may; Molly dear, lend me your quick wits, and let us take Mabel to the trunk, if you can devise a seat for her near it."

Molly glanced about in vain, for nothing seemed available, when suddenly her eyes began to dance, and saying, with a laugh, "Just wait a jiffy, and I'll be back with a couch that will rival the stone-boat," off she ran.

In about two minutes she came out of her room, dragging behind her the portable tin bath-tub.

A stout twine had been put through the ring at the foot, and the tub itself filled with sofa pillows.

"Now, Miss Diogenes, what do you think of that for a combination?" And taking hold of the string, she dragged her down the hall, the tub gliding over the matting without a hitch, and brought her up with a flourish in front of the trunk.

Mrs. Temple began to lift out the dainty dresses one by one and lay them across the foot of Mabel's tub, in her lap, and all about her, till she was almost hidden.

To Polly's eyes they were miracles of the dressmaker's art; she fairly reveled in the pretty dotted muslins with their Valenciennes edgings, and the soft China silks, in so many delicate shades, with their dainty ribbons.

Each dress had some pleasant memory folded away with it, and Mabel could have held Polly enraptured the whole afternoon; but Mrs. Temple wished her "sewing class" to get some fresh air after their hard work, so said: "I want to measure these dresses by those you are now wearing, and that will tell whether my suspicion as to your growth is well founded or not. Molly dear, bring me the dress lying upon Mabel's bed, please."

Miss Wheeler soon placed the desired dress in Mrs. Temple's hands, and taking up a pretty white dotted muslin with pale-yellow bows on the shoulders, and a soft silken sash to match, she held the skirts together.

"There, Lady Gay, what do you think of that?" she cried, when a difference of about four inches appeared.

Miss Wheeler looked delighted, for her professional insight told her that they could not have a better sign of improvement.

"Do you know, when I get big enough to earn money for myself, I'm going to have a dress exactly like that. It's the prettiest of all; I do love yellow," said Polly, handling the soft sash lovingly.

"Oh, put it on now, please do, and let me see how you will look, for I may not be here then, you know." And Mabel clapped her hands delightedly; for a few whispered words with her mother, when Polly was absorbed in examining the pretty things, and a significant look when she admired the dotted muslin, had settled the fate of the little dress, and generous-hearted Mabel was made happy by knowing that her dear Polly would have something pretty, too.

"May I really? I'd love to. Oh, what fun!" And Polly danced off to her room with the pretty dress, Molly following close behind to help her get into it.

"Daffy-down-dilly has come to town!" sang Molly, as she and Polly came prancing out of the room, the latter looking perfectly radiant in Mabel's muslin, which fitted her to a T.

"I feel just like the princess in the Sleeping Beauty story," said Polly, as she held out her skirts and danced down the hall. She little realized what a waking beauty she was; for the white and yellow were charming on her, and

exactly what her soft, rich coloring needed to bring it to perfection.

With a grand bow and flourish the dance ended in front of Mrs. Temple, who, taking Polly's rosy face in her soft white hands, said:

"It would never do to let you give up anything which suits you as well as this little frock does, so please make us happy by keeping it. It is too small for Mabel now, but fits you like a fairy frock."

"For me to keep for my very own, and to wear when Ruth wears her pretty one?" And Polly looked as though it could n't be true.

"For you, my blossom, to wear, and think of Mabel while so doing."

"Dear sakes! my gracious! As though I would have to have one of her dresses to make me remember her! I just sha'n't forget her, not if I live to be as old as old Granny Peters, down at the four corners; but I don't know how I'm ever going to make her know how happy I am."

"We know already, Polly Perkins; so now run and put away your dress, and then come down on the porch to help me entertain our princess while Mrs. Temple rests"; and Miss Wheeler laid the pretty gowns back in the trunk.

Ruth ran down ahead to get Mabel's porch chair settled, and Polly skipped back to her room.

When left alone with Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Perkins said: "You ain't been in my house but two weeks, but you've given more joy to them children than they ever had before in all their lives, and what's more, you've opened my eyes to a sight o' wisdom which I ain't never been bright enough to see before. But I've learned a lesson, even if I *am* forty-two year old, and I ain't goin' to forget it very soon, neither."

"T ain't no use for me to tell you how thankful I am, for *my* gratefulness has got to be showed, not talked about; and I'll *show* it, or my name ain't Mary Jane Perkins"; and she marched off downstairs with determination in every footfall. She little thought what an opportunity she would have to show her "gratefulness" before the summer was over.

CHAPTER XIV.

A WELCOME ARRIVAL—UNCLE BERT.

"How can I ever wait for twelve o'clock to come?" said Mabel, the following morning, when Miss Wheeler was brushing out her beautiful curls and making her ready for breakfast.

"I 'll give you a delightful ride in your wheeling-chair, and Polly will come along to help make things lively. Between us I fancy we can make the time slip by pretty quickly."

"Let 's go down by the creek and pick iris. I know where loads of it grows, and it is n't hard to get there. And may I take Bonny and Nero? I often go down there with Bonny; she likes to splash in the water; and Nero can swim like anything where the creek 's wide enough," said Polly.

"Yes, do," cried Mabel, delighted at the idea, and Polly ran off for her pets. Bonny well deserved her name, for she was as beautiful as a deer.

Her well-shaped little head, with its great soft eyes, was far more like a deer's head than a cow's, and her fawn-colored coat was as soft as silk. She seemed delighted to go, and capered along beside Polly, who led her by a stout rope, for sometimes Bonny's playful pranks needed restraining.

Nero bounded along ahead, for he knew their destination quite as well as Polly did. It was not a long walk, but a very lovely one; for daisies and buttercups nodded a greeting from the sides of the path, and birds sang merrily on the old stone walls. Bonny tugged and pulled in her eagerness to get to the creek, and Polly flew along behind her.

Mabel was as happy as a cricket, for the soft air was her best tonic, and she thoroughly enjoyed her sniff of it.

Miss Wheeler's light-hearted, merry chatter kept the girls entertained, and the morning slipped away very quickly.

Hardly were they home again when the clatter of hoofs and the sound of wheels announced the return of Josh, who had driven to the station for the purpose of meeting Mr. Temple and his brother.

"Oh, Molly, quick, quick! Let us get around to the front of the house, for I know it 's my papa!" cried Mabel, as she almost bounded out of her chair in her excitement. Molly pushed for dear life, and the chair fairly spun along, while Polly rushed ahead to make sure that it was really the carryall with its longed-for occupants. It was quite true, for as the chair wheeled around the corner of the house the carryall was drawn up to the carriage-block, and out bounded a gentleman crying: "Where 's my Mab—my bonny Queen Mab?"

"Oh, darling daddy, darling daddy, here I am!" And Mabel fairly flung herself into her father's arms.

"Well! well! am I to stay up here in this calabash all day, I 'd like to know?" said Uncle Bert, as he rose to follow his brother. "Suppose you leave some of that young lady for me, for I 've a third interest in that small person, and I think it 's my turn now."

Mr. Temple handed his treasure over to his brother, who promptly walked off with her, while Mr. Temple turned to greet Miss Wheeler.

"What magic have you found out here to put so much color in your cheeks and animation into Mabel? I declare, I 'm perfectly astonished at the child's improvement. Mrs. Temple wrote me that she was doing wonders, but truly I 'd no idea how great the wonders were."

"They are even greater than Mrs. Temple suspects, for I firmly believe her complete restoration is nearer at hand than she believes." And little did Miss Wheeler herself dream how soon her words would prove true.

Meanwhile, Uncle Bert had carried Mabel up to the porch to place her in an easy-chair, and then turn to give Mrs. Temple, who had just hurried downstairs, a brotherly greeting.

"Here, give over gazing at that young giant, and welcome me like a dutiful wife," said her husband, as he came up. "What do you think of him? Is n't he a genuine cow-boy?"

"I have not changed my opinion since I saw him one year ago, and then I thought him just about perfection," said Mrs. Temple, standing back to take a good look at the strongly built,

sunburnt man who had about him the breezy look of the prairies.

"Hear! hear! Who ever heard such open flattery? Come, Bert, run along, and help take out those suit-cases and things, so your head need not be turned." And Uncle Bert, turning suddenly to obey orders, nearly ran into Miss Wheeler, who was just coming up the steps.

"I beg a thousand pardons!" he exclaimed, as he lifted his hat apologetically, and Mrs. Temple hastened to say: "Molly dear, I have long wished to have Mr. Temple meet you, but I had not planned that he should do it quite so abruptly. This is our dear friend Miss Wheeler, Herbert, and our Mabel's good angel."

Miss Wheeler held out her hand in her frank, ingenuous way and said: "I am very glad to meet you; but I feel that I know you already, for your name is a household word."

"Good! I'm right glad it is"; and Bert Temple gave her a hearty grasp of the hand.

Half an hour later a merry party gathered about the big table to partake of Mrs. Perkins's delicious fare, for the good woman was a famous cook, and took delight in bringing forth the best her larder held for those who had shown her only the kindest consideration. Mabel was blissfully happy, for what more could she desire, now that "dear daddy" and Uncle Bert had come?

"By the way, Mrs. Perkins," said Uncle Bert, "have you room for another boarder? I've a friend coming out this way this evening, and I'd like to have him camp here."

"Good gracious! I'm afraid I can't make him very comfortable, for there ain't a hole nor a corner left; but I'll try, if he ain't too particular."

"He's not over-particular, and if it's too tight a squeeze you may put him out in the barn. He is a ranchman, and used to such quarters. Indeed, I don't know but what he would prefer it, on the whole, for if he felt like having a kick up he could"; and Uncle Bert smiled a queer sort of smile.

"I met the gentleman in town just before we came out, and, if the truth must be told, I fancied he must be a foreigner, to judge from his complexion," said Mr. Temple. "Where did you say that he came from, Bert?"

"He was born out in Colorado, but his parents came from Wales," said Uncle Bert, throwing back his head and laughing.

"What is there so funny about it? I don't see," said Mabel, who looked very mystified. Being used to Uncle Bert's nonsense, she felt sure he had some joke back of all his talk.

"Some people seem to think my friend is peculiar, and he does look rather queer, I must confess, for he has a great deal of hair and wears it hanging over his eyes. Then, too, he is a vegetarian, and they are always queer chaps."

"What time are we to meet this extraordinary being? I am curious to see him," said Mrs. Temple.

"About six o'clock."

"I'm more curious to know his name," said Miss Wheeler.

"It's Tony Lumpkin," answered Herbert, promptly.

"I just believe it's a dog!" said Mabel, "and you've talked all this nonsense to tease us. Don't you bother about a room, Mrs. Perkins; he is always up to some such prank."

"No," said little Polly, who had sat silent a long time; "I don't believe it's a dog, but I just believe I *do* know what it is, but I'm not going to tell"; and she looked very wise.

"Won't you tell even me?" asked Uncle Bert, for he was already fond of "pretty Poll," as he called her.

"Yes, I'll tell you in a whisper after dinner; but you must n't tell anybody what I've said, will you?"

"Not a soul, upon my honor. Hurry up, you people, and finish, for truly I'm dying of curiosity."

As soon as they left the table, Uncle Bert said to Polly, "Now come along with me and tell me the big secret"; and taking Polly's hand he led her out upon the lawn beyond hearing.

"Now, what is it, Polly?"

"I know just what it is—I know I do; for when you said he could kick up in the barn I guessed in a jiffy. It's a pony, is n't it?"

"How did you guess? Yes, it is; for I made up my mind not to wait a whole year, but let Queen Mab have him now. Poor little soul!—she has had enough to fret her for

a year, so now she 'd better have a happy time, if we can manage to provide one for her."

"Oh, won't it be just splendid!" cried Polly, as she sat on the grass beside him.

"Now, look here, pretty Poll, you 've got to help me, for I 've a grand scheme afoot, and I can never carry it through single-handed."

Then he and Polly held a conference. On the way home they came to the buttery win-

ply. "Only just tell what it is, and it 's done, if Jane Perkins can do it."

"Polly has been showing me her fairyland down in the woods, and telling me about the picnic out there. Can't we have another, and all of us take supper out in the woods this evening? Seems to me it must be awfully jolly, and I 'll help tote the supplies over; I 'm used to camping, and it will seem natural."



THE PONY "TONY LUMPKIN" AND THE NEW PHAËTON.

dow, and through it they saw Mrs. Perkins and Ruth. Planting Polly upon the sill, he rested his elbows beside her and said:

"Anybody here who wants to do me a favor?"

"Certain as the world," was the prompt re-

"To be sure, you can; 't won't be a mite of trouble, and that little girl in yonder will be tickled to death, pretty near, for she ain't never stopped talkin' about the fun she had at her strawberry picnic, as she called it."

Two hours later a merry party gathered in Polly's fairyland. The old stone-boat had again been pressed into service, and Mabel, with her father lying on the soft moss at her side, was once more resting upon her improvised divan. Uncle Bert was a great addition to the party, and this time Ruth was there too.

"Daddy dear," said Mabel, "do you know I'm going to be thirteen years old two weeks from to-day? And I want you to spend a whole week here, for that will be the nicest birthday present you could give me. Will you?"

"And what do you suppose I should do for a whole dull week? Will you guarantee to entertain me every minute?"

"Yes, every solitary minute; for Miss Wheeler says that I am growing so strong that I'll soon be able to drive all about, and Mr. Perkins told me we could have Lady any time we wanted her. She is such a dear old horse that there is n't the least bit of danger."

"And where do you propose to take me?"

"Oh, up to Forest Park and all around. Polly says Forest Park is beautiful."

Polly, who stood not far away, pricked up her ears when her name was mentioned, and came over to seat herself by Uncle Bert. She looked at him with a knowing look and said, "Does n't it seem an awful long afternoon, somehow?"

"Why, Polly Perkins!" cried Mabel, "I think the time is just flying away; I don't see what makes it seem long to you."

"Maybe it's because I'm so hungry, and I'll go help get supper, for Ruth and Miss Wheeler are beginning to unpack the baskets"; and off she trotted.

"I wonder what makes Polly act so queerly this afternoon," said Mabel. "She acts as if she was expecting somebody to come. Wonder who it can be."

"This chap coming through the woods now, perhaps," said Uncle Bert.

They all turned, and saw Jamie swinging along with his easy stride, for his long legs were of good service. Behind him bounded Bob, for he was never far away when Jamie was around.

"Here we are, just in time for the spread,"

Bob announced, "and Jim's ready to do his share cleanin' plates."

"Suppose you both do your share, and gather the fire-wood again," said Molly, briskly.

"At your service, ma'am," and Jamie made a salaam.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Uncle Bert, when supper was nearly finished, and he had stowed away a good supply. "I almost forgot Tony. He will be over by the six-o'clock train, and it's a quarter to six now. Farewell, friends, for a while. I'll be back in about half an hour, and bring him along too."

"Do you seriously expect some one?" asked Mrs. Temple, for former experiences with her brother-in-law had taught her to take his statements with a grain of salt.

"Certain! Why do you doubt me? Don't I always tell the truth?"

"Yes, you tell the truth, but when you are joking you have a knack of rigging truth up in such fantastic garments that we never quite know in what guise it will appear."

Polly was in a perfect flutter, and had to keep occupied lest she should betray herself. By seven o'clock all was packed for the homeward trip. Mr. Temple took up the dinner-horn which was to summon Josh and Lady.

A prolonged blast woke the echoes. Mabel was not looking toward the wood path which led to their retreat, and would never have suspected the surprise until it was fairly upon her, had it not been for Polly; but catching sight of Polly, she turned to see what could possibly have caused the child to clasp her hands and stand as though struck dumb.

With a cry that caused all to start toward her, Mabel sat straight up and pointed down the wood path.

"Oh, look, look, everybody! look quick, quick! Uncle Bert has brought me a pony and phaëton!" And she nearly bounded up from her couch in her excitement.

And well she might, for when Uncle Bert undertook to do anything he "did it up in great shape," as he himself would have expressed it; and what Mabel saw was a beautiful little Welsh pony, black as a crow, excepting for one white star under the soft, fluffy bang

on his forehead, harnessed to a low-hung phaëton, with a little seat behind for the atom of a groom who sat there in his neat fawn-colored livery. Dainty fawn-colored cushions were resting against the back of the carriage to make it comfortable for weak backs, and in the bottom was a little cushion for her feet.

Uncle Bert sat in the phaëton and drove the light-footed beastie straight up to Mabel's divan. The little fellow seemed quite accustomed to being among people, and promptly put his nose into her outstretched arms as if he recognized her for his future mistress.

"Oh, mama, look at him, look at him!" cried the delighted child. "I believe he knows he belongs to me, and how could I help loving him when he is so little, and shiny, and sweet!" And she held the silky head close and kissed it again and again. "Uncle Bert, come here this minute, for I've got to hug you."

"So you like my furrin friend, little girl? Well, I hope he will be a great comfort to you and give you many a pleasant drive about this lovely country."

Placing her gently in the phaëton, he gave the reins into her hands, saying: "Tony is a sweet-tempered mite of horse-flesh, and you will be as safe in your phaëton as in your hammock. Little Jesse, up here, will take good care of him for you; I raised both of them, and know just what to expect; for Tony is of the best stock and breeding, and Jesse is from 'Ol' Virginny.' Mind, Jesse, you are this young lady's right-hand man now, and I want to hear good reports of you."

"Yas, sah; sartin shuah, sah; I's gwine do my very bes'. Hit 's de onlies' way I has to show for shuah how proud I is to hab de charge of missy's turnout"; and he grinned from ear to ear.

All gathered round the pretty little rig, and Jamie was in his element, for he loved horses, and this one, as a lover of horses could see, was as near perfect as careful training and care could make him.

"Now I've a bit of a disclosure to make, and I want your attention," said Uncle Bert. "If it had not been for pretty Poll you would never have had your surprise in fairyland. It

was all her plan to bring Tony here, and I say three cheers for Polly Perkins!"

All cheered with a will, and then Mrs. Temple added, "If that be the case, she must have the first ride; so hop in, my little girl, and let Mabel drive you home in triumph."

Polly's cup of joy was filled to the very brim when she stepped into the phaëton and took her seat beside Mabel.

Mabel had learned to drive her father's horses, so was quite a skilled horsewoman, and turning Tony around she started out of the woods, with the rest walking like a triumphal procession behind.

Mrs. Perkins's astonishment was comical to witness, for a pony was the last thing she expected to see, and she stood open-mouthed to watch their arrival.

Presently recovering her power of speech, she said: "Well, I thought I'd seen a sight o' things in my time, but I ain't never see the beat o' that. Don't wonder your uncle wanted a bedroom for him!—he 's enough sight too cute to put out in the barn yonder."

After many caresses from big and little, Tony Lumpkin was driven out to the barn by his proud little groom, who said as he departed with his charge:

"Yer better step high, Tony, 'ca'se yer got a mighty fine young missy. Yer'd better do yerse'f proud, honey."

Sunday was a day of unqualified delight to Mabel, for all who loved her best were with her. Far too soon came Monday morning, which carried her father and Uncle Herbert back to town. But their promise to return on the following Saturday to spend the Fourth and remain until after her birthday, was food for pleasant thought all through the week to come.

And such a delightful week as it proved! For Tony Lumpkin was a never-ending source of joy to his mistress. He was a sagacious little creature, and responded very quickly to her petting. Before the week ended he knew Mabel's voice, and would answer her with a soft little whinny.

Jesse's heart was lost completely to Mabel, and there was nothing in the world the little fellow would not have done for her.

"She ain't lak nothin' but a little white angel, a-settin' up dar in her hammick and a-lookin' at me so sweet-like, and a-sayin', 'Marnin', Jesse; how is 'Tony dis marnin'? I 'll be ready fur ma drive soon.' Yer would n't think she were a-talkin' to a little black nigger, but des a-sayin' 'marnin'' to white folks jes like herse'f."

When Tony was not harnessed to the car-

riage Jamie usually had him, and many a long ramble he took on little Tony's back or with him toddling along beside him. Bob was fond of him, but not with Jamie's intense love, and Mabel felt that Tony would come to no harm so long as he was in Jamie's care. And his power over the pony grew with each day, and it was surprising how quickly the pony comprehended exactly what the boy wished him to do.

(To be continued.)

A TRIP WITH A PROFESSIONAL RAIN-MAKER.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY THE REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON.

"ALL aboard!"

"All right, here!"

The brakeman at the rear raised his hand, the conductor swung himself on, the brakeman followed, and I had a glimpse of a row of curious faces on the platform of the station looking into the open door of the car in which I was seated as I drew past them. But I was too much interested in my surroundings to pay much attention to outside matters.

I had been attached to the United States Signal Service in one of the Western States, and obtaining leave of absence for two weeks, I had also, by dint of careful and influential correspondence with the division superintendent of the X. R. R., obtained permission to make a trip over the road with the professional rain-maker employed by the company.

The car in which I was seated was divided into two compartments. One of them was fitted up with sleeping and dining arrangements; the other contained the mechanical and electrical appliances used by the rain-maker. It was in the professional end of the car that I was seated, watching the rain-maker as he busied himself with certain pieces of apparatus that looked as mysterious to me as if they had been the stock in trade of a necromancer.

Presently he finished his task and came and

sat down beside me. The car was arranged with narrow doors in the sides. We sat looking out on the prairie as we sped dustily along, and the rain-maker answered my questions with good-natured amusement at some of them.

"How does the railroad company regard this department?—as an advertisement or a necessity?"

"Why, it is a regular part of the service this summer. There are three cars fitted up like this one, and they cost the company four hundred dollars a week when everything is going."

"And do you regard it as a regular profession, or—" I saw the rain-maker color up a little and hastily changed my question. "Of course I mean, do you regard it as really settled that rain can be compelled by artificial means, or is the whole thing still in a stage of experiment?"

"You will have to judge of that by the results of this trip. There is no doubt in my own mind of certain scientific well-established natural phenomena."

I looked curiously around the car again.

"Will you explain the meaning of some of these arrangements?"

"Certainly. You will understand them better when we begin the actual work. This box running the entire length of the car overhead con-

tains eight hundred gallons of water. These pipes, here, running down the sides of the car, connect with a rubber hose, which in turn con-

"You have a large 24-cell battery there, too. Of what use is that?"

"That also is a part of my secret. Rain-



THE STRIKERS OVERTURN THE RAIN-MAKER'S CAR.

nects with a hole that will be dug under the car in the ground where we are side-tracked at our destination.

"Under this broad shelf you see these boxes. I cannot tell you what is in them, as that is part of my secret. However, by chemical combinations certain gases are forced from these boxes through the water and from these pipes, here,"—he put his hand on them as he spoke,—“the gases escape freely into the air.”

making is largely an electrical as well as chemical matter.”

The whole affair was mysterious to me, and the “professor’s” explanations only added to the mystery. However, he continued:

“When the entire apparatus is in operation some fifteen hundred feet of gas escape into the air every hour. When released it is warm, and being much lighter than the air, ascends rapidly. I have a way of measuring the altitude, and

know that in some cases the gas has risen nearly eight thousand feet.

"A good deal depends on the velocity of the wind, the general condition of humidity, etc. I do not say that I can always produce rain at the point of operation, because the wind has so much to do with it, and my experiments may result in rain at a distance."

"But still you believe that by your arrangements here with the gases, and so on, you can in a dry time produce rain that would not otherwise have fallen in the course of nature?"

The rain-maker looked at me quizzically, but did not answer, except to refer me to the coming experiments, to which I began to look forward with a curiosity I had not felt for years.

To tell the truth, I had no faith in the power of the rain-maker's combination of chemicals and electricity to produce a drop of moisture. I had read of his claims to do so, and had seen the circulars of advertisement sent out by the road, but I wanted to see for myself; and as the time drew near when it seemed possible to judge for myself, my interest in the trip grew with every dusty mile covered by the train.

It was nearly dark when we drew up at the town where we were to be side-tracked and left to make the trial. It was a railroad town, with a group of shops and three or four smelters. We were backed upon the siding, uncoupled from the train, which went on, and at once the rain-maker made his preparations for letting the gases out into the air.

A crowd of curious men and boys had gathered, knowing that the rain-maker was coming. A committee of citizens from the town was on hand. The committee had secured the services of the "professor" by making certain terms with the road. Some of them came into the car and stared at the sight of the bottles, battery, pipes, shelves, tanks, and so forth, which made such a curious display. A great many questions were asked, to which the rain-maker gave short and unsatisfactory replies.

By this time it was dark, and the apparatus was in shape. The battery was turned on, and in a few moments I was informed that the gases were being liberated. There was little noise in connection with the work, and the whole thing was very undemonstrative.

"We might as well eat our supper now," said my companion.

"Don't you have to watch anything?"

"No; it goes itself," he answered. "That 's the beauty of it."

So we went into the other end of the car and had a hearty supper, the company furnishing a good bill of fare, and supplying a colored servant who cooked and did the work.

I shall never forget the next twenty-four hours spent in that strange rain-maker's car. The experiences of such a trip could probably be duplicated in no other country in the world than the United States.

The prairie was illuminated by the moonlight, which made every dusty blade of grass and every curled rosin-weed look drier and deader than they looked by day. There had been no rain in the neighborhood for three weeks. Unless rain came inside of forty-eight hours the entire corn crop of the country would be ruined by the hot winds which had already begun to blow.

We opened the side doors of the car for the circulation of air. The rain-maker went about among his bottles and pipes and arranged them for the night, so that fresh material could be on hand. Then he came and sat down by me again.

"How long will it take before signs of rain appear?"

"It depends on many things — wind, velocity, humidity, electric disturbance, and many other circumstances."

"What is your opinion about success this time?"

"I think we shall get a storm within twenty-four hours."

I did not say anything. To get a little exercise I stepped out of the car and strolled up the main track to the little station. I was surprised to find a large gathering of men there.

"What 's going on?"

"Have n't you heard? The big strike is on, and all trains on the line have stopped running."

It was true. The greatest railroad strike ever known had begun, and there we were, stranded in that railroad town full of desperate men, and no telling when we could pull out!

I went back to the car and told the rain-maker. He was an old railroad man, and did not seem impressed with the news at all. He said he guessed we would get away when we got ready.

I slept very little that night. I was conscious of strange noises and a feeling that something unusual was going on in the town and around the shop near by.

In the morning we looked out upon the same dusty, bleak, hot prairie. The sun rose hot and burning. There was not a cloud to be seen anywhere. As the day wore on, news of the great strike came over the wires. Not a train went through the town. The railroad men in the shops went out on the strike at noon. Our car was surrounded by a perfect mob of men and boys all day. Some of them made threats against the company's property; but we thought nothing of them. There was a feeling of excitement on all sides.

Just as the sun went down at the close of one of the strangest, driest, hottest days I ever knew, a bank of cloud appeared just above the southwestern horizon. The rain-maker had seen it, but I pointed to it and asked him about it. He replied in a doubtful tone, and at that moment I was amazed to see, coming around the curve beyond the station, a long freight-train.

A tremendous crowd began to stream down to the tracks. In a few minutes it seemed as if every inhabitant of the town was surging about that freight. It had managed in some way to get over the road from the station below. In a very few minutes the mob had uncoupled the engine, after backing the cars upon the siding next to our car. We felt the jar of the cars as they stopped, and we were then pushed slowly up the siding until we were at its extreme end, where we were stopped. It was the evident intention of the strikers to prevent the train from going any farther.

Two hours went by. Meanwhile we had felt obliged to close the doors of our car to shut out the mob; and in the close, hot little room we proceeded to spend the night as comfortably as we could.

I had made my arrangements to sleep, and had, in fact, in spite of the excitement of the

evening, supposed that all was going to settle down again, when a shout outside brought me up standing, and the rain-maker and I pushed open one of the side doors a little way to look out.

A mass of men could be seen gathered about one of the smelters, which was situated a quarter of a mile up the track and close beside it. And as we looked up there, the foremost of them grew more distinct. A pale light glowed over them. It grew brighter, redder. The rails of the track not covered by the mob glistened in it; and soon a stream of flame burst out of a window and ran up one of the gables.

The strikers had fired the smelter! As we watched them and heard their shouts, we grew serious. A large group of men could be seen running down the track toward us. They stopped on the other side of the switch from the siding, and by the light of the burning smelter we could see them tearing up the rails.

Their numbers were increased every moment, and the siding on which the freight-cars stood was soon surrounded by hundreds of excited men.

The rain-maker closed the door and locked it. He then secured the other door in the same way. A small lamp had been burning on a shelf. He blew it out and whispered to me: "It's our best chance of escaping notice. The men are excited; they have been drinking, and there is no telling what they may do, now their blood is up."

So there seemed nothing better to do than to sit down and let events take their course. Ten minutes went by. We felt the noise and confusion outside increasing. Suddenly a strange crash was heard. It sounded close by, but what it was we could not guess. It was followed by another and another, each nearer than the first, and accompanied with great yells and cries.

"What can they be doing?" I could not help asking.

At that instant, before my companion could answer, a peal of thunder rolled over the prairie and above the shouts of the mob. The rain-maker smiled at me, as much as to say, "I told you so"; and what he would have said I do not know, for the next moment we felt the

car sway violently up and down, as if caught on the swell of an earthquake.

The heavy trucks went up on one side, and then came down with a jar that smashed nearly every bottle on the rain-maker's shelves. There was an awful yell from the mob, and again the car rose on one side, as if being lifted by giant hands.

"Great heavens!" cried the rain-maker. "They are trying to tip the car over!"

It was true. The mob had resorted to this method of destroying railroad property, and the crashes we had heard had been made by the overturning of cars. Ours, being like the rest on the outside, may not have been distinguished by the men.

At any rate, we were in the fury of the crowd. We tried in vain to unlock the doors and get out. We screamed and pounded on the doors. But the car rose, swayed on the trucks sickeningly for one second, and then over it went, with us inside!

The crash that followed so stunned me that for a while I did not realize what had happened.

My first return of clear ideas came on finding that I was drenched with water, and dripping as if in a river. I thought at first of the rain-maker, curiously wondering if he thought

this was the scientific way of producing moisture. The tank in the top of the car had broken open, and the water had splashed out all over us.

The side of the car had split in such a way that I was able to crawl up from where I lay and get my head and shoulders out. By this time some of the more sober men in the crowd realized the situation. I was half kindly, half roughly dragged out from the broken car, bruised and bleeding, but with no bones broken. Next I saw the rain-maker standing near the track, his face cut with broken glass, and one arm broken. The colored cook was nearly killed by fright, but he escaped with severe bruises.

I spent the rest of the night in the home of a private citizen who kindly cared for the professor and myself. The strike continued a week longer, and we were unable to get away even if we had felt well enough.

I should say, to make the story complete, that on that memorable evening, about midnight, a tremendous thunder-storm burst over the town, and drenched the country for miles around. My friend the rain-maker claims that storm as the result of his scientific efforts. I have my doubts as to the origin of the rain; but it will probably be a long time before I take another trip with a professional rain-maker.



The Sultan's Verses



BY TUDOR JENKS.

IN a land so far to the east that it is very warm when the sun rises and quite chilly at sunset, a great Sultan died. His successor happened to be a nephew who lived at some distance—so far away, even from that distant land, that he was n't at all intimate with the late Sultan. In fact, they had met only half a dozen times, at Thanksgiving dinners or similar occasions; and consequently the new Sultan shed no tears to quench his joy upon coming to the throne.

He decided to rule wisely and justly, and therefore was eager to choose the most trustworthy advisers.

When he arrived at his capital he was conducted at once to the palace, and spent the

first day or two in resting from his journey, and making the acquaintance of his courtiers, and buying becoming clothes.

Among these courtiers was the Vizier of the late Sultan, a very gentlemanly old fellow, whose turban and beard were never more impressive than on first meeting.

When the Sultan arose late on the third day, he had decided to begin his reign. So he sent for the old Vizier, to have a private conversation with him in the throne-room.

Both sat down cross-legged, in an attitude that would give American citizens the cramps, and the Sultan opened the little powwow thus:

"Silleh ben Rifraf, I think it is high time that I—that is, we—began our reign."

"Wisdom is heard," replied Rifraf, with the ease and indifference of an old courtier.

"And it strikes me — us," the Sultan went on, "that it is an excellent opportunity for me to have our own way about several little matters that have long been in my mind."

"Your will is the people's law," was Rifraf's safe answer, as he bowed like a china image.

"So I understand," the Sultan assented. "Of course we shall for a while carry on business upon the usual lines, so far as public affairs are concerned. But it is not to public business that we are referring just now."

"Why, indeed?" remarked Rifraf, a little vaguely, as the Sultan paused, for he was thinking of something else. But so was the young Sultan.

"So I say," the Sultan replied. "Now, so far as my own private affairs are concerned, I mean to have my own way about them."

"Yes?"

"Yes. For instance, I have long desired to be a poet," said the Sultan, looking aimlessly at the ceiling.

The Vizier started so abruptly that his turban fell off, and then he, too, looked at the ceiling, until the Sultan should choose to go on.

It was a very embarrassing situation. In all the Vizier's experience nothing just like this had ever presented itself. The old Sultan had been a very sensible man, according to the Vizier's opinion, and had considered poetry — well, he had not considered it at all. There was a silence that lasted until the bulbul in the blue room had finished a long ditty. Then the Vizier saw it was his move, so to speak, and he took refuge in a proverb — the first that occurred to him: "Cheerfulness is perfectly consistent with piety," he said, shaking his head thoughtfully.



"IN FACT, THE VIZIER HAD HINTED THAT THE YOUNG SULTAN THOUGHT HIMSELF A GENIUS." (SEE PAGE 908.)

"So we think," said the Sultan, "and we shall therefore allow you to conduct the realm about as usual for a short time, while we devote ourselves to poetry."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the vizier, for he could n't help it.

"Excuse me?" said the Sultan.

"Every condition sits well upon a wise man," remarked Rifraf, who was fond of proverbs, especially when he did n't care to commit himself.

"But, though that is all plain sailing," the Sultan went on again, after trying a moment in vain to see what the proverb had to do with the subject, "there is yet some difficulty. That is, to find a competent critic who will show me my faults and point out any little errors that may creep into my hasty lines. Now, if you yourself, Ben Rifraf, should prefer to undertake this responsible post, you can do so."

"My sovereign master," said Rifraf, hastily, "I am an old man. Let me care for the realm, for that trade I have long studied. I would prefer that another should become your Critic and Poetical Adviser—a younger man."

"So be it," answered the young Sultan; "but let me at least read to you one set of verses which I happen to find in my caftan. I would like your judgment upon these lines before you betake yourself to your proper duties. Shall it be so?"

The Vizier saw by the look in the Sultan's eye that the request was a command, and he replied in Oriental phrase that he was most honored by the Sultan's condescension.

So the young Sultan drew out a roll of manuscript, and read as follows:

"Youth is the season for hope;
Hope befiteth the young.
Youth has the vigor to cope
With the woes that the singers have sung.

"Youth has the sparkle of mirth;
Laughter delighteth the soul;
Spring is the youth of the earth.
Merrily let carols roll!"

The Sultan rolled up his manuscript, and looked expectantly at Ben Rifraf.

"What do you think of that?" asked the Sultan. "Give me your candid opinion—as one private gentleman might to another."

Now, the Vizier thought the lines were very poor indeed; but he had often heard that poets were sensitive, and he, therefore, believed he was doing a very wise thing when he replied:

"Oh, your Highness, what thought! what music! How exquisite your rhymes! *Soul* and *roll*—why, it's a perfect rhyme! I think you have chosen wisely indeed, if I may be permitted to praise without the suspicion of flattery."

"Then you really like the little lines?" asked the Sultan, with a smile—a peculiar smile.

"Like them? Why, they should be embroidered with gold thread on silken scarfs! Your Highness is right. You are a Poet. Let me attend to the petty business of governing, and you can give yourself entirely to the sublime art of composition."

"So be it," said the Sultan. "Until I notify you to the contrary, I will leave the reins in your hands. Now, as you will have plenty to attend to, will you kindly summon the Chief Treasurer as you go out? Thank you. *Good morning!*"

The Vizier salaamed, and vanished through the curtained doorway; and the page on duty outside noticed that the old Vizier wore a broad grin as he walked down the arched corridor.

In a few minutes the Sultan heard the jingling of the golden curtain-rings, and beheld the face of the Chief Treasurer, a sedate and dignified man of middle age.

"Enter, Adhem el Shekels," said the Sultan, kindly, "and be seated. I would confer with you."

"My lord, the treasury is well supplied, and the accounts straight—"

"No doubt," interrupted the Sultan; "but I have more important matters—"

"*More* important—" the Treasurer began, so amazed that he forgot his manners.

"Verily," said the Sultan, overlooking the little breach of etiquette. "As the Vizier has no doubt informed you, I intend to devote my own time, for the present, to poetry. He told you so, did he not?"

"Something of the sort, your Highness," replied El Shekels, uneasily, hoping that the Sultan would n't ask him to repeat the Vizier's joking

remarks. In fact, the Vizier had hinted that the young Sultan thought himself a genius.

"I suspected as much," said the Sultan. "And you were surprised, perhaps?"

"Your Highness is the ruler," responded the Treasurer, politely; "but I *was* surprised, I admit. And, to tell the truth, if you will pardon me for saying so, I must say that, as a rule, there is n't much money to be made in poetry. I speak simply as a treasurer, your Highness, not as a critic."

"But I wish your opinion as a critic," the Sultan answered. "The question of providing funds I shall leave to you, for the present, unless I should appoint you to the new office I mean to create—that of Chief Critic and Poetical Adviser."

The face of El Shekels had brightened when the new office was mentioned; but the brightness faded as the sentence ended.

"Your Highness is most gracious; but, if it be your will, I prefer to remain Treasurer."

"As you please," the Sultan replied. "But meanwhile I happen to have in my caftan a copy of verses that I have just completed. If you can spare the time, we shall be glad to have your opinion of them."

"Most certainly, gracious sovereign," was the answer of El Shekels, while his face assumed a weary expression, and he began to do sums in mental arithmetic.

So, drawing forth the precious manuscript, the Sultan began,

"Youth is the season for hope,"

and on he went, reading in a fine, declamatory voice, as if trying to bring out the best points in the verses.

When he concluded he looked at the Chief Treasurer.

"Your Highness, the lines are above praise," said the Treasurer. "I hardly know which part to praise most." (And that was true, for he had n't paid very close attention.) "But I am sure your wisdom has led you aright. Your talents are far beyond my poor criticism. Let another be your Chief Critic; I am content to remain Treasurer."

"It shall be as you say," the Sultan agreed; "at least, for the present. And, as you go out,

will you be kind enough to send us the—ah, what officer comes next to you in rank?"

"The Minister of Justice," answered the Treasurer; "yes, I will see that he comes at once."

"Well," remarked the page at the door, "the new Sultan certainly makes the officers happy! How they do grin when they come back!"

Later in the afternoon the page had reason to repeat this remark with added emphasis; for meanwhile he had admitted the greatest officers of the realm, and all, as they came from their interview with the young sovereign, were adorned by the same self-satisfied grimace.

Stronger and stronger became the page's curiosity to know what it was that made all the courtiers so well satisfied with themselves. For after the first two or three had explained to the rest that "the young Sultan thinks he's a genius in the poetry line, and all you've got to do is to praise his verses and you're sure to keep your place," it was as easy as rolling off a log to go in, hear the verses and express your raptures, and come out in clover.

But no one told the page about all this, and his curiosity about the interviews became very keen. He thought there must be something worth seeing in the throne-room, for, not long after each great official entered, he could hear a murmur of voices, and then such expressions as "Exquisite! Beau-ti-ful!" or, "Perfect—could n't be better!" "Well, well, I *never* did!" "Never was anything like it!"

Strangely enough, the page's curiosity was gratified most unexpectedly.

It was getting late, and the Sultan had seen all the prominent officials of the palace. At length he came to the doorway, and found the page sitting in attendance on rather a thin and hard cushion.

"Why, my boy," said the Sultan, kindly, "you must be worn out. Have you been there all day?"

"All day, your Majesty," the page replied respectfully; "and since your Majesty asks me—I am a little tired."

"Come in," said the Sultan, holding aside the curtain. "You shall rest awhile."

"What!—with your Majesty, in the throne-room?" the boy exclaimed in amazement.

"Certainly. No one need know," answered the Sultan, kindly. "Are you afraid of me?"

"No, your Majesty," said the page, for the Sultan smiled very cordially; and the page entered the throne-room.

"Be seated," said the Sultan; "I command it!" he added, as the boy hesitated. So the page sat down upon a soft, silk cushion.

"I have been writing some verses," said the Sultan, as he bade the boy help himself to the delicious fruits and ices, "and while you refresh yourself I should like to read them to you."

"Your Majesty is very kind," said the page. "But suppose some one should come?"

"No one will come," said the Sultan, decidedly, and he clapped his hands, summoned a slave, and bade him stand sentinel to keep out all intruders.

So, while the boy enjoyed the fruits and ices, the Sultan, for the twentieth time at least, read aloud his precious lines on youth.

When he had finished, he turned to the page, saying: "Now I should like your opinion of the poem."

"But, your Highness, I am too young to criticize your verses," replied the page, uneasily.

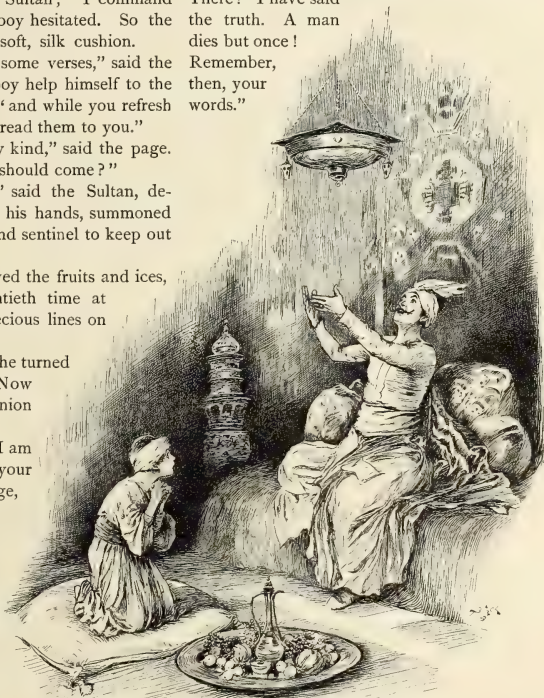
"All nonsense," answered the Sultan, but pleasantly enough. "I see you have an opinion. I desire you to express it freely. Nay, more than that, I command you to do so."

"I must obey, then," said the page, looking very serious. "But if I should incur your Majesty's displeasure, may I beg that you will visit your wrath upon me alone? I have a mother and sister who are dependent upon me—"

"They shall be cared for," said the Sultan, in a solemn tone, "if the need arises. But you make me suspect that my lines do not meet with your approval."

"On your own head be it, Commander of the Faithful!" exclaimed the unhappy page.

"By the Prophet, as I promised my mother that I would tell truth, the lines are the veriest bosh and nonsense! They mean nothing. They do not even sound sensible. They are as unmusical as the braying of a lost donkey! There! I have said the truth. A man dies but once! Remember, then, your words."



"ALLAH BE PRAISED!" CRIED THE SULTAN, "I HAVE FOUND A PEARL!"

"Allah be praised!" cried the Sultan, "I have found a pearl! And all the men of my court declared the lines perfect, beyond praise! Now have I found the honest man I sought."

"But, your Majesty," stammered the astonished page, "I am no more than a boy!"

"Enough!" said the Sultan. "The years will find you wisdom as well as age; but honesty comes not even with long ages if the seed be not already planted. Say not a word."

The Sultan clapped his hands, directed all the courtiers to be summoned, and in their presence appointed the page Chief Councilor and Grand High Vizier of the Realm for life, at the same time investing him with the order of the Golden Sunburst of the East, and a whole row of smaller decorations of different colors.

When this ceremony was over, Silleh ben Rifraf prostrated himself before the throne.

"Speak, Ben Rifraf," said the Sultan.

"Would your Majesty deign to inform his humble slaves what has caused the merited elevation of his favorite?" Ben Rifraf inquired.

"Most willingly," responded the Sultan. "I read my verses to this youth, and he has given upon them the wisest judgment of you all."

"But words cannot say more than we said,"

Ben Rifraf ventured to say. "Did we not praise your Highness's genius?"

"Of a truth you did," replied the Sultan. "Yet were the verses the veriest trash, as ye well knew."

"Most true, O Sultan," came the chorus from the whole court, for they saw the tide had turned.

"And courage to tell this truth was found only in my page, whom I have made Chief Councilor. Enough! The audience is at an end!"

Then, just before the band struck up an inspiring march, the voice of Ben Rifraf was heard reciting a well-known proverb, which in its original Arabic looks like a procession of earthworms, but which means in plain English,

"After-wit is everybody's wit."

THREE GOOD RECEIPTS.

BY MARION RICHARDSON.

I.

HAPPY-DAY PUDDING.

- 3 Or more children (according to taste).
- 1 Skyful of Sun.
- 1 Lawn (must be fresh and green).
- 4 Trees (shady), fat ones preferred.
- 1 Nurse-maid (out of sight).

Take children and mix well with an armful of dolls, reins, and rubber balls, 1 puppy, 1 tent, and 1 express-wagon. When mixed, sprinkle all over with smiles and a pinch of unselfishness. Keep stirring until sundown. Then take children, put in separate, cool, dark rooms, cover lightly, and leave until morning. Serve with mother's kiss.

II.

RAINY-DAY PIE.

- 2 Plump little Girls (alive).
- 1 Attic.

- 1 Box Chocolates.

- 1 Large Trunk, with stuffing. (Improved by age.)

Garnish plump little girls with chocolates. Dip necks, heads, and claws of same inside of trunk for 2 hours and 30 minutes. If *very* red when taken out, they are well done. Set by window to cool.

III.

DESSERT FOR BOYS.

A fresh bunch of Boys.

- 1 Hot July Noon.
- 1 Shallow Duck-pond.

Peel boys. Cover half over with trunks — *not* tree-trunks. Drop in lukewarm pond, and swash around till well soaked. Then put in hot sun to bake and brown. Serve as deserved.



THE JUNIOR CUP.

BY ALLEN FRENCH.

(This story was begun in the June number.)

CHAPTER IV.

ON the third day after his break with Marshall there came to Chester the realization of his position in the camp. He found himself between two opposed sides, one of which, as it seemed to his sensitive fancy, rejected him, and one of which he himself rejected. He wandered about alone. To add to his misfortunes, Mr. Holmes had taken the Rat with him on an errand to the neighboring town, and so Chester was deprived all day long of the presence in camp of the only two persons who could give him comfort. In the morning at the lake, in the afternoon at the ball-field, though he played and swam with the rest, he spoke to few, and few to him. He was pleased for a half hour with the society of some of the little boys, who even in two days had learned to like him because he was kind to them, and he was kind to them because he needed their kindness in return. But they left him on seeing Jim Pierce, who was their old friend, and who, besides, could cause marvelous disappearances of a half dollar. It was a lonely day; Chester wanted to go to Mr. Dean and ask to be sent home.

Toward evening Mr. Holmes returned with Rawson, and it relieved Chester to see their friendly faces once more in camp. But more than that, he found that they brought with them the promise of occupation and interest.

They had gone to make certain preparations for a forthcoming excursion, a trip up the neighboring mountain, visible from the camp. The announcement of this was made by Mr. Holmes at supper. He described the trip, which was to take a day and a night, and on which only the strongest would be allowed to go; explained what they would have to carry; told how they should see the sunset from the summit, and spend the night in a shelter a little way from the top; said that signals would be exchanged with red fire between the boys in the camp and those on the mountain; and finally finished his speech by calling for volunteers.

There was a rush at him of twenty boys, each shouting "I!"

Chester hesitated for a moment, but his desire to go was too great, and in a moment he joined the rest. From the crowd that surrounded him, Mr. Holmes regretfully sent away first one boy and then another, until there were but eleven who remained. Mr. Holmes himself would make a twelfth. The boys were the strongest and most active in camp, all except one who had stood and looked on, as if he had no interest in going.

"Marshall," asked Mr. Holmes, "are you not going with us?"

"No, sir," answered the boy.

"You would better come, my boy," said the master, kindly.

"I have something else to do, sir," he replied respectfully, but quite firmly.

In the morning at eleven the party started, and were accompanied for a mile by the smaller boys. These turning back at last, the adventurers were left to themselves. They walked with steady step, as Mr. Holmes gave them the example. They were fresh and elastic, active and merry; they laughed and told jokes among themselves. Chester was cheerful from the example of the others, who showed no unwillingness to have him among them. The weight of his pack seemed nothing at all. Rawson trudged sturdily at his side, and was full of merriment. The day was bright and clear, and not hot; it seemed as if everything were to be successful.

They reached at two o'clock the entrance to the mountain trail. It was barely an opening in the bushes. At the side of the road there gushed a little spring whose water was led to a drinking-trough farther down the road. "Here we will stop, boys," said Mr. Holmes, "and eat our lunch."

They stopped and ate with relish. Their appetites were the greater that the fare was the simpler and they were the hungrier for their walk. Bread and cheese, sandwiches of butter or meat, disappeared rapidly. Chester, like the rest, disposed of his food with eager appetite. But he was fairly stuck at the end, when he came to a very crusty piece of bread, upon which his teeth slipped. And yet that piece of bread, which ordinarily no one would offer and no one accept, seemed to him just then a proper finish to his lunch. The others were getting ready to move; his knife he had by an oversight left at the camp; he did not know what to do.

Jim Pierce observed his dilemma. "Here, Chester," he said, "use this"; and he handed the boy his large clasp-knife, a valuable one of English make. "Bring it along when you come," added Jim, and he prepared to start up the trail. He left Chester pleased by the little kindness.

One by one the boys disappeared in the bushes, until Chester was left alone, eating.

He finished his last mouthful of bread, shut the knife, and stooped for a drink at the spring, laying down the knife as he did so. Then he rose and put on his pack, and paused

for a moment, looking down at the spot where he had been sitting. Was there not something that he should carry in his hand? No, he saw nothing, and so turned to the bushes and entered upon the trail. The knife lay unnoticed by the spring.

He soon caught up with the others, and followed along at the rear of the line. For half an hour the company wound in single file among trees fit to make masts for the finest ships. In admiration Chester gazed at their straight boles and lofty tops. The ascent was gradual; they were but reaching the mountain proper. At length Mr. Holmes called a halt.

"Five minutes to take breath," he said. "Now the climb begins. For two hours, boys, we shall have hard scrambling."

With what they had done, and what they had yet to do, they were willing to rest, and sat mostly silent, taking breath. Then they rose to continue their journey, and once more put over their heads their rolled blankets. Amid the stir, Jim Pierce approached Chester and asked him for his knife.

"Oh, Jim," cried the boy, in agony, as he suddenly realized what he had done. "I left it at the spring!"

They stood for a moment without speaking. Any other boy but Jim might have covered Chester with reproaches, but Jim was accustomed never to speak without thinking. His silence was to Chester more dreadful than blame; he looked into the face of the big boy, not knowing what to expect.

"Well," said Jim, at last, "perhaps we'll find it in the morning."

"I'll go for it now," said Chester. He laid his pack down.

"You can't," said Jim; "it's a mile behind, and you would only delay us so that we should lose the sunset. We must go on."

"Oh, Jim," cried Chester, "I am so sorry!"

Jim turned away. He felt keenly the loss of the knife, for he was sure that he would never see it again. He was sharply disappointed, yet he managed to say, as he took his place behind Mr. Holmes and George Tenney at the head of the line, "Never mind; but come along, Chester."

That Jim was so kind made Chester's fault

seem the greater. For the second time he saw the last boy disappear from his sight, as he stood thinking. He was overwhelmed at the result of his own carelessness, for the thought in his mind was, "Now Jim will never like me at all!" He thought of buying another knife, but his pocket-money would never buy a knife so fine. He thought of the knife lying at the edge of the spring for the first comer to take, and the thought was too much. He left his pack lying where it was, and saying to himself, "They will not miss me; I will catch them at the summit, and it does not matter if I am late," he turned and ran back down the path.

In half an hour he returned, panting but triumphant, for the knife was in his pocket. Then he picked up his pack and slung it over his shoulder, and hurried on in the steps of the party. The sun seemed yet high; the bright rays streamed through the trees, the sky was blue above. The path grew steep, but Chester climbed it in eager haste, and for nearly an hour toiled unresting. But what does a city boy know of the signs of the woods? At the end of that time he struck into the wrong path.

He did not know that the path branched, there at the foot of a great boulder. He followed around the stone to the right, while the true path led to the left, with the footprints of all his companions scarce showing on the dry, firm moss, and not noticed by his hurrying

glance. He hastened along the new path with undiminished speed. Mr. Holmes or one of the older boys would not have followed it a hundred feet without turning back. The

cobwebs that broke across his face, the very path, untracked by feet since the last rain, would have spoken at once to the senses of an experienced woodsman. But Chester was not such.

Yet, when at last he hesitated and looked for footprints in the path, footprints were there. It seemed to him for a moment that those were not like the marks of boots, even though upon gravel that would take no certain print; and that it was strange that a party of eleven should make so few. But the thoughts took no hold upon his mind. Ah, had Chester only known

upon what sort of trail he was hurrying so confidently!

The boys, he calculated, could not be far ahead of him now, he had come so fast. The thought encouraged him, and, in spite of legs that began to feel the strain, he went unflagging. The path led ever upward, yet was not steep, going now along a gentle incline, now up a quick ascent, now along the hillside on the level. Still the footprints kept the path ahead of him, and a glance at the freshly disturbed gravel reassured him each time that the thought came to him, "If I should lose the path!" As yet, on his eager pursuit, the loneliness of the wilderness had no alarm for him. And so, shifting his pack to relieve each tired



"CHESTER RAISED THE KNIFE AND STRUCK AT THE BEAR."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

shoulder, he still pushed on. But at last he paused, as a sudden shadow seemed to dim the day. He looked up. Bright blue was still the cloudless sky overhead, and the sun was lingering upon the tree-tops. But it only reached their tops, and the shadows fell very obliquely. Chester saw with sudden dismay that the evening was close at hand.

Silently passes the day in the woods, while each incident serves but to make its passage seem the longer. Silently comes the evening, but it hurries, and no hurry of our own will help us to forestall it. In ten minutes more Chester saw that the sun had left the tops of the trees. Still he hurried on. "The others will see the sunset," he thought. "They have not waited for me, and must be at the summit now." So, pushing onward in the path, yet now beginning to slacken speed, he passed another hour of earnest climbing. By that time he saw that the sun had left the heavens. "I *must* be there soon," he said. He looked ever upward through the trees, hoping to catch a glimpse of the mountain-top above him. At last the trees were thinner in one spot, to which the path led. He saw that there was a look-off, and hurried toward it. He found himself suddenly on a broad shelf of mossy rock, the brink of a precipice. Below him was a magnificent ravine, mysterious in the gathering dusk; beyond it rose a mountain-peak in majesty. Chester looked at it in terror. He knew its aspect well; that was the peak which he had meant to climb.

He was lost!

His low cry of dismay was answered by a sound from behind. Something was moving in the bushes. He drew back in alarm from them, and stood a few feet away, his back to the precipice. Instinctively he thought of his only weapon, the knife, and he drew it out and opened it as a stick cracked near him. Then the bushes moved to right and left in front of him, and a great black head and shoulders, with eyes of jet and long snout, all in glossy black fur, pushed out from the green leaves. A bear! Chester stepped back as far as he dared. The black nose wrinkled at him inquiringly; the little shiny eyes were fastened upon him; the bear did not know what

he was. It came wholly out from the bushes and pushed up to him, an enormous creature, smelling of pine-needles and the soft mold of the woods. Its shoulders were as high as Chester's own, and it thrust its muzzle, snuffing, into Chester's face.

Better bear than precipice! Behind the boy was a fall of two hundred feet, and certain death. He stood straight for a moment, not daring to move; but then he thought of his father, and that a man should be brave. In anger at the head so close to his own, he raised the knife and struck. There was a sudden snort and smothered yelp; the bear turned with a rush and plunged into the bushes; there was a single crash of breaking branches, and all was silence.

How was Chester to know—he knew so little of the woods—that a frightened bear goes as invisible as the breeze, and as silent? To him it seemed that the bear had stopped just beyond the screen of bushes. In a moment it would come back, and then! He stood gripping the knife, conscious of the great gulf at his back, straining his eyes at the bushes in front of him. Five, ten minutes passed in quiet. Then a cry which echoed through the woods, so that a faint reply came from the mountain-side beyond, came to Chester's ear. But it was distant, and his thoughts were on the present and the very near. It came closer, and still he did not notice it. Then silence; and suddenly from close at hand he heard: "Chester! Oh, Chester!"

"Here!" answered he, in sudden joy, with all his strength.

"Where?"

"Here!" he answered. "But keep away—the bear!"

There was a rushing of feet, and Mr. Holmes, followed by others, burst through the bushes on him. But catching the boy's last words, and seeing him standing with the knife in his hand, the master quickly took from his pocket a revolver, and approached the bushes at the spot where Chester pointed. He showed no fear, and said, "There will be no bear here, my boy."

"Give me the knife, Chester," said Jim, and took it, and, with George Tenney, who had

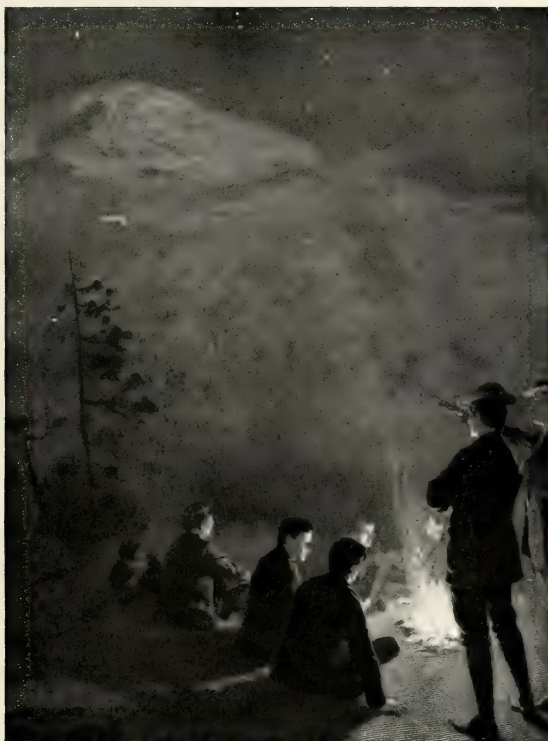
the ax, following the master, they entered the bushes. But there was no bear, nor a sign, nor a trace, and the three, whom Chester had followed, though trembling, came back to the rock at the edge of the precipice. Willing to keep together, with occasional glances over their shoulders, the remaining boys gathered around them in a close group.

"Are you sure that there was a bear?" asked

Jim displayed the open blade, and on the point was a spot of blood.

"I could not get away," said Chester, in explanation, and he pointed to the gulf. But suddenly, as the memory of his lonely climb and his danger rushed over him, he turned to Mr. Holmes with tears in his eyes, and cried: "I am glad you have come!"

"I am glad, too," said the master, kindly,



"THE BOYS GATHERED AROUND THE FIRE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Mr. Holmes, putting his revolver away again. "Did you see him, Chester?"

"I saw him," answered Chester, "and I felt his wet nose. He was so near he breathed in my face. Look at the point of the knife."

"and that you are not hurt. But, my dear boy,"—and he put his hands on Chester's shoulders and looked him in the face,—“why did you lead us such a chase?”

Chester dropped his head, for his fault was

plain to him. He had spoiled the climb of all the boys; he had spoiled the trip—by his carelessness first, then by his wilfulness. He did not know what to say, and looked at the ground.

"You know, Chester," said Mr. Holmes's grave voice, "that you ought to have obeyed Jim, especially as it was his knife, and he was willing to lose it. What will you say to all the boys who have lost their climb?"

"I don't know," said Chester, stupidly. It was true—he ought to have obeyed Jim.

"We discovered that you were not with us, and Jim said that you must have gone back. We waited for nearly an hour, and then I thought that you must have taken this path, which leads only here, to this view. So we had to follow you. What will you say, Chester?" asked Mr. Holmes.

Tears stood in Chester's eyes. Would he always bungle, even when he meant well? "I am very sorry," he said.

"Well," said Mr. Holmes, kindly, "nothing can be done now. It is already evening. Come, boys," he said, as he turned away, "let us clear off this place and make it fit for our camp. We can sleep on the moss and cut wood for a fire."

The boys began at once, and Chester, inspired with the one idea of being helpful and submissive, worked harder than the rest. Rubbish was cleared from the broad rock; wood was cut and carried, blankets were unrolled and spread out, ready for sleep; food was laid out for supper. As the dusk increased, the crackle of dry twigs was heard blazing, and then, as if to greet their fire, the moon rose over a ridge, and lighted up their camping-place and the mountain-side beyond. Mr. Holmes at last called all to supper.

The evening was not cold, but the fire was cheerful; the boys gathered around it, and it comforted Chester, who placed himself on the outside of the ring, that the Rat came and sat close beside him. They ate for a while in silence, being tired, but then the food quickened their spirits, and they began to talk. Some one asked Chester about the bear, and the boy, glad though he would have been to remain unnoticed, had to tell the whole story.

Mr. Holmes was willing to turn the boys' minds from the subject of bears. "How bright the moonlight is!" said he, when Chester finished. "See, boys, how clear everything is across the ravine."

They turned and looked. It was a wonderful scene. Except below, where the bottom of the gorge was still in shadow, the whole place was lighted up by the moon. It was a thousand feet across the ravine, yet each pine-top, symmetrical and sharp, was clear in the moonlight. There were thousands, millions of them, planted thickly, growing out of the deep darkness hundreds of feet below, climbing up, up, along the sides of the mountain, clothing it thickly, forming a forest so great that one hesitated to guess the number of trees. Thousands of acres of fine forest-land were visible on the broad side of the old mountain, yet in the bright light every tree was discernible, its fine, sharp point clear against the shadow it cast.

Out of the great forest, where not a human soul wandered, where, except for pleasure-seekers like themselves, not a human being would come in months, rose the blunt mountain-peak. Far above the boys the trees grew smaller, then scrubby, and above the scrub showed the bare stone ridges of the rain-washed summit. The moonlight silvered the top, and cast its heavy shadows into crevices. How fine if they were there! One boy sighed at the thought. And below the summit a considerable distance, yet not among the trees, a tiny building showed itself, with its shadow on the rocks behind it. "See," said George Tenney, "there is the shelter." And all, for a moment, strained their eyes at the little house so clearly visible.

Suddenly, as they looked, came an exclamation from Mr. Holmes, so startling that they looked at him in amazement. He had risen to his feet and was pointing. "See, see!" he cried, "the shelter!"

They looked again, half frightened at the meaning in his voice. Above them the shelter still stood in the calm moonlight. What could be the matter?

"Boys," cried Mr. Holmes, in the same alarming tones, "the shelter is moving!"



"THE APPROACH TO THE CASTLE IS BY A CAUSEWAY." (SEE PAGE 919.)

A MINIATURE CASTLE.

BY ELLEN GARNETT.

WHILE spending the summer of 1897 at Earlehurst, Virginia, amid the wild and rugged scenery of the Alleghany Mountains, two young ladies, who were fond of exploring the beautiful country, were seated one afternoon at the base of a waterfall. Being deeply impressed by the beauty of the spot, one exclaimed: "How charmingly romantic! I can almost believe that Flora MacIvor will any instant appear seated on that moss-covered rock, discoursing sweet music on her harp."

"The spray from the falls will cause her

harp-strings to break if she sits so near," replied the other. "There 's her rock!—the great gray boulder overhanging the pool."

Carried away by such romantic thoughts, they began to build an imaginary castle, peopled with baron and serf, besieged and defended, of a captive princess and valiant warrior knights.

"Let 's make one!" they cried. Accordingly, the next day the undertaking was begun.

A large purplish boulder, overgrown with moss and lichen, on the lawn of Earlehurst,

the summer home of the builders, was selected as the site on which to construct this miniature castle. Building material then became a serious question. Rocks there were in plenty, but sand for the mortar had to be carried for some distance.

Tools were limited, and using a screw-driver in lieu of a chisel to enlarge the slight indentation in the foundation-rock, which was designed to be the dungeon, proved but slow work.

This task accomplished, a square box was placed over the excavation, in which were cut openings for windows and a door. The windows—eighteen in all—were put together with greatest care, every stout wooden frame being crossed and re-crossed with a heavy

wire to imitate gratings, then built in the stone walls over the openings. They vary in style and size, from the large casements in the protected parts of the structure to the small windows in the watch-towers. After the box had been built over on all sides with rocks, held in place by mortar, another smaller box was placed on top of it, and covered in like manner. Both were first roofed with tin to prevent leaking; but this has been carefully concealed. There are also

hidden drains both in the castle and causeway. The towers are built solid, except behind the windows, where spaces are left to give the effect of rooms. The "workmen" experienced great difficulty in finding the necessary number

of properly shaped stones for the battlements, which required such exactness. Every one on the place was requested to look out for small square stones, and walking parties armed with baskets were often formed for the sole purpose of securing building material. One of the "hod-carriers" became so enthusiastic that she carried a heavy load of stones for two miles on an August afternoon! As the structure progressed, a keen interest was taken in it



VIEW OF THE LITTLE CASTLE, SHOWING THE APPROACH AND DRAWBRIDGE.

by all the neighborhood, and there were many visitors to view the unique little building, several of whom contributed bits of rock from different places of interest in Virginia. One mountaineer who came to pass judgment on the work could not conceal his disdain, and blurted out: "There ain't no use for you-all to work on that little house; the snow 's going to melt them chimbleys, sure!" He referred to the towers. Another man of the same kind looked on at

the building for some time with a pitying smile, and said: "What a shame them two young ladies is childish!" It was afterward learned that he regarded the builders as harmless lunatics. After four months of not uninterrupted labor the castle was finished. One of the architects carved little figures out of wood, and dressed them to represent the household of a baron. The knights are clothed in tinfoil armor, each carrying a lance and battle-ax; all the ladies are arrayed in brightly colored silks. An armed sentry stands on guard in each watch-tower, and a captive princess peeps through the bars of a lofty casement, imploring aid from every brave knight-errant. The photographs perfectly represent the architectural construction of the castle. Its height is about two feet and a half, and the rock on which it stands measures ten feet in circumference, and is three feet high. The approach to the castle is by a causeway rising gradually from the ground at the rear, and forming a semicircle of wall until it reaches the entrance-gate, where it stops abruptly. Across the space between the castle walls and the

causeway is thrown a drawbridge, which can be raised or lowered by its iron chains at a moment's notice. A portcullis and two watch-towers guard this entrance to the courtyard, which lies within, surrounded on all sides by high walls.



NEARER VIEW, FROM THE BACK OF THE BUILDING.

Across the courtyard on both sides, opposite the watch-towers, rise the two high towers, the round tower being on the right hand, near which is the postern leading into the strong keep. Through this portal there are glimpses of tapestried walls, canopied chairs, and the long banquetting-board. Over this hall rises the main tower. A group of figures can be seen in one picture just at the drawbridge. On the platform of the

causeway stands the handsomely caparisoned war-steed of a knight who has just dismounted to pay his respects to the lord and lady of the castle. They wait to receive him at the entrance-gate, surrounded by their household retinue. A diminutive page, clad in silken doublet and hose, stands at the horse's bridle, while beyond in the courtyard can be caught a glimpse of the fool's motley. The banner, which floats from the highest tower,

causeway stands the handsomely caparisoned war-steed of a knight who has just dismounted to pay his respects to the lord and lady of the castle. They wait to receive him at the entrance-gate, surrounded by their household retinue. A diminutive page, clad in silken doublet and hose, stands at the horse's bridle, while beyond in the courtyard can be caught a glimpse of the fool's motley. The banner, which floats from the highest tower,

has the armorial bearing, or, a lion rampant, gules, that is, a rampant red lion on a yellow field. The same standard waves proudly over the great gate.

In the original photographs, from which the illustrations were made, a sheet stretched on poles and held behind the castle to give the effect of sky slightly mars the pictures; but this was done to hide the true background, an unpicturesque whitewashed fence. As this

structure is built in the heart of the mountains, it is necessary to protect it from the winter storms with a stout covering of boards; but these are removed in the spring, and last year it needed but slight repairing. It may safely be stated that nowhere else in the United States is to be found a medieval castle maintained in all the grandeur of the feudal days. May it long stand, a testimony to the originality, skill, and ingenuity of two Virginia gills!



A COLLISION: AND THE LITTLE BOAT WINS!

BOOKS AND READING.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.

IN some parts of Greenland wood is so great a rarity that every bit is a treasure, to be carefully kept until a use for it is found; in some of our new States wood is so abundant that it must be burned to get it out of the way. The world of books in our great-grandfathers' times offers as great a contrast to the book-world of our own day.

Every book was then a treasure, for which a use was to be found. Now it would not be a grave misfortune if many books were destroyed—providing the books chosen for destruction were justly condemned.

There are few volumes that do serious harm, but still fewer that are worth reading; and to find the good ones young readers must learn to profit by advice. Go to some one in whom you have confidence, and tell what kind of books you prefer. No subject is without its literature, and you will find books telling exactly what you wish to know—be it the running of a locomotive or the folk-lore of the flowers in your garden.

READING WITH A PURPOSE.

THE delights of reading are much increased when the mind is prepared beforehand. To wander about a library, taking down this book or that without especial choice, is certainly pleasant at times. Much pleasanter it is to begin with the idea of keeping to one purpose, and to make your reading a hunt—either for a single item, or for all of a certain species.

Did you ever read Darwin's book on earthworms? There are few better illustrations of the profit won by studying a single subject with thoroughness, and of the great results that come from small, unnoticed causes.

Sir John Lubbock's studies on "Bees, Ants, and Wasps" will prove more interesting to some young folk than any made-up stories.

HAVING A SPECIALITY.

So soon as you find one subject more interesting to you than any other, it will be wise, while not neglecting other good things, to read

whatever relates to that. Deeds of heroism, for instance, may especially appeal to you. Miss Yonge's "Book of Golden Deeds" is a good collection, meant for young readers. Many accounts of shipwreck—such as the great storm at Samoa—will add new elements to your collection. Every war yields a rich crop of heroes, and great disasters by flood and field often are the backgrounds for shining examples of bravery and self-sacrifice.

A little note-book may be used either to copy such incidents, or to index them, if they occur in books or magazines to which you have access.

The "Percy Anecdotes" are a rich collection of classified stories and items, into which it is delightful to dip when in search of real happenings.

SCRAP-BOOKS.

Don't be afraid to keep scrap-books, providing you have good judgment in selection. A good scrap-book is as valuable as a poor one is worthless. If you begin young enough to keep whatever relates to a few subjects that are sure to retain their interest, you cannot fail to make a collection that will some day be worth all the trouble it has cost. Fashions change, and what once was common becomes rare and, possibly, valuable. Speaking of fashions, what seem less worth preservation than fashion-plates? They are usually poorly drawn, absurdly exaggerated, and trivial. Yet, in twenty or thirty years, a collection even of old fashion-plates becomes quaint, amusing, and historically valuable. Book-reviews, read in the light of later years, gain immensely in interest. Whether a book becomes a classic or loses an undeserved reputation, the first reviews of it are entertaining to those who read the book in later years. Even old school-books become, in time, full of a strange romance, and so it is with old maps, school-fellows' sketches, caricatures, programs, bills of fare, advertisements, portraits—anything and everything connected with the life of past years.

Do not collect *everything*, and do not hurry

to give a permanent place to your collections; but begin in the days of your youth, if you intend to collect anything.

"SOME DAY."

WHAT a surprise it would bring to us all if "some day" should come! What an amount of excellent books we should have to begin! How systematically we should read them, and how painstakingly! Only as one grows older is the discovery made that "some day" means every day, or any day; that if we are to read the really good books, they must be begun on the rainy Saturday or the holiday for which no other amusement offers. Children have plenty to do with their brains and eyes, it is true; yet one of their duties is to make wise preparation for the life of the intellect and imagination—to train their thoughts as they train their muscles, to meet the needs of life.

Fortunately, the best reading is really the "most fun"; only poor books are truly dull.

"DOCTORS DIFFER."

ONE of the best things about reading is that it teaches early the lesson that even the wisest differ among themselves. Some of the great philosophers hold one set of opinions. Other philosophers, no less great, hold another set of views they urge with equal skill. The lesson that printed words may be foolish or misleading can hardly be learned too early. You will never be able to think clearly and with purpose until you can read both sides of a question and decide between them. Read what Thomas Hughes says in "Tom Brown" about the English "fagging" at the public schools, and then see what an American boy can find to say on the other side. Read what he says about fighting, and see whether he is right in his views on that subject. And how about the question of "hazing" in our own schools and colleges?

GIRLS' BOOKS.

WHAT are the best books for young girls, of different ages? Are the boys' books better than those written for their sisters? Is there any book about a good, average, every-day sort of girl heroine?—a girl such as "Tom Bailey" is a boy? What is the favorite book of girl readers? Have they any book as universally read as "Robinson Crusoe"? We should like to hear from our readers in answer to these questions.

CHRISTIAN NAMES. FEW boys and girls take the trouble to find out the meaning of their own given names; and yet there is much romance and history, many a queer legend or moving story, connected with the commonest of these.

John, Thomas, James, Walter, Mary, Jane, Dorothy, Elizabeth—all these did not come ready-made out of the sky. They grew up in strange ways, were in fashion or out of use at one time or another, were changed, shortened, lengthened, with good reason or none. The commonest names often contain the most history, and will richly repay a little study.

Take Thomas, for instance, and beginning with Thomas Didymus and Thomas à Becket, see how the name in Italian changed its form, and gave rise to Masaccio and Masaniello. How many Toms know that their name means "a twin"?

The name Mary is one of disputed origin. Some say it means "their rebellion"; others derive it from Marah, "bitterness"; while yet other authorities connect it with the word *mar*, "the sea." And how many nicknames have come from it: Maria, Marion, Moll, Molly, Polly, Malkin, Mawkes, May, in English; Marie, Manon, Mariette, in French; Marietta, Mariuccia, in Italian; and ever so many in other languages.

Bridget means "shining, bright"—but surely not all the Bridgets live up to the name!

What is a marionette?

Miss Yonge's book on "Christian Names" will tell you many interesting facts about the history of your name. The subject of surnames is still more absorbing. An Englishman once wrote a delightful essay about the reflections suggested by the three names on a visiting-card which was all a traveler found to read during a long and commonplace railway journey.

AS TO PRIZES.

SOME time ago a few small prizes were offered in this department for lists of books suitable for young folks' reading. Thousands of answers were received. If similar questions are asked without the prize-offers some few readers respond—but only a few. We should like to hear from readers of the department even when no prizes are offered; for we are sure that the

winning or losing of a small money-prize is of little moment to most of the contestants.

We are glad to hear from our readers, whether they agree with what is published in this department or hold views at variance with those here expressed. Tell us what you think of new books, or of old ones; of what you approve or would recommend. Send in questions, that

they may be answered or may be submitted to other readers.

Let us have suggestions of topics to be treated in this department. Lists of good books are always useful, but the prize competition proved that, so far as most books go, the opinions of our readers did not differ very widely as to the best books for children's reading.

SOME LITERARY CATS.

BY HELEN M. WINSLOW.

It has often been said that poets and artists, as well as the most refined women, are cat-lovers. There is something about the cats' soft, quiet ways, their dignified reserve, their graceful curves, and their artistic poses that appeals to all lovers of the beautiful in nature.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett is a cat-lover, and the dear old country-women down in Maine, whom one loves to encounter in her stories, usually keep a cat, though theirs are only the farmer's plain useful cats.

"I look back over a long line of cats," says she; "from a certain poor 'Spotty,' who died in a fit under the library window when I was less than five years old, to a lawless, fluffy coon-cat now in my possession. I shall tell you of two in particular: one the mortal enemy and the other the friend of my dog 'Joe.' I may mention, by the way, that Joe and I grew up together, and were fond companions until he died of

far too early old age, and left me to take my country walks alone.

"'Polly,' the enemy, was far the best mouser of all—quite the best business cat we ever had, with an astonishing intellect and shrewd way of gaining her ends. She caught birds and mice as if she foraged for our whole family. She had an air of responsibility, and a certain impatience of interruption and interference, such as I have never seen in any other cat, and a scornful way of sitting before a person with fierce eyes and a quick ominous twitching of the tail. She seemed to be measuring one's incompetence as a mouse-catcher in these moments, or else to be saying to herself:

"'What a clumsy, stupid person! How little she knows, and how I should like to scratch her and hear her squeak!'

"I sometimes felt as if I were a larger sort of helpless mouse in these moments. But some-



"BABYLON." (OWNED BY MR. STEDMAN.)

times Polly would be more friendly, and even jump into one's lap, when it was a pleasure to pat her hard little head with its exquisitely dark tortoise-shell fur. Polly was a small cat to have so great a mind. She looked quite round and kittenish as she sat before the fire in a rare moment of leisure; but when she walked abroad, she stretched out long and thin, and held her head high over the grass as if she were threading a jungle. If she lashed her tail, one turned out of her way instantly. If she crossed the room and gave you a look, you rose and opened a door for her. She made you know what she wanted as if she had the gift of speech. At most inconvenient moments you would go out through the house and find a bit of fish or open the cellar door. You recognized her right to appear at night on your bed with one of her long-suffering kittens, which she had brought in out of the rain, out of a cellar window and up a lofty ladder, across the wet, steep roof, down through a scuttle into the garret, and still down into warm shelter. Here Polly would deposit the kitten, and scurry away upon some errand that must have been like a border fray of old times.

"She used to treat poor Joe with sad cruelty, giving him a sharp blow on the nose that made him meekly stand back and see her add his supper to her own. A child once complained that 'pussy had pins in her toes.' No-

body knew this better than Joe. At last he sought revenge. I was writing at my desk, one day, when he suddenly appeared, grinning in a funny way he had, and wagging his tail until he enticed me out to the kitchen. There I found Polly on the cook's table, gobbling away on some chickens which were waiting to be put in the oven. I caught and cuffed her, and she fled, tamed and subdued for once, though she was usually so quick that nobody could administer justice on these depredations of a well-fed cat. Then I turned and saw poor old Joe dancing about the kitchen in perfect delight.

"He had been afraid to touch Polly himself, but he knew the difference between right and wrong, and had called me to see what a wicked cat she was, and to give him the joy of looking on at the well-deserved flogging.

"It was the same dog who used at odd times to be found under a table where his master had sent him for punishment, in his young days of lawless puppyhood, for chasing the neighbors' young chickens.

"These sins had been long overcome, but sometimes in his later years Joe's conscience would trouble him, — we never knew why, — and then he would go un-

der the table of his own accord, and would remain there looking repentant and crestfallen, till some sympathetic friend would bid him come out and be patted and consoled.



"PUNCH" AND "JUDY." (OWNED BY MISS WILKINS.)

"After such a housemate as Polly, Joe found great amends in our next cat, yellow 'Danny,' the most amiable and friendly pussy that ever walked on four paws. He took Danny to his heart at once. They used to lie in the sun together, with Danny's yellow head on the dog's big paws, and I used sometimes to meet them walking, as coy as lovers, side by side up the garden walk. When I could not help laughing at their sentimental and conscious air they would turn aside into the bushes for shelter. They respected each other's suppers, and ate together on the kitchen hearth, and took exceeding comfort in close companionship. Danny was much beloved by all the family, especially poor Joe, who must sometimes have had the worst of dreams about the days of old Polly and her sharp, unsparing claws."

Miss Mary E. Wilkins also is a great admirer of cats. "I adore cats," she said to me. "I don't love them as well as dogs, because my own nature is more after the lines of a dog's; but I adore them. No matter how tired or wretched I am, a pussy-cat sitting in a doorway can divert my mind. Cats love one so much — more than they will admit; but they have so much wisdom, they keep it to themselves."

Miss Wilkins's "Augustus" was moved with her from Brattleboro, Vermont, after her father's death, when she went to Randolph, Massachusetts, to live. He had been the pet of the family for many years, but he came to an untimely end. "I hope," says Miss Wilkins, "that people's unintentional cruelty will not be remembered against them." At Randolph

she has had two lovely yellow-and-white cats, "Punch" and "Judy." The latter was cruelly shot by a neighbor, but the right-hand cat, with the angelic expression, still survives. "I am sure," says Miss Wilkins, "he loves me better than anybody else, although he is so very close about it. Punch Wilkins boasts one accomplishment: he can open a door having an old-fashioned latch; but he cannot shut it."

In Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's Boston drawing-room her pet cat, "King Richard Cœur de Lion," is nearly always present, sitting on the big square piano, amid a lot of other celebrities. The autographed photographs of distinguished litterateurs, however, lose nothing from the proximity of Mrs. Moulton's Maltese pet, who has been with



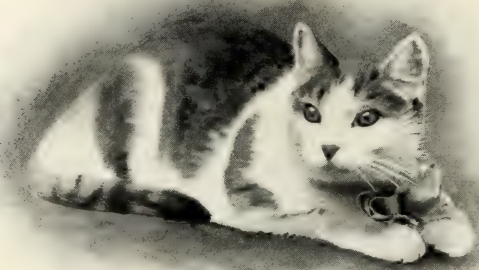
"RICHARD CŒUR DE LION." (OWNED BY MRS. MOULTON.)

her for eleven years, and has hobnobbed familiarly with many of the "lions" who have visited Boston, since most of them find their way to this room. If there are flowers in the room, Richard's nose hovers over them in perfect delight. Indeed, his mistress's fondness for flowers is a constant source of contention between them, as she sometimes fears that he may knock her many souvenirs of foreign people and places to the floor in his eagerness to climb wherever flowers are put. He is as dainty about his eating as he is in his taste for the beautiful, scorning beef and mutton as fit only for common clay, and choosing like any gourmet to eat only the breast of chicken or bird, and bits of fish or lobster.

When Richard first came to Mrs. Moulton she owned a small dog, and the animals became fast friends; and that he was a close observer was proved by the way the cat used to

wag his tail in the same fashion, and apparently for the same reasons, as the dog. After several years the dog died, and the fashion of tail-wag-

knows as much as any of us," Mrs. Stedman says. "He despises our other cats, but he is very friendly with human beings, and makes friends



"AUGUSTUS." (OWNED BY MISS WILKINS.)

ging went out, so far as Richard Cœur de Lion was concerned.

Although in other days many noted men were devoted to cats, I do not find our men of letters especially fond of them.

Mr. William Dean Howells says: "I never had a cat, pet or otherwise. I like them on general principles, but know nothing of them."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich has known only one cat — the one in a book he translated from the French of Bédollière.

Colonel Higginson confesses to a great fondness and admiration for cats; while those who are familiar with Charles Dudley Warner's "My Summer in a Garden" need not be reminded of the cat "Calvin" and his interesting traits.

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman is a genuine admirer of cats, and evidently knows how to appreciate them at their full value. At his home near New York he and Mrs. Stedman have "Babylon," a fine large Maltese, who attracted a great deal of attention at the New York cat show of 1895. Their "Kelpie" took a prize at that show, and is a handsome, long-haired blue cat. Babylon, like many other Maltese cats, is remarkably intelligent, and is looked upon as quite one of the family. "He thinks he

easily with strangers. He is always near the dinner-table at meal-times, and expects to have his share handed to him carefully. He has his corner in the study, and has superintended a great deal of literary work."

Probably few American cats have been more written about than Miss Mary L. Booth's "Muff." At Miss Booth's Saturday evenings Muff was always a prominent figure, dressed in a lace collar brought him from South America by Mme. le Plongeon, and elaborate and expensive enough for a duchess. Muff enjoyed the society of literary people as well as any one. Who knows but that he found much to amuse him in their conversation, and, under the guise of apparent friendliness with scientists, poets, musicians, and writers, was secretly laughing at them?

"For when I play with my cat," says Montaigne, "how do I know whether she does not make a jest of me?"

Muff was another of those great, handsome Maltese fellows with white paws and breast, mild, amiable, and intelligent. He always felt he must help entertain Miss Booth's guests; and more than once at a reception did he walk into the drawing-room with a mouse in his mouth as his offering to the occasion!

HUNTING WITH A CAMERA.

BY A. HYATT VERRILL.

WHEN the readers of ST. NICHOLAS who are amateur photographers have become sufficiently skilled in the art to develop their own plates or films and tone their own prints, they doubtless will have tired of snapping anything and everything, and will look about for new subjects more worthy of their skill. Of all nature's handiwork, is there anything more beautiful and interesting than our furred and feathered companions of wood and wayside?

Unfortunately, they are all too few, and every year their numbers are decreasing. Milliners, sportsmen, cats, and their wild enemies, not to mention the unthinking boy with gun or sling, all help to aid the ruthless slaughter. How much better and more beautiful is a good photograph of a wild bird in the full enjoyment of its life and freedom than a distorted skin adorning a lady's bonnet, or a stuffed and mounted caricature wired to an impossible perch! Moreover, each such picture is a pleasant reminder of days spent in sunny fields and shady grove with camera in place of gun, and the sweet breath of nature filling our lungs. To obtain satisfactory photographs of living birds is no easy matter, however, and to secure the finest results requires a suitable outfit. No cheap snap-shot camera will answer; the best is the cheapest in the end, and the best for this purpose is a 4×5 or 5×7 long-focus folding camera, fitted with pneumatic shutter and a strictly first-class lens, in addition to which one must purchase a telephoto attachment, as otherwise the picture of the bird would appear so small as to be worthless. Personally, I use a 4×5 "telephoto cycle Poco," and Bausch & Lomb telephoto lens, and Standard "Imperial Portrait" plates. Having secured our outfit, let us be fully acquainted with its manipulation before essaying portraits of our feathered friends. You will notice that the telephoto lens has a rack

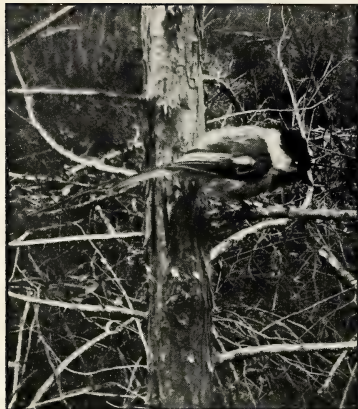
and pinion for adjusting the degree of magnification. As the amount the image is magnified reduces the light passing through the camera-lens in direct proportion, a longer exposure is necessary when using it, and as practically instantaneous exposures are essential, it is rarely possible to use more than the 4 magnification, or a shorter exposure than one fifth of a second. Now, take your camera, with telephoto attached, to some sunny spot, and focus carefully on various objects at one hundred, fifty, twenty-five, fifteen, ten, and six feet distant, and mark an accurate focusing-scale on the camera for use with the telephoto at both 3 and 4 magnifications.

Everything now being in readiness, and the holders filled with plates, we will start on our hunting trip. Perhaps, as we are passing along



"HE EYES US RATHER SUSPICIOUSLY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the pleasant country road we notice a modest gray cat-bird among the tangle of weeds and bushes that half conceal the old rail fence. He is a good subject to begin on, and as we quietly open the camera and withdraw the slide from



"CHICKADEES MAKE CHARMING SUBJECTS."

plate-holder, he eyes us rather suspiciously, as if half suspecting it to be some newfangled sort of gun. Adjust your camera for ten feet, and if you can approach to within that distance, make your exposure. The chances are, however, that he will hop about, disappear in the bushes, reappear in another spot, and lead you a merry chase indeed before allowing his portrait to be taken. Do not become discouraged, however, but stick to it, and seek to win his confidence until you succeed. It frequently happens that if you select a good spot and sit quietly, your subject's curiosity will be aroused, and he will approach to within a few feet of you. Do not endeavor to photograph birds smaller than a song-sparrow, unless of some particularly unsuspicious species, as, for instance, the chickadee. These little fellows make charming subjects, and will almost invariably permit one to approach close enough to secure a good picture. The black-and-white warbler is another small bird who can be successfully photographed, and his sharply contrasted dress of black and white gives a striking and pleasing effect in the picture.

The Peabody-bird or white-throated sparrow is a first-class subject, and his clear, distinct markings are particularly well suited to photography. They are northern birds, appearing in small

flocks in New England and the Middle States early in the autumn, and again in spring. They are fond of low bushes and brush-heaps, and are best taken in the early morning, when hunting for their breakfast. The downy woodpecker is not difficult to photograph, if near his nest or busily engaged in boring for grubs on some dead stump or limb. During the summer, when quail are plentiful, it is quite easy to secure their pictures; and even the wary woodcock can be photographed. They are the most difficult subjects I have ever attempted, however. Notice how well the markings match the fallen leaves about, and how careful the birds are to assume a position in which their own shadows blend with those of the leaves. It is only by inexhaustible patience and perseverance, and an intimate knowledge of the birds' haunts and habits, that good pictures can be secured, and even then it is more luck than anything else. A photograph of a woodcock boring I obtained quite by accident. I had been seated quietly on a log, at the edge of a boggy spot in the woods, when the bird suddenly fluttered down and at once commenced boring for his breakfast. As I was in the shade and Mr. Woodcock in the sun, he was apparently totally unaware of my presence; but at the click of the shutter he was up and away instantly. Red



GROSBEAK.

squirrels are very easy to secure, and even the grays are not difficult. In fact, animals, as a rule, are much easier than birds, as they have a habit of standing quite motionless to look at an intruder now and then—evidently possessing more curiosity than their feathered neighbors. Oven-birds are quaint and rather sociable little chaps, and the only difficulty lies in getting them on open ground. They are generally found in the heavier woods, where they go mincing about



RED SQUIRREL.

in a very dainty and curious manner. Many species which are exceedingly difficult or impossible to take at most times may be readily photographed when on their nests, and make charming pictures. The nests themselves, with eggs showing, are very beautiful, and can be taken without the aid of the telephoto. How much more pleasing are such pictures than boxes full of empty egg-shells, nearly every one of which, if undisturbed, would have furnished another songster to cheer the countryside with life and music!

Although, as I have stated, to secure the

best results a rather expensive outfit is required, yet the boy or girl who desires to secure pictures of living birds or animals need not feel discouraged if possessing only a cheap camera.

Much can be accomplished by patience and perseverance. But in order to photograph these wild friends of ours without the telephoto lens, we must go about it in quite a different manner, as it is practically impossible to approach closely enough to obtain more than a minute speck represent-

ing the subject on the plate. The easiest and best method is to scatter crumbs, grain, or seeds on open ground, and, focusing the camera on these, to retire quite a distance, and wait quietly until the birds begin to feed on the scattered food, when, by means of a long tube and bulb, or (if your camera is not fitted with pneumatic shutter) a piece of string, the exposure can be made and the photograph obtained at short range. Also, as I have already mentioned, birds on their nests can be readily taken with any ordinary camera and lens, provided one approaches softly and cautiously.

IN SUMMER.

BY HARRIET F. BLODGETT.

THE bud has blossomed into flower,

The nests have overflowed with song,

And time has struck the midyear hour,

And nights are sweet, and days are long.

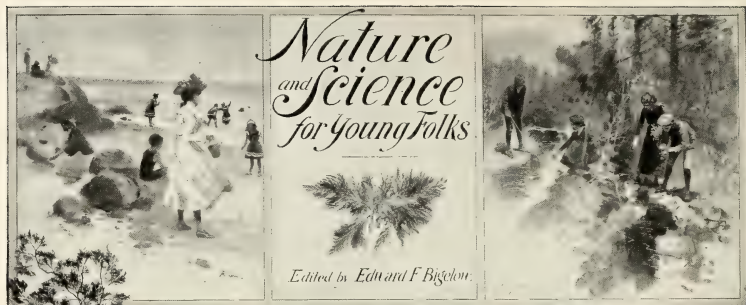
VOL. XXVII.—117-118.

The moonlight smiles upon the sea,

The sea, with smiling, makes reply—

When hark! the clouds' artillery!

And lightning-flashes in the sky!



WATCHING THE "WATER-MEASURERS."

All Nature helps to swell the song
And chant the same refrain;
July and June have slipped away,
And August 's here again.

THE "FLOWERS OF THE SEA."

We all love the sea, and many of the young folks as well as the grown-up people are spending the summer vacation by its side, and enjoying and loving it more and more. Watching the tide come and go, bathing, rowing, sailing, fishing, digging in the sand, gathering shells, and other seaside occupations, will, of course, claim attention, but none of these afford such fascinating pleasure as gathering, preserving, and studying marine algæ, which are known more commonly, but not quite correctly, as the "flowers of the sea," sea-moss, or seaweeds. As we come to know

the structure and growth of these beautiful plants, we shall find that they are not flowers nor moss, and most certainly they are not weeds; but if



COLLECTING THE MARINE ALGÆ IN BOTTLES AND PAILS BY THE AID OF A SKIMMER AND A NET.

we do not wish to use the correct term, marine algæ, let us call them the "flowers of the sea," for they surely ornament the sea as the flowers do the fields and meadows. As we learn their names, habits, and history, there will be an added charm to the days we spend at the sea-side; and a collection well mounted on paper or cardboard will always bring to us happy memories. As you visit different shores year after year, you will seek the old friends among the algæ, and make new acquaintances, till in a few seasons spent in different places you may have a large collection well representing the marine flora of the various places.

The names of the different kinds are easily learned, and the collecting may be done with almost no apparatus. A few pieces of white paper or cardboard and a pin or wooden toothpick are all that are absolutely required.

Slip the paper or cardboard under the bit of algæ as it floats in the water, usually at low tide, and lift it horizontally almost to the surface. Arrange the delicate filaments with the sharp-pointed toothpick or pin, and lift the

paper or card out of the water. The specimens may be laid on a sloping grassy bank to dry in the sun. Afterward press smooth and flat between



FLOATING OUT AND PRESSING THE ALGÆ.

the folds of old newspapers. In even so simple a manner a beautiful collection may be made.



ONE OF THE "FLOWERS OF THE SEA" AS IT APPEARS WHEN PRESSED ON A CARD.

It will, however, be found much more convenient and satisfactory to collect by means of a long-handled skimmer, a net, or other simple instrument by which you can reach into the water and gather the specimens as they go floating by. The skimmer will be found the most satisfactory, and may be obtained at any house-furnishing tin-shop. It should be lashed with a stout string to the end of a pole four or five feet long. This is useful not only for catching the floating algæ, but for detaching the plants from their holdings near the low-water line. The specimens thus obtained may be placed in fruit-cans, wide-mouthed bottles, or pails partly filled with sea-water, and thus kept a day or two for mounting indoors at leisure, perhaps in the evening or on a stormy day.

To mount the specimens to best advantage, fill a large white bowl nearly full of sea-water, and place a few specimens in it, "floating out" on white cards of the same dimensions—four and a half by six and a half inches, or any other size that may be preferred. Hold the card in the left hand a little under the water, and arrange the delicate filaments by means of sharp-pointed forceps or other pointed instrument. Some prefer to use a small camel's-hair brush. Scissors may be used for trimming off the larger branches and such parts as are not very pretty.

The specimens may be floated out from this bowl, but it will be best to do the shaking out, trimming, cleaning, etc., in another bowl, and then transfer to a bowl with clean water especially for the final work. A little practice will give you the knack of doing it to best advantage. Put the cards for a few minutes on a slanting board to drain away the superfluous water, then lay them on sheets of blotting-paper or botanists' drying-paper. Put as many cards on each sheet as you can, and cover all with a piece of muslin. Continue in this manner—drying-paper, cards with specimens on, cloth, drying-paper, and so on till you have all in the pile. Put a board on top, and a heavy weight on that. Change the drying-papers in about six hours, and again the next day.

It is not necessary that you do the work exactly in the manner here described. Your own ingenuity will suggest changes that are advantageous, and also the making of various pretty articles for household ornaments, gifts to friends, sales at church fairs, and so on.



"JUST AS THE SHEET OR COUNTERPANE IS SLIGHTLY DEPRESSED UNDER THE FEET OF A CHILD STANDING ON A BED."

SKATING ON THE WATER.

It would be delightful indeed if we could skate in the summer, and glide over the surface of still water, without the necessity of

END VIEW OF THE NEEDLE DEPRESSING THE SURFACE FILM.



NEEDLE FLOATING UPON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER IN A TUMBLER.

muffling up as we do in winter. Although we have not yet been able to accomplish this, there are a large number of very nimble little creatures who

do really skate on the water. They are sometimes called, in the books

written by scientific men, "pond-skaters." One of the best known of these pond-skaters is what most people would call a water-spider, though he is more commonly described as a water-measurer. These little insects are able to stand on the surface of still water. Their feet do not sink into it, though the water bends down under each little foot, just as the sheet or counterpane is slightly depressed under the feet of a child standing on a bed. The water-measurer is able to dart over the yielding surface with feet unwet. In order to understand how the insect is able to stand upon the water, we might first try the experiment of making a needle float.

Almost every boy has, in his time, made a needle float upon the surface of clear water contained in an ordinary tumbler. It is certain that the needle does not float owing to any buoyancy of the steel itself, for the slightest jar will send it to the bottom. Its floating is not like the floating of ocean steamers or battleships. These ships float because they are only immense shells, which displace more

water in proportion

to their weight than does the needle. Another peculiarity presented by the needle is that, unlike the ships, it floats in a little hollow slightly below the surface. While floating it is not wet, and if, by filling the tumbler to the brim, one brings the eye so as to look along the surface, the needle will not be seen. Nevertheless it floats; and it will be found that the surface of the water actually slopes down to the needle, passes under it, and up again on the other side, exactly as the surface of an eiderdown quilt sinks under the pressure of a glass alley when placed upon it. As the needle has no buoyancy like that possessed by a chip of wood, we must look for some other cause to explain the matter.

The needle's floating is due to a property of the water itself. Now, the surface of still water has what, for want of a better name, may be called a skin. It is upon this skin, or surface film, that the needle rests and the water-measurer skates. The surface film is not visible to the eye, and cannot be removed. It is infinitely thin, and, when broken, forms again immediately, but it is owing to its presence that the needle floats. A proof that the surface is depressed and stretches under the needle may be had by exposing the tumbler in the sunlight. The shadow of the needle will be a dark line, surrounded by a bright margin, due to the refraction of the light in passing



NEAR AND ENLARGED VIEW OF THE "POND-SKATERS."



Flaps closed to make a pointed end. Flaps opened after breaking up through the surface film.

GREATLY MAGNIFIED VIEWS OF THE MOSQUITO AIR-TUBES. ALSO ENLARGED VIEWS OF THE LARVÆ, WHICH ARE REALLY VERY SMALL, AND KNOWN TO OUR YOUNG FOLKS AS "MOSQUITO WIGGLERS." THEY ARE FOUND IN STAGNANT POOLS OF WATER IN SWAMPY PLACES.

through the curved surface of the liquid around the needle.

Another curious feature about this surface film is that it presents an obstacle to an insect's coming up out of the water when he is below the surface. The larva of the mosquito, often called a "wiggler," is an aquatic insect, but, nevertheless, one which breathes air. When one of these curious little creatures desires to take a breath of air, after wriggling about below the surface for some time, it comes up and presents its tail to the film, because it is by means of a siphon or air-passage at the end of its tail that it breathes. The air-duct is provided with an apparatus for putting through the surface film. The end of this air-tube terminates in a number of flaps, which in a certain way resemble the ornamental scalloped top which sometimes embellishes the upper end of a smoke-stack. The insect folds these flaps together and so closes the end of the air-duct. They all meet in a point in the center, and this sharpened tube it thrusts up through the surface film. When well through, it opens them out into a sort of little basin, and hangs there, head down, suspended from the film.

GEORGE S. HODGINS.

EGGS OF BEAUTIFUL FORM AND COLOR.

HAVE you ever carefully examined the eggs of butterflies and moths or other insects? If not, look for them on the food-plants on which the little caterpillars are to feed when hatched from the eggs. The mother butterfly or moth shows wonderful instinct in selecting the plant that will be adapted to the little caterpillars. The eggs are often found on the under side of the leaves, sometimes singly, frequently a few together, and occasionally in a large mass. Of many species of butterflies there will be two or three generations during the year, so that we may look for eggs at any time.

In form, color, and variety of design of the surface markings, the eggs of insects are more surprisingly varied than those of birds; but the

insects' eggs are so small as often to escape our observation. Sharp eyes, such as all our young folks have, will easily find the tiny eggs, and even a pocket microscope will reveal their beauty. The eggs consist of a thin shell containing a fluid mass, the germ of the future caterpillar, and sufficient food for it till it is big enough to break the shell and feed on the plant. The forms are various, like a sphere, a half-sphere, a cylinder, a barrel, a cheese, a turban, etc. Many have sharp corners, and others have evenly curving surfaces. Some have the appearance of having been punched in at the ends. The surface is covered with microscopic ridges, wavy lines, dots, or projections, in such arrangements as often to be very beautiful when viewed



EGGS OF MAGPIE MOTH.



EGGS OF "DOT" MOTH.



EGGS OF BUTTERFLY FLY.

through a microscope. The illustrations are from photographs by Mr. W. A. Walsley of magnified views of the eggs. In books relating to insects there are drawings of various eggs which will show the markings; but these photographic illustrations have the added value of correctly

showing the appearance of the eggs through a microscope.

There is also a great variety in color. The most common tints are brown, blue, green, greenish white, red, and yellow.

Find some of the eggs, make drawings of a few, and then keep the rest on a fresh plant and watch the hatching of the caterpillars. These illustrations are from English specimens, but the eggs of our butterflies and moths are equally interesting.



EGG OF BROWN-STREAK BUTTERFLY.

EGGS ON OR NEAR A ROCK.

MOST birds are very skilful in nest-making, strongly weaving together sticks, twigs, and grass or bits of string for the exterior, sometimes



THE NIGHTHAWK.

cementing the whole together with mud, and often lining the interior with very soft material.

But the nighthawk is a surprising exception, for she usually lays her two mottled eggs on the top of a flat rock in the pasture or other open field without any nest. A hollow place on the top of the rock is often selected, and sometimes the two eggs are placed on or near the highest point, where a slight touch would send them rolling off the rock. Less frequently the mother bird places the eggs on the ground near the rock, as is shown in the illustration.

The mottled color of the eggs is so much



THE EGGS ON THE GROUND NEAR A ROCK.

like that of the rock that they are not easily seen. But, strangest of all, the eggs are sometimes laid on a nearly flat roof of a city house!

THE LIMPET THAT CAN FIND ITS WAY HOME.

EVERY reader of ST. NICHOLAS has heard of homing pigeons, who, when let loose,—it may be hundreds of miles from home,—are strong of wing and stout of heart and keen of wit enough to find the way back. But did ever anybody hear of a snail or a slug who was bright as that? We talk about the snail's "carrying his house on his back," and never dream that he cares at all where he sets it down; and, for aught I know, neither does he care. But he has an English cousin, called a limpet, who lives near the sea, and is a true Briton in his love for home. This little fellow has a shell like a long, low tent, and whenever the waves are rough or



THE LIMPET ON A ROCK.

some big and hungry body comes along, he pulls his shell close down over him and clings so fast to the rock that "sticking like a limpet" has passed into a proverb. If the rock on which he lives is soft limestone, the juices of his body gradually dissolve it away and make a little hollow, perhaps quarter of an inch deep, in which he lives. When the tide goes down and his home is left dry, he climbs out of his hollow and crawls away in search of the little plants which serve for his dinner. And when he has had enough, and has, we may imagine, taken the little airing which everybody should take after his lunch, he goes back to his hollow with as much certainty as if he were a little boy going home from school.

But now comes the most wonderful part. We might guess, if this were all, that as he crawled

away from home he left some sort of track which he could recognize though we could not, and which served to guide him back. But a wise Welshman has been studying the little fellows, and he finds that he can pick them up and put them down six inches, twelve inches, sometimes even as much as two feet, away from their hollows in any direction, and that, though they have no eyes worth the name, they will almost always find their way back. Sometimes, indeed, it may take them as much as two days to do it, and always a few get lost. About five sixths of those he tested came back, when they were put down not more than eighteen inches away, which we must know is a long distance to the little limpet. If they were carried farther from home, they were more likely to be lost.

Now, the English limpet has a good many cousins in America, most of which are found on the shores of the Pacific. But there is one who lives on the New England coast from Cape Cod northward. You may look for him in the little pools left by the outgoing tides, under the wet rockweed, or even on large rocks between tide-marks. The picture shows you what he looks like. He is usually brown and mottled, and everybody to whom I show him exclaims, "How much he looks like a turtle!" I think we may safely give him the name by which he is called in England — the tortoise-shell limpet. The children about Nahant, Massachusetts, call the shells "sugar-bowl covers," and use them to set their dolls' tea-tables.

People have been too busy in America to take time to learn much about our smaller animals; but I have heard from one wise old fisherman that our limpet has the same habit of coming back to his home that the English one has, though on our hard New England rocks he makes no hollow. Perhaps some reader of *ST. NICHOLAS* will like to try, this summer, to see whether the old fisherman is right. When you have found your limpet, you must watch him very quietly, long enough to be quite sure that he is at home instead of being out for a walk and scared into momentary quiet by your coming. Then you can mark both shell and rock, perhaps with enamel paint, and come back every day or two to see whether you always find him there. And if you do, you will have

made friends with a little fellow who, in this respect at least, is cleverer, so far as we know, than any other creature that wears a shell.

M. A. WILCOX.

FROM OUR "YOUNG OBSERVERS."

THE BURYING-BEETLE.

103 COTTAGE STREET, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: One day last summer when I was in Newtown, two ladies were sitting on the veranda, when one of them said: "Look at that toad." The other one said: "I don't see any toad, but I see a snake." So they called a man to kill it. After the snake had been killed, mama and I were going home when mama saw the snake raise its head, and she said: "Look out! that snake is alive." But I was n't afraid; so I stopped to look at it, and I saw that it was not alive, but that three beetles were burying it. The next day one of the children and I went out to see it, and we coiled it up, and the beetles straightened it out. First, they dug a trench under it and piled the sand in a heap; then they dug a hole back of it, and commenced to bury it, tail first. Two of them lay on their backs and pushed with their feet, while the other one pulled it by the tail. After they had buried it they rolled a small stone to the entrance of the hole. Afterward a man pulled it out, and they buried it again.

About two weeks after the mate was killed, but where it was killed the soil was quite hard. They ran around it for about half a day, then they decided to eat it without burying it. The snake had just swallowed a toad. I found out, by asking my uncle, who is a naturalist, that the name of the beetle is the burying- or sexton-beetle. They bury the snake, then they lay their eggs on the snake, and when the young come out they feed on the snake. I found out a good many things from my uncle, who is in the scientific society in Bridgeport. Perhaps you may know him. His name is Mr. C. K. Averill. He once killed a heron, and when he went to the same spot the next day, the beetles had buried it all but the head.

LUCY S. ROBINSON.



THE BURYING-BEETLE,
FULL SIZE.

The young naturalist's mother writes: "I watched the beetles and the snake enough to confirm all that my little daughter has written, but she watched it all — hour after hour in the broiling sun."

This is an excellent example of the right spirit for a lover and student of nature. First, patient, careful observation; second, seeking further information from persons or books; and last, not least, telling others of the interesting discoveries, sharing our pleasures with them.

Entomologists—those who study insects as this little girl has begun to do—give many interesting accounts of the sagacity and remarkable strength of these burying-beetles. They



SEXTON-BEETLES BURYING A DEAD BIRD.

have been known to roll a large dead rat or bird several feet in order to get it in a suitable place for burying.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW AS A WORKER.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been very much interested in watching the little English sparrows at work building their nests. Two of them were very busy. They would go off one at a time and bring back a large supply of horsehairs, moss, twigs, and banana-leaves. Another thing they did was to take turns at building the nest. While one was building, the other was resting. I noticed that the male bird did the most work, too. The next morning the nest was finished and looked very cozy. The English sparrows are troublesome, but they are very hard workers.

Your little reader,

EUGENE HUNTER COLEMAN (Age 8 years).



THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

You are right. The English sparrows surely are faithful workers. So much has been said and written against them that it will be only justice to them to point out their good qualities. The

most despised birds and people, young or old, are far from wholly bad. Who can tell us other good things about the English sparrows?

DO SALAMANDERS SING?

SCARSDALE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Do salamanders have voices?

HERBERT E. ANGELL.

You will find an extended and interesting discussion of this question in the chapter entitled "Songless Batrachians" of the book "Familiar Life in Field and Forest," written by F. Schuyler Mathews. The chapter also contains eleven illustrations and many interesting statements of the habits of salamanders. The author claims twenty years' experience with



THE RED SALAMANDER, FOUND IN COLD SPRINGS AND BROOKS.

salamanders, and has never heard one sing, and seems to think that those who claim to have heard them sing were mistaken.

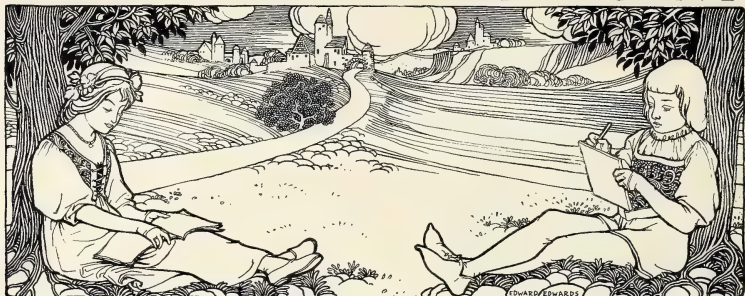
Dr. O. P. Hay, a naturalist of considerable experience, has heard from one "a shrill sound somewhat like a whistle or the peeping of a young chicken."

John Burroughs, in his book "Pepacton," claims not only that the red salamander can make a noise, but that "the mysterious piper may be heard from May to November. It makes more music in the woods in autumn than any bird."

Gibson, in "Sharp Eyes," has an extended and illustrated chapter entitled "The Autumn Pipers." Dr. Abbott, Professors Cope and Eimer claim to have heard these salamanders' voices.

Here is a good field for observation. What do our young folks say about it? Who has watched salamanders and heard the voice or song?

"LIVE TO LEARN AND LEARN TO LIVE"



THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

"A VERY good puzzle," the editor said,
Then softly sighed when the page was read.
"Why, it is n't indorsed, and so, alas,
I'm sorry we'll have to let it pass.

"An excellent poem!" the editor cried,
But the "excellent poem" was laid aside;
For the poet in haste had left her age
And even her name from the dainty page.

"This story is fine! but—the same old song—
'T is at least a hundred words too long!
This capital drawing in dull-brown ink,
We'll have to lay it aside, I think."

And so it went on till the tale was done,
And the editor said: "There are thirty-one
With never a chance to win, indeed,
Because to our rules they gave no heed."

A NEW RULE.

IN accordance with the suggestions and wishes of many League members, it has been decided that a prize-winner may compete for and win a second prize within the six months' time limit, provided the second prize won be of greater value than the first. A silver badge winner, for instance, may win a gold badge as soon as his work entitles him to this distinction, and in like manner may win the money prize for "Wild-animal photograph," though he already has a gold badge to his credit. We hope this new rule will prove a satisfactory one.



"TWO AND TWO ARE FOUR," BY NORA NEILSON GRAY,
AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

To the boy or girl who loves bathing, August is the best month of the year. To go down to the ocean where the cool green waves come plunging in,—to run and leap headlong into them, diving through one after another until you are red and breathless and glowing,—this is a joy that makes life and vacation and summer-time all seem worth while. Even away from the sea there are fine lakes and streams, and down in shaded pastures there are ponds where frogs croak, crawfish skurry about in the shallow water, and little boys learn to swim.

Such places are a good deal better for frogs and crawfishes than they are for little boys; but then,

August comes only once a year, and little boys will be little boys only once, so it 's more than likely that August and little boys and ponds with crawfishes and bullfrogs will always go together so long as August and little boys and ponds and crawfishes and bullfrogs last.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 8.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

POEM. To relate in some manner to vacation.

Gold badge, Charlotte F. Babcock (age 15), Downer Avenue, Dorchester, Massachusetts.

Silver badge, Marguerite M. Hillery (age 13), 105 West Seventy-seventh Street, New York City.

PROSE. To relate some incident or adventure on or by the water.

Gold badge, Frank Damrosch, Jr. (age 11), 181 West Seventy-fifth Street, New York City.

Silver badge, Dorothy Eckl (age 12), 2231 Chestnut Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

DRAWING. Gold badge, Nora Neilson Gray (age 17), Carisbrook, Helensburgh, Scotland.

Silver badges, Helen Brackenridge (age 13), Natrona, Pennsylvania; and Ruth Osgood (age 12), 1713 P Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

PHOTOGRAPH. Gold badge, Kenneth G. Carpenter (age 13), southwest corner Russell and Compton avenues, St. Louis, Missouri.

Silver badges, Will Weston (age 15), 626 Eighth Street, Oakland, California; and Illia Thompson (age 11), 328 Superior Street, Chicago, Illinois.

PUZZLES. Gold badge, Mary Easton (age 15), Rochelle Park, New Jersey.

Silver badges, Louise Clendenning Smith (age 13), 525 North Broad Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey; and Henry Martyn Hoyt, Jr. (age 13), 1516 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, Pauline C. Duncan (age 12), Ishpeming, Michigan. No silver badge award.

ILLUSTRATED PROSE. Gold badge, Hildegard Alien (age 14), 132 Marlborough Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Silver badges, Elisabeth Spies (age 10), 119 South Mountain Avenue, Montclair, New Jersey; and Janet



"UNWILLING VANITY." BY HELEN BRACKENRIDGE, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Golden (age 8), 319 North McKean Street, Kittanning, Pennsylvania.

ILLUSTRATED POEM. Gold badge, Doris Webb (age 15), 115 Montague Street, Brooklyn, New York.

WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH. First prize, gold badge and five dollars, Edith L. Lauer (age 11), 203 Eutaw Place, Baltimore, Md.

Second prize, gold badge and three dollars, Niels Rahe (age 15), Manitowoc, Wisconsin. Third prize, gold badge, Thomas H. Tulloch (age 16), Forest Glen, Md.

A FOGGY TRIP FROM ROCKLAND TO BOSTON.

BY FRANK DAMROSCH, JR. (AGE 11).

(Gold Badge.)

IT was a bright, sunny afternoon when the steamer "Mt. Desert" left the wharf at Seal Harbor, Maine, amid cheers and waving of handkerchiefs from the shore. But the sun soon disappeared, and we had a foggy trip to Rockland, though when we arrived it had cleared off, and the harbor lights looked very pretty.

After about an hour the side-wheeler "City of Bangor" hove in sight, and soon I found myself on board.

Several times we passed lighthouses, and as there was always a haze about them, everybody said we would have a foggy night. Their predictions came true, and we were soon in a dense fog. I was snoring soundly in my bunk when there was a shock and a sound of splintering wood.

A large barkentine (a three-masted sailing-vessel, with one mast square-rigged, and the other two fore and aft) loomed up through the fog.

The captain immediately ordered



"AT THE BENCH SHOW." BY RUTH OSGOOD, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY KENNETH G. CARPENTER, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

"full speed ahead," so as to let her pass astern of us. It was too late, however, to prevent a collision, and her bowsprit tore open the sternmost cabins, and her yards smashed some railings on the upper deck. Had the barkentine struck a little farther forward, our steamer might have gone to the bottom.

We arrived safely in Boston harbor in spite of our adventure. As for the ship, she bears no traces of the accident, as the damage was repaired on her arrival in port.

I saved a piece of the wrecked cabin, and my father labeled it as follows:

"From the wreck of the 'City of Bangor,' after collision with an unknown barkentine. Frank Damrosch, one of the survivors."

VACATION.

BY CHARLOTTE F. BABCOCK (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

"WHAT makes thy song so blithesome, robin dear?

What is the joyous message thou wouldst tell?

What are the tidings gay, so full of cheer,

That make thy quiv'ring breast with gladness swell?"

"T is to the summer that I sing my lay,

The blessed summer making bird-land gay."

"O crimson poppy, why thy smiling face?

Fair, blushing rose, what gladness fills thy heart?

And, gentle daisy, full of modest grace,

What are the joyous words thou wouldst impart?"

"Cold winter and the rainy spring have passed,
And lovely summer-time has come at last!"

"O zephyr, messenger of birds and bees,

Laden with breath of flow'rs and blossoms sweet;

What joyful tidings thine, soft, whisp'ring breeze,

And whither goest thou on wings so fleet?"

"I bear a gladsome message of good cheer,

And tell all lands that holidays are here!"

But gayer e'en than birds or breeze or flow'rs,

The merry children laugh and shout for joy;

Ah! far too swiftly pass the fleeting hours

For ev'ry joyous, romping girl and boy.

And this their cry: "Hurrah for summer fun!
Vacation, glad vacation, has begun!"

"ON A STUMP!"

BY DOROTHY ECKL (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

It was an ordinary August afternoon, nearing sunset, just the time for a row, and *always* the time when you are wanted. The lake was as smooth as—as it could be, with only the tiniest baby ripples to show there was still some motion in it.

A flat-bottomed boat was riding on this lake—rather dangerously near the stumps. For this lake, let me tell



"CHUMS." BY WILL WESTON, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



"WILD DEER." BY EDITH L. LAUER, AGE 11. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

Thus I found him dead, deserted by the rest.
And when I signaled to my friend and gave my hand
a wave,
She came and said, "Why, Mardie, let's dig the bird a grave."

"Why, yes, Lucille," I cried; "of course; we'll dig it right away."
So we started with our garden hoe and spade,
And we buried the poor birdie, on that bright mid-summer day,
'Neath an apple-tree that spread its grateful shade.
We had wrapped him in a newspaper—I think it was the "Sun";
Then we put some purple flowers on the grave when it was done.

THE OLD WAYSIDE INN.

BY HILDEGARDE ALLEN (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge Illustrated Prose.)

THE tavern in which Longfellow laid the scene of his "Tales of a Wayside Inn" is in Sudbury, Massachusetts. The house is more than two hundred years old. Both Washington and Lafayette have been there. The inn is a picturesque old house, painted a sort of salmon color, and with a gambrel-roof. There hangs near the door a

weather-stained sign, on which is faintly to be seen a red horse painted. Indeed, the inn used to be called the "Red Horse" until after Longfellow wrote "Tales of a Wayside Inn." In front of the doorway is a porch with wide seats in it. Over the front door is nailed a little sign on which is painted this quotation from Longfellow's poem:

"As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality."

Going in at the front door, you come to a long hall running through the middle of the house. On the right is the former tap-room. The old bar still stands in the cor-



"RABBIT." BY NIELS RAHE, AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

you, was, and is yet, full of stumps, weeds, and all kinds of things likely to get you into a scrape.

There were three people in this particular boat—two children and one young lady. One of the girls—she was about eleven—was huddled up in one end of the boat, entirely taken up by a book of a very interesting nature. The other girl, of about seven, was rowing, or what she called rowing. The young lady sat in the stern, giving the rower many directions all in the same breath.

Suddenly the occupants felt a slight shock, and—there they were.

"There! I told you," said the young lady.

"I told you," echoed the industrious reader, at last startled into the present hour and minute.

Each took her turn to pull, but all for nothing. There they were for good.

Not in the middle of the sea, with the wild waves all about them; no, indeed. They were only about one hundred feet from the cottage of a friend—who, however, was not at home.

Then the older girl and the young lady sought relief in blaming the rower, who only replied, "Well, I don't care," or "I can't help it," to their reproaches.

At last help came in the form of the children's papa. He chuckled gleefully when he saw what an awkward plight they were in. Nevertheless, he transferred them from one boat to the other. Of course, the little rower was never allowed to row again, and of course everybody laughed a great deal too much for the adventurers' comfort. As for the young lady, she was always called "Stump Marie" after that, and all because that little urchin happened to row on to a stump!

A TRUE INCIDENT OF VACATION.

BY MARGUERITE M. HILLERY (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

One day the sun was shining in a bright sapphire sky,

And all the world was peaceful and at rest;

At least, so was a guinea-hen whose time had come to die;



"OPOSSUM." BY THOMAS H. TULLOCH, AGE 16. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")



"THE WAYSIDE INN."

ner. Behind it are shelves, on which are old pewter tankards. A good fire burns in the fireplace, and over it hangs the kettle. The walls are covered with interesting old engravings. The ceiling of the tap-room is low, with great wooden beams; a tall clock stands in the corner, and everything is in keeping with the atmosphere of antiquity.

On the left of the hall is the parlor in which the scene

of the story-telling in "Tales of a Wayside Inn" was laid. The fireplace has blue tiles with Old Testament pictures on them. On the mantelpiece in frames hang the two window-panes on which General Molineux wrote. In this room there are several paintings, among them a fine original portrait of Washington.

At the back of the house is the room in which Washington and Lafayette once dined. At the head of the flight of worn stairs is the door of the Lafayette room. Here the famous soldier once spent a night. Altogether, the Wayside Inn is a most interesting old house.

OUT FOR A VACATION.

BY GRACE SPERRY (AGE 6).

As we walked together

Between the earth and skies,

Everything around us

Looked at us with surprise.

For our cheeks were very rosy,

And the bonnets on our heads

Were the colors of the sunbeams,

And our dresses were of red.

And our little shoes and stockings

Placed upon our little feet,

And everything about us,

Looked very, very neat.

THE MINA-BIRD.

BY ALICE MAY SPALDING (AGE 9).

The mina-bird is full of mischief.

Sometimes when I come home from school, very tired,

expecting to have a nice dish of ripe figs, I go out to the fig-trees and find only the skins left, the naughty mina-birds having had a feast while I worked at school.

I have a lot of pretty pigeons, but the same cruel mina-birds come and pull the little pigeons out of their nests and throw them down on to the hard ground, often killing the poor little birds. After they have done this, they build their nests in the poor little pigeons' home.

They are cruel to each other, too. I have seen them scolding, shaking their heads at each other, pulling each other's feathers out, and fighting, just like you see naughty boys doing in the streets sometimes.

The mina lays a pretty pale-blue egg; but I do not think the saucy bird is pretty at all.

VACATION.

BY ASA B. DIMON (AGE 11).

"VACATION 's come," the children shout.

"Hurrah! Our school will soon be out.

Then we can do whate'er we please—

Read, play, or sit beneath the trees,

Play hockey, golf, and croquet too,

And do whate'er we wish to do.

But when the school-days come once more,

We crowd around the school-house door,

With eager hearts and faces too,

To do the things we ought to do."

A TRUE STORY OF A CARRIER-PIGEON.

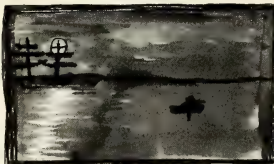
BY ETHEL PAINE (AGE 9).

MY uncle, who commands the United States training-ship "Alliance," sailed from Newport, Rhode Island, with a number of carrier-pigeons. Each pigeon had a

little box, something like a quill, attached to its leg; in each of these little boxes were notes to the commanding officers at the navy-yard.

These pigeons were to be let loose two hundred miles from land. The commander had promised his wife that he would send her a note by one of the pigeons. A report came from the navy-yard that two of the pigeons never returned. There was a poor man that lived in Sussex County, Maryland, who had some pigeons. One

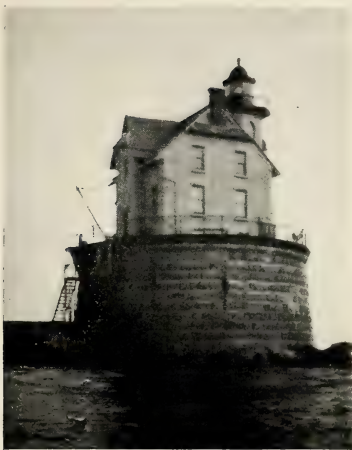
day he received a new pigeon into his flock, and did not notice till a few months later that it had anything attached to its leg. When looking to see what it was, he found it was a little message—the one to the commander's wife. A few days later the commander's wife received a letter written in a strange hand. It was from Maryland, telling the story about the pigeon, and if she would send money it would be expressed to the navy-yard.



"PAUL REVERE'S 'GOOD NIGHT.'" BY ANNA M. JEFFRIES, AGE 11.



"GENERAL WOLFE'S HOUSE." BY MARGARET ELY HOYT, AGE 10.



RACE ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.

(A True Story.)

BY ELISABETH SPIES (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge Illustrated Prose.)

ON September 12, 1899, my father and I started for Race Rock Lighthouse, with its keeper, Mr. Culver, in a small rowboat. When we started it was quite smooth, but by the time we were there and landing it was almost impossible to mount and climb the ladder, being so rough.

After father was up, Mr. Culver carried me up, for I

was afraid to climb it alone, because it was as straight as the wall.

When we reached the platform we climbed the staircase leading to the door of the house.

As you enter, the first room you see is Mr. Culver's carpenter-shop, where he makes toy sail-boats (and, by the way, I meant to say that he gave me a perfect little beauty. Her name is "Dame Trot," and she is a fine racer). Then come his bedroom and sitting-room.

The stairs leading to the light are at the back of the hall. After climbing for several flights you come to the bedroom floor (though Mr. Culver's room is on the first floor). Here are five white rooms for his assistants, but they are not all being used.

On up we go until we come to the fog-bell, which is outside of the building. It is rung by a hammer about seven inches long and four wide. It is worked by machinery.

There are still more stairs before we get to the light. At first you don't see much, for it is covered. The panes are also covered. Mr. Culver lights the lamp, and it begins to revolve, as it is a flash-light.

Father says we must go home now, for it is getting so windy and rough.

We come again to the ladder. Father disappears into the boat. I did not dare go near the edge, for fear of falling. My turn came. "Come on," said Mr. Culver to me. "I can't come; I'm afraid." He asked his man to carry me down. He did, and we pushed off.

The waves were very high on the Sound. Our little



"DAME TROT."

boat rolled and tossed about until I was "scared to death," almost.

We at last got home, and very glad to get there we were.

SONG OF THE WAVES.

BY HELEN DUDLEY (AGE 14).

We are the waves,
The merry waves;
Upon the pebbles on the beach
We tumble in, then out of reach.

We are the waves,
The silent waves,
That ripple, ripple in the bay
Throughout the peaceful summer's day.

We are the waves,
The angry waves,
That toss and beat, then moan and roar,
Upon the fearful rock-bound shore.

We are the waves,
The wild, free waves;
Whatever happens on the shore,
We come and go forevermore.



"LAKE MICHIGAN." BY JULIA THOMPSON, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

AN ELOPEMENT.

BY DORIS WEBB (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge Illustrated Poem.)

"ALONZO, IT IS TIME TO GO."

THE night was black, the night was still,
When o'er her flowered window-sill
The princess leaned, and whispered low,
"Alonzo, it is time to go."

A ladder strongly made of rope
Was ready, for when you elope
The things above all else you need
Are first a ladder, next a steed.

He helped her down, and then he led
His love beneath the trees, and said:
"We'll hasten safely to the marriage,
For here I have a horseless carriage."

They sprang in lightly—could not go;
The motor had run out; and so
He said: "Alas! I've no more hope,
My sweetest love, we can't elope."

"Don't be a goose," the princess snapped,
"For I've a plan already mapped.
Seize yonder comet by the tail;
'T will take us over hill and dale."

They tried, and as the story tells,
There quickly tolled the marriage bells.
The moral is, where'er you are,
Just "hitch your wagon to a star."



"OVER HILL AND DALE."

THE TRUE STORY OF A BLACK SWALLOWTAIL.

BY JANET GOLDEN (AGE 8).

(Silver Badge Illustrated Prose.)

PARSLEY was the beginning of it. That sounds funny, but I will tell you about it. One day we found a worm on the parsley.

Its color was green, red, black, and yellow. It was beautiful. I thought I had never seen such a pretty caterpillar.

Every day I watched it until it was full-grown. One day mama called me back to the parsley-bed. "There is our little baby worm," she said, and I laughed. It was not very little. We took it and put it in a basket.

The next morning it was a chrysalis. We were very much surprised and glad. All winter we watched it, and had almost given up hopes of its ever coming out till we looked in the butterfly book and saw it ought not to come out till about the 15th of May. On the second day of May, in the morning, mama said, "I am going to see our chrysalis"; but she forgot about it.

In the afternoon she looked, and there he was, flying around as fast as he could. That afternoon, when I came home from school, mama hurried me into the house and showed it to me. It was a—what do you think? Well, a black swallowtail. I tell you, I was glad.



THE SWALLOWTAIL.

Poor little thing! I do not like to let it go, it knows so little of the big, big world.

FOR CHERRIES.

BY FRED STRONG (AGE 8).

Up the ladder,
Against the tree,
We are going,

We three, we three,

For the cherries
So ripe and red.

We will get them,
With Eddie ahead.

Up the ladder,
Against the tree,
We climb bravely,
We three, we three.



THE CHRYSALIS.

"SEPTEMBER WILL END OUR VACATION."

BY HARRIET AMELIA IVES (AGE 11).

Let 's go to the garden and pluck all the flowers,
Let 's sit in the cool and the shade of the bowers,
And enjoy sweet, bright June as long as it 's ours.
September will end our vacation.

Let 's go to the lake with a nice lunch and tea,
And climb to the top of the highest oak-tree,
And have in sweet June an abundance of glee.
September will end our vacation.



"LET 'S GO TO THE LAKE."

Let 's watch with excitement
the rockets so high,
And from our own hands
let the firecrackers fly,
And enjoy the heat and the
fun of July.
September will end
our vacation.



"LET 'S ENJOY OLD AUGUST."

That we may wake up with the first gleam of light,
And enjoy old August with all of our might.
September will end our vacation.

Let 's work on some days, and on some days let 's play,
Let 's have a good time and the right of the way,
Let 's enjoy of old August its every hot day.
September will end our vacation.

Let 's gather in parties
and go to the wood,
With bottles of coffee
and other things
good;
Let 's enjoy July just as
much as we should.
September will end
our vacation.

Now let 's go to bed
rather early each
night,

A SUMMER WALK ON THE RIO GRANDE.

BY MARY LAKENAN (AGE 13).

ONE bright June morning I concluded to take a stroll along the banks of the Rio Grande River. So I started out of my mountain home—near Wagon Wheel Gap—and soon reached the river.

Its banks are covered with stones and short grass, with here and there a clump of willows. The river is very clear and sparkling, and looks very lovely as it dances on, striking against stones and breaking into spray and foam.

I seated myself under a willow, beside a tall yellow primrose, and listened to the sweet music of the river.

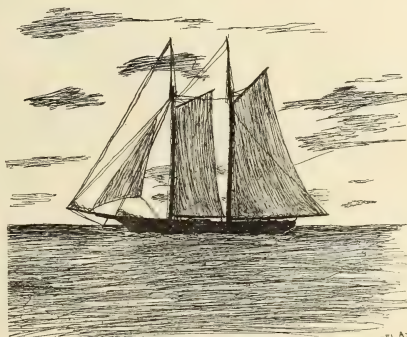
Just then I saw a pretty sight. A great stag had stolen down to the river for a drink, and had caught sight of me.

For one moment he gazed with a surprised look in his great dark eyes, then bounded away to the woods.

Soon a fisherman came along on the opposite side of the river, and, throwing in his line, pulled out a silvery mountain trout, and with a pleased look passed on.

A few cows were lying in the sun across the river, peacefully chewing their cuds, while in the distance I heard the sound of the woodman's ax, and in the willows near me a meadow lark sang sweetly.

After sitting a short time I rose and walked down the



BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN, AGE 9.

river, when suddenly from almost under my feet a red-wing blackbird flew, and I had discovered her lovely nest.

It was hung in the tall grass just where some water from a meadow near by trickled down, and was indeed a thing of beauty, deep and perfectly woven of dry grass, and lined with hair and soft leaves.

The little "home-maker" had indeed chosen a most beautiful spot for her nest.

In the nest were five light-brown spotted eggs, arranged very prettily.

But I passed on, not wishing to grieve the little mother, and soon came upon a number of wild roses, filling the air with their fragrance, and I picked a large bunch.

It being characteristic of mountain storms that they come up very quickly, I was soon surprised to find the sky overcast with clouds, and I felt rain on my face; so I arose and hastened home, bidding good-by until another time to the bright Rio Grande River.



"PONTE ALLA CARRAJA." BY CLERMONT L. BARNWELL, AGE 11.

SUMMER.

BY FRANCIS KERR ATKINSON (AGE 10).

THERE is a little daisy
Growing in a field,
But under its bright crown of gold
Its seeds are now concealed.

And when the golden autumn comes
'T will wither quite away,
Though gold and silver is it now,
This bright and happy day.

There is a little butterfly
Fluttering o'er the meadows,
And round about among the trees
Which cast their giant shadows.

And when the painted autumn comes
He 'll fly away, away,
But in the meadow is he now,
This lovely summer day.

BY MARY ELEANOR GEORGE,
AGE 11.THE YOUNG ROBINS NEAR
MEADOW BROOK.

BY EDITH IVA WORDEN (AGE 14).

It was a little past the middle of July. Soon the young robins which were in the nest of the maple-tree by the side of Meadow Brook would be ready to fly.

It would be a happy time for the proud mother when her voice took on that soft and mellow quality, nearly as coaxing as a dove's note, with which she encourages her young to leave the nest and try their wings to the ground below.

The mother bird had left her young to find some nice fat worms for them. Suddenly there was a disturbance in the nest. Perhaps the birds were quarreling over the most comfortable place, for one of them was pushed out, fell on to the bank of the brook, and just escaped falling into it.

The mother bird now came flying back with the food for her babies. When she heard the cry of the young bird which had fallen from the tree, she was perplexed, and hovered among the branches. Her note rang out loud and clear in alarm.

In a very short time a young boy came walking along the bank of the brook. He immediately heard the anxious mother's cry for help. He ran quickly to the spot below the maple and discovered the young bird on the ground. Picking it up tenderly, he soothed it and tried to quiet its shrill cry of fright. Then, holding

it carefully in one hand, he swung up the tree and put the bird in the nest. The mother bird soon nestled lovingly among her young, while in the quiet could be heard the warbling of Meadow Brook.

VACATION.

BY DORIS FRANKLYN (AGE 13).

"WHERE are you going, children dear,
Now that the holidays are here?"
The teacher said, and kindly smiled
To see one eager little child

Holding up high his tiny hand:

"Please, ma'am, we're going to Make Believe Land!"

"Our mother said she could not find Money to travel. We don't mind; We're rather glad; because we know This splendid place where we can go.

"Katy will live with the princess, Wear shoes of gold, and satin dress. Jack's going to the sea of ice; He'll find the north pole in a trice!"

"And you, dear child, where will you go?"
The mistress asked; he answered low:

"I shall take mother to a place Where tears will never wet her face; She says she thinks it will be grand To spend a while in Make Believe Land."

THE POLLIWOGS.

BY MARGARET S. CALDWELL (AGE 8).

THE polliwogs are little black things that swim about in muddy pools and brooks, and sometimes in clear water, and are greedy eaters. They have tails, and on each side of the tail there is something like bee-wings, and under the tail there is sort of a little brown leg. The body and mouth look very much like the head of a cobra that I saw in Kipling's "Jungle Book."

When the polliwogs grow bigger they turn into frogs. They are Mother Nature's housekeepers. We have watched them in our fish-boat. Papa says that they will clean it all out.



"STONE BARN." BY ROSAMOND DENISON, AGE 14.

A PROSPECT OF THE SEA.

BY MARJORIE MCIVER (AGE 12).

I'M going to be just as good
As ever I can be,
For we're going in the summer
To live beside the sea—

The sea all cool and foamy,
The sea so big and blue,
With its caves and waves and pastimes.
Oh! I love the sea; don't you?

And Nurse Christine has promised us,
When by the sea we stay,
We may, if it is very fine,
Camp out a whole long day!

So I am longing for the sea,
So big and bright and blue,
With its caves and waves and pastimes.
Oh! I love the sea; don't you?



"not my Father"

BY OLIN R. SMITH, AGE 6.

CHAPTERS.

NEW chapters are increasing in number, and those already formed are having good times. During the summer members can find much to interest and instruct them in the woods and fields, and the Nature and Science editor will always be glad to answer inquiries concerning new discoveries.

Extra buttons and leaflets for new members will be supplied at any time, and old members who have lost their buttons and rules can get new ones on application. No member should ever be without a badge and a copy of the rules.

Miss Myrtle Iris, 874 Broadway Street, San Francisco, California, would be glad to form a chapter of ST. NICHOLAS readers in her city, and will be pleased to hear from all those interested.

No. 105. "Happy-Golucky." Nannie Kerr, President; Julia Williamson, Secretary; six members. Address, 136 South Twenty-third Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No. 106. Arthur End, President; Elsie Landwehr, Secretary; twelve members. Address, 620 Huron Avenue, Sheboygan, Wisconsin. No. 106 meets every Friday evening at members' houses, and has a program of music, games, and recitations.

No. 107. Janet Hall, President; Margaret Ridlon, Secretary; five members. Address, 1717 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

No. 108. "The Jolly Four." Hazel Schmidt, President; Dorothea Kaster, Secretary; four members. Address, 1436 College Avenue, Racine, Wisconsin.

No. 109. Florence Casey, President; Edith Emerson, Secretary; twenty members. Address, 817 East State Street, Ithaca, New York. No. 109 will meet every Wednesday, to read ST. NICHOLAS and to play games. They will also read their own League contributions, prepared during the week.

No. 110. Lillian Smith, President; James Hunter, Secretary; five members. Address, 944 Cotton Street, Newton, Massachusetts.

No. 111. Nannie Merwin, President; Lillian Menaugh, Secretary; five members. Address, 944 Westminister Street, Washington, D. C.

No. 112. Katherine Manson, President; Medora Strong, Secretary; fifteen members. Address, 815 Fourth Street, Wausau, Wisconsin. No. 112 meets every Friday after school. This chapter has an excellent combination program of reading aloud and sewing. Their reading consists of stories from ST. NICHOLAS and other sources, also their own compositions written during the week. Money for the poor is collected by

this chapter, and the prevention of cruelty to animals is a part of their daily work, each member reporting at the meetings his personal efforts in that line.

No. 113. Myron Neuman, President; Everett Burdick, Secretary; twelve members. Address, 4321 Forest Street, Rogers Park Station, Chicago, Illinois. No. 113 is going to give entertainments and send the proceeds to the county hospital.

No. 114. Percival B. Hustes, President; Stuart B. Copeland, Secretary; eight members. Address, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. No. 114 meets at nine o'clock every Saturday morning.

No. 115. Dorothy Child, President; Florence Hecox, Secretary; ten members. Address, 33 Main Street, Oneonta, New York.

No. 116. Leslie Jordan, President; May Hurley, Secretary; seven members. Address Dorchester, Massachusetts.

No. 117. Gretchen Osterhout, President; Ethel Carhart, Secretary; six members. Address, 82 Montague Street, Brooklyn, New York.

No. 118. Effa Judson, President; Mary Fees, Secretary; five members. Address, Three Rivers, Michigan.

No. 119. Johan H. W. Fenyvessy, President; Ethel Morgan, Secretary; fifteen members. Address, 452 Breckenridge Street, Buffalo, New York.

No. 120. Harold Heffron, President; Howard Tibbels, Secretary; thirteen members. Address, Salt Lake City, Utah.

No. 121. Percival B. Hustis, President; Stuart B. Copeland, Secretary; seven members. Address, 237 Lyon Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"We have all agreed that we will not give up if we do not get prizes the first few times trying." That is the proper spirit. Prizes, after all, are not the best results of conscientious work. No. 121 meets every Saturday.

No. 122. "Land of Sunshine" Chapter. Elford Eddy, President; Bessie B. Yonkin, Secretary; five members. Address, 140 West Twenty-second Street, Los Angeles, California.

No. 123. Helen E. Wotage, President; Lydia C. Wiley, Secretary; four members. Address, 652½ Halsey Street, Brooklyn, New York.

No. 124. Florence A. Curtis, President; Hazel A. Sickels, Secretary; six members. Address, 53 Grace Church Street, Port Chester, New York.

No. 125. Hyman Buchofsky, President; Hyman Jacobs, Secretary; six members. Address, Jewish Orphan Asylum, Cleveland, Ohio.

No. 126. Laura Wescott, President; Milton Poyner, Secretary; five members. Address, Poplar Branch, North Carolina.



"A CORNER OF OUR SCHOOL-ROOM." BY LOUIS FENCHTER, AGE 14.



"A MORNING WALK." BY ETHEL OSGOOD, AGE 7.

ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, has been found worthy of honorable mention.

POEMS.

Winnie Herdman	S. K. Smith
Nannie Clarke Barr	Elizabeth Elliot Bedell
Charles Elwood Colahan	Philip Wick
Thomas S. McAllister	Robert Weinstock
Julia W. Williamson	Tyler A. More
Alastair Hope Kyd	Leslie Leigh DuCros
George Elliston	John R. Munro
Raglan J. Glascock	Elise R. Loebman
Ruth S. Loughton	Cutler McLennegan
Geraldine McGinnis	Marguerite Stuart
Grace Tetlow	Thomas G. Phillips
Anna M. McKechnie	Everingham Noble
Ethel M. Jones	Mary K. Harris
Arthur Edward Weld	Dorothy Russell Lewis
Edwine Behre	Helen Thurston
Maude McMahon	Rebecca Rutledge
Lily C. Worthington	Louis Brod
Laura C. Wescott	Eleanor Hollis Murdock
Alma Miller	Stuyvesant Peabody

PROSE.

Ida M. O'Connell	Helen King Stockton
Elizabeth C. Porter	Elizabeth H. Warner
Ruth L. Walker	Gertrude C. Cannon
Leslie F. Snow	Alice Milton Killits
Lily Hunt	Constance Margaret Jackson
Marion R. Russell	Elsie Wells
Edna M. Duane	Ruby Knox
Ethel L. Rourke	Florence Elwell
Otto Mayer	Rachel A. Walker
Pauline Angell	Adeline A. Murdoch
Margaret Russell	Hilda F. Pratt
Dorothea P. Posegate	James S. Wolf
Lydia E. Bucknell	Helen Mabel Conant
Eunice Fuller	Paula Siebs
Gertrude Dykeman	Janet L. McKim
Josephine G. Thompson	Harold Dowling
Ruth B. Woodman	Helen Dutton Bogart
Louise Peck	Beatrice Vilas
Daisy Heller	Katrina Page Brown
Charlotte Faulb	Gertrude Buckingham
Elsa Schaefer	David F. Barrow
Janet de Peyster Hamersly	Charles A. Wetmore, Jr.
Elford Eddy	Dorothy Webber
Minnie E. Simmons	Jessie Fern Cammack
Harry E. Wheeler	Frances J. Shriver
Lucile Owen	Elizabeth Brown
Agatha E. Gruber	Elaine Flitner
Elizabeth Adams	Morris Fremont Smith
John T. Hancock	Mary Yund
Emma S. Dano	Jean Batchelor
Catherine M. Clement	Irving Babcock
Lacy Van Wagnen	Winnifred Notman
Katherine T. Halsey	Frances Rhoades
Everett L. Hazelton	Mary Esther Van Patten
Jeannette E. Perkins	Gertruydt Beekman
Caroline Trask	Geva Rideal
	Leland Hallock

DRAWINGS.

Tina Gray	Margaret White
Arnold W. Lahee	C. Norvin Rinek
Helen Perry	Mary Dun Buchanan
David A. Wasson	Jean C. MacDuffie

Dorothy Haggard	Kirtley B. Lewis
Ina Cerimboli	Marguerite Stuart
S. Bruce Elwell	Milton R. Owen
Donald B. Prather	Katherine Dennison
Mary Darwin	Edward Mower, Jr.
Katherine Hill	A. Tyler
E. C. Callahan	Grace Elizabeth Allen
Edith C. Develin	E. Royce
Albert Folger Snow	Valentine Ketcham
Ruth Flower Stafford	Carol Bradley
Joseph Wood	Harry A. Bell
F. D. Fenhagen	W. Gilbert Sherman
Russell Walcott	Fred Carter
Frances S. Mears	Percy Lawrence Young
Marjorie F. Sprague	Helen Coggeshall
Helena Lee Camp	U. Sutton Nelthorpe
S. R. MacVeagh	Charlotte S. Woodford
	Teresa J. Galey

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Alex Atworth	Leaonore Katherine Schiff
Paul A. Larned	Elmer S. Blaine
C. L. Whitman	Richard R. Stanwood
Gertrude Monaghan	George A. Allen
Rowland P. Carr	Maurice F. Jones, Jr.
Margaret Stevens	John Watson Christie
R. Kingsley Tomlin, Jr.	George Rodman Goethals
Morris Duncan Douglas	Viola B. Tree
Walter V. Scott	Fred Willis
Edith Miller	Frederic Ullmann
Z. Roos	J. Leonard Truax
Ruth C. Dutcher	Henry E. Birkinbine
Tom Dalrymple	George H. Adler
Strathern	Mary J. Badger
Lorraine March	Lynette Adriance
Larned V. P. Allen	Lulu Senff
Robert A. Hardy	J. Lindsey Ochiltree
Arthur L. Besse	Lawrence A. Rankin
John F. Reddick	Alfred W. Watkins
	Faith S. Chapman

PUZZLES.

Emily Sibley	Yetta Israel
Iris L. Mudge	Elsie F. McClintock
George S. Brengle	Rachel Rhoades
Henry Martyn Hoyt, Jr.	Margarete Munsterberg
J. Wheaton Chambers	S. Jean Arnold
Weston Harding	Oliver Wilbur Doty
Ruth Allaire	Thaxter D. Hazen
Marie H. Whitman	Grace L. Craven
Matilda Otto	Madeleine Dickie
Sophie K. Smith	Melanie A. Weil
Ruth Raymond	Volant Vashon Ballard
M. D. Malcomson	May A. Chambers
Marie Helene Whitman	Nellie Boyer
Alfred James Gazzaldi	Annie Smith
Carroll R. Harding	J. W. Cox, Jr.

The prize puzzles and others selected for publication, as well as the list of puzzle-answers, will be found in the regular "Riddle-box."

TO NEW READERS.—It costs nothing to become a member of the St. Nicholas League. Any reader of the magazine, or any one desiring to become such, may join the League by sending their name and address on a stamped envelope. We will return it with a League badge and an instruction leaflet.

Every boy and girl should be a reader of ST. NICHOLAS, and every reader of ST. NICHOLAS should be a member of the St. Nicholas League.



BY GILBERT SHERMAN,
AGE 15.

NICE BITS FROM LETTERS.

VIRGINIA P. JENNINGS: "I think that the ST. NICHOLAS makes you feel that you can do something, if you are not so old."

Dorothy Anderson: "I mean to try and start a chapter here in Yokohama (Japan) as soon as I myself am a member."

Isabel K. Sevason (England): "We began to take your delightful magazine November, 1877, and I have enjoyed it from the beginning. . . . My little nieces and nephews love you."

Margaret Doane Gardiner: "Wordsworth said, 'We are seven,' but I may say, 'We are six'—six who have enjoyed you a long, long time. If ever my literary work should come to anything, I shall always feel that ST. NICHOLAS has been and is a great help."

Frances Renée Despard: "The maid knocked on my door: 'The letter-man wants yez, mum, to sign something.' I simply flew down stairs, for I guessed it was my precious button."

Mary F. Watkins: "I think the League is perfectly splendid, and I hope it will keep up forever."

Harold Hoerber: "I have a toy theater. I cut out my own figures from prints that came from Germany, and then I have a front and a curtain. I have figures for 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'"

THE HERMITAGE,
HARROW-ON-HILL, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl thirteen years old, and I live at Harrow, where there is a large public school of about six hundred boys. I thought I would tell you about some fly-catchers which built in our garden last year. There were two babies, and after they came out of the nest, they used every evening to sit huddled up together on the high branch of a tree, while the mother bird came down and sat on the croquet hoops until she saw a fly, which she would catch and fly up with it on to the branch beside the young birds and feed them.

I used to have a hen canary, which was very tame.

When I let her out she very seldom flew about, but used to hop all over the floor, picking up any pieces of stuff or cotton she could find, and weaving them together into a tangle. When she sat on my head or shoulder she would always peck out my hair for the same purpose. She would also eat sugar out of your hand or mouth, and jump over a stick.

Hoping you will print this, I remain,

Your interested reader, DOROTHY BERSHELL.



"THE EDITOR." BY ROGER M. SMITH, AGE 11.

Other good letters have been received this month from Lorraine Andrews, Edward Carroll Callahan and his mother, Deborah Morris, John W. Speelman, Olive W. Martin, Kirtley B. Lewis, Lucy McMechan, Lawrence Myers Mead, James L. Claghorn, Zerlina Blout, Willie Vaughan, Hilda Hempe, Anne Page Pease, Etta Stein, Addison Foard Worthington, Hadleigh Marsh, Alfred P. Hanchett, K. Davies T. Gambier, Grace R. Douglas, Bessie MacDougall, Amalia E. Lautz, Edith M. Thompson, Dorothy Cowerpothwait, Ione Pease, Eleanor Felton, Margaret B. James, Florence Harris, Kate Strouse, Susan Bacon, Mildred Wheat, Martha Rosentreater, and from Karl Keffer, Jr., two copies of "The Bubble," a bright little paper published by himself and Fred Wilson, at Charleroi, Pennsylvania. The first number contains the following frank announcement:

"THE OBJECT OF THIS PAPER.

"The object of this journal is to print a paper partly for our own benefit, partly for the money there is in it, and partly for our readers.

"Our paper will be published once a month. The price is three cents a copy. Instead of paying by the year, an account will be taken of the number of copies you receive. We use this method because we are not quite sure as to whether we can get out an issue every month or not."

There are a good many grown-up publishers who might find it advisable to be as straightforward as our young friends.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 11.

COMPETITION No. 11 will close August 22. The awards will be announced and the prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for November.

POEM. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, who may also select the subject.

PROSE. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, who may also select the subject.

DRAWING. India or very black ink on white, unruled paper. The young artists may select their own subjects.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, and any subject. No blue prints or negatives.

PUZZLE. Any sort, but the more original in form, the better.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most

complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun:

For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, the League gold badge.

Remember, every contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square,
New York City.



BY STANLEY H. CHAMBERS, AGE 8.



EDITORIAL NOTE.

ST. NICHOLAS has published several articles about Helen Keller, the blind deaf-mute, and has also printed a story and letters written by Helen herself.

In September, 1889, we published an article by Florence Howe Hall, telling the story of Helen's childhood and early education, and almost at the end these words were quoted from her: "I do want to learn much about everything!" In May, 1890, the Letter-box department printed a letter from Helen herself, then ten years old, promising a story for the magazine. This story was printed in the same department for August of that year. In June, 1892, is the article by Adeline G. Perry, describing "A Visit from Helen Keller," and printing in facsimile one of her letters; and in December, 1893, Helen describes her visit to the Chicago World's Fair. Finally, the Letter-box department of January, 1894, contains a very cordial letter from Helen herself.

Since her days of childhood she has studied to such excellent purpose that now she has made herself the equal in scholarship of even the cleverest girls of her own age, and has proved her right to the praise bestowed upon her by passing the regular examinations for Radcliffe College—the woman's department of Harvard University. An account of her preparation for this test of progress has been published recently.

Her intellectual powers, however, are not her best claim to her friends' affection; she gains their love rather by her upright, straightforward character and her happy disposition. "She is the happiest young girl I ever saw," was the emphatic remark of an excellent judge—a lady whose acquaintance with bright, cheerful young women is unusually extensive.

PARIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose a letter to the magazine in behalf of my little son. He thinks your readers who are studying French in their schools all over the United States will, perhaps, like to read his little French letter. He wrote it absolutely, without suggestion, assistance, or correction, and I have not changed it, thinking that if you see fit to print it in your letter department you prefer his work and not mine. The punctuation is odd, but it is French.

Mrs. E. R. M.

CHER ST. NICHOLAS: Je suis un petit garçon Américain de huit ans, je vous ai lu depuis que j'avais cinq ans et je vous trouve très intéressant. J'ai le plaisir de vous écrire une lettre Française.

Je suis venu ici les jours du grand orage de neige de Février 1899 et quelque temps après que je suis arrivé à Paris je suis entré dans l'École Albert-le-Grand à Arcueil, département de la Seine. Il y a longtemps de passé, l'école n'avait que six pères et cinquante élèves, maintenant elle a quatre cent cinquante élèves et à

peu près vingt pères, plus les professeurs d'équitation, de natation, de musique, de langues et de gymnastique.

L'école est dans le beau parc où habitait autrefois l'astronome célèbre Laplace, son vieux château est occupé par les trois classes les plus élevés de l'école.

Pendant les vacances j'ai voyagé avec ma mère en Bretagne où les hommes portent que des chapeaux noirs garnis de banderoles de velours noir, les femmes que des bonnets blancs.

Nous avons vu les châteaux-forts et les villes fortifiées bâtis par les ducs de Bretagne avant la découverte d'Amérique. Nous avons visité Concarneau d'où on emporte des sardines même en Amérique.

Nous avons visité aussi le Mont St. Michel où il y a en des temples depuis deux mille années et où il y a maintenant le grand bâtiment du prison, de l'église et de l'abbaye. Le Mont St. Michel est dans la mer au nordouest de la Bretagne et il y a là, la plus grande marée du monde qui vient plus vite qu'un cheval peut galoper.

Il y a maintenant que deux mois depuis ma rentrée au collège, hier il y avait la fête du bienheureux Albert-le-Grand patron de l'école; on jouait à la comédie, il y avait des acteurs de la Comédie-Française, du Théâtre de la République, et les artistes de l'Opéra.

Au revoir, mon cher ST. NICHOLAS.

HAROLD NIXON MATTHEWS.

NEWLANDS, CHISLEHURST, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an English girl living only a few miles out of London. Though we have taken you for a great many years, I have never written to you before. I enjoy reading ST. NICHOLAS very much and have been very interested in "The Story of Cromwell's Opportunity." But may I draw your attention to the last sentence of that story, page 429 in the March number? The sentence is this: "In all England, as in all America, no marble or bronze statue yet commemorates the man who so nearly became an American, and who lived and died one of the greatest of Englishmen," etc. When that story was written, of course I don't know; but if it was written after Friday, November 14, 1899, or if it was written before and printed *after*, part of that last sentence ought never to have been printed. On the date just mentioned, a statue of Oliver Cromwell, to commemorate that great man, was unveiled in London, near Westminster Hall, not far from the Houses of Parliament. It was given anonymously, but it is reported, and is most probable, that it was given by Lord Rosebery. It is a very fine statue, and though there may not be one in America, there *is* one in England. I remain

Yours sincerely,

P. CHUBB.

We thank the kind correspondents, whose names are printed below, for their interesting letters:

Emily B. White, Caryl S. Coman, Condit N. and Clarence F. Eddy (who are in Sidon, Syria, and would like letters sent them), Homer E. Shaw, Jeanette B. Hill, Robert R. Gentle, Helen M. Peck, Thomas K. Davis, Dorothy Anderson, Gladys Howard, Barbara Freeman, Beth A., Janet Stow, Pansy Clarke, Nina Mackellar, F. P. M., Gertrude Baker.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Chasm. 2. Hence. 3. Angel. 4. Scent. 5. Mels.

LIBERTY BELL. Centrals, Charles Carroll. Cross-words: 1. Decks. 2. Ached. 3. Ram. 4. Ire. 5. Tally. 6. Selects. 7. Ministers. 8. Italicizing. 9. Neutralizes. 10. Declaration. 11. Desperation. 12. Interrogative. 13. Indissolubility. 14. Annual celebration.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Vacation. 1. Mover. 2. Corns. 3. Macaw. 4. Spare. 5. Natal. 6. Point. 7. Along. 8. Ninth.

ILLUSTRATED FIRE-CRACKER PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, George Washington. 1. G. 2. Pen. 3. Bayonet. 4. Clarion. 5. Frigate. 6. Firefly. 7. Brownie. 8. Minaret. 9. Thistle. 10. Fishers. 11. Monitor. 12. Grenade. 13. Dragons. 14. Centaur. 15. Monocle. 16. Pennant.

SOME HIDDEN ANIMALS. 1. Hen. 2. Ram, seal. 3. Rat. 4. Panther. 5. Jackal. 6. Stag. 7. Leopard. 8. Cat. 9. Badger. 10. Woodchuck. 11. Bear. 12. Fox, reindeer. 13. Caribou. 14. Sable.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, As You Like It; finals, Shakespeare. Cross-words: 1. Animals. 2. Sabbath. 3. Yallaha. 4. Obelisk. 5. Umbrage. 6. Locusts. 7. Insculp. 8. Knuckle. 9. Eugenia. 10. Insular. 11. Tigrene.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Peace. 2. Error. 3. Aroma. 4. Comes. 5. Erase.

SUBSTITUTIONAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Fourth of July. Cross-words: 1. Infer. 2. Crowd. 3. Brush. 4. North. 5. Satin. 6. Abhor. 7. Cloth. 8. Rifle. 9. Enjoy. 10. Gruel. 11. Relic. 12. Style.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Sky-rocket.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Joe Carladu — "Alil and Adi" — P. W. H.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received before May 15th, from E. A. Downing, 1 — A. Meredith — A. M. Rogers, 1 — Beatrice Reynolds, 3 — A. Preston, 1 — H. S. Keeler, 1 — A. Crandall, 1 — M. I. Stewart, 1 — C. M. Penn, 1 — B. McCormick, 1 — Florence and Edna, 6 — J. Trump, 1 — M. L. Hunter, 1 — B. Florey and L. Thompson, 1 — A. Samson, 1 — William H. Coburn, 3 — E. Luster, 1 — D'une Amie, 3 — Ethel C. Breed, 2 — Marguerite Sturdy, 3 — Ethel Snow, 4 — Marjorie R., 3 — Annie, Charles, and Russell Whitlesey, 8 — Kate Lea Donald, 8 — "Dodo and Temgon," 4 — May Putnam, 2 — "Tuskarora, Minnehaha, and the Missionary," 5 — Agnes, Louise, and Doris, 11 — R. Dunham, 1 — Katharine Forbes Liddell, 7 — H. P. Watson, 1 — Helen Berry, 2 — M. Lovell, 1 — E. A. Conslay, 1 — M. A. Clark, 1 — A. W. Wellstood, 1 — F. A. Curtis, 1 — Marjorie Clare, 5 — M. R. Richardson, 2 — A. Dickson, 1 — S. B. Copeland, 1 — Pauline C. Duncan, 7 — J. C. Chase, 1 — Franklin Ely Rogers and "Ria," 6 — R. Rhoades, 1 — Anita Hopkins, 1 — Gertrude Johnstone, 2 — R. A. Bliss, 1.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

EACH of the four objects pictured may be described by a word of five letters. When these are rightly guessed the four initial letters and the four final letters may be rearranged so as to form the surname of a famous writer who was born in August, 1809.

CHARADE.

My first in all the woods you'll find;
My second to safety is combined;
My third you have, whether short or tall;
My whole is something hated by all.

EMILY SIBLEY (League Member).

DIAMOND.

1. IN Kaffir. 2. A wing-like part. 3. A tin or glass bottle. 4. To request. 5. In Kaffir. J. O.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty-four letters, and form two lines from a poem by Bryant.

My 54-9-22-2-49 is a pleasure-boat. My 4-29-38-28-8 is a covering for a bed. My 44-5-15 is merriment. My 6-33-17-41 is a useful metal. My 31-47-10-7 is a color. My 11-12-18 is a weapon. My 27-26-30-25 is identical. My 19-23-35-37-40 is a habitation. My 1-20-42-53-39-51 is to lay hold of. My 14-45-43 is to bind. 52-50-32 is a personal pronoun. My 46-3-48-13 is a smaller

quantity. My 24-16-21-36 is often found on rocks. My 34 is a very common exclamation.

MARIE H. WHITMAN (League Member).

CONNECTED SQUARES.

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I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A heavy cart. 2. An Indian prince. 3. Partly open. 4. A measure of distance. (This square may be reversed.)

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To skin. 2. A narrow road. 3. A feminine name. 4. A period of time.

III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A valley. 2. The top. 3. A masculine name. 4. Departure.

IV. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A thick cord. 2. A precious stone. 3. A tropical tree. 4. Forest trees.

HENRY MARTYN HOYT, JR. (League Member).

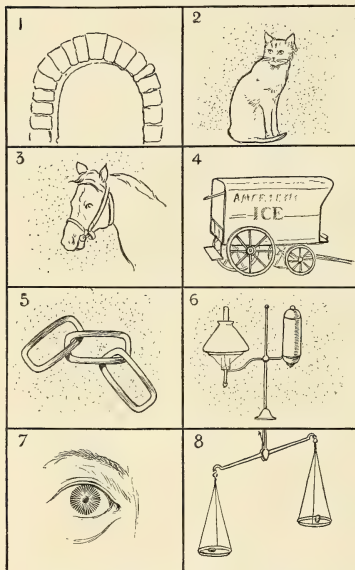
RYHMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(First Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

JUST thirteen letters form my name;

By birth I'm French — you know me well;
I've 13-12-11-3-5-8-5-6 as you'd scarce believe
A man could 13-12-11-3-5-8 and live to tell.Yet always was I 3-5-1-4-2-9-13-13, brave,
Ne'er giving way to 3-5-1-4 or 7-4-9-1-6,
Though help for me was so 6-5-2-1-10-5-7
That oft I wished that I were 6-5-1-7.But after four long, weary 10-5-1-4-13
Of degradation, doubt, and shame,
They've made me 3-4-9-5, and now I live
To reestablish my fair name.

MARY EASTON.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the eight objects in the above illustration have been rightly guessed, and the names placed one below another in the order given, the initial letters will spell the name of a Greek legendary warrior.

Designed by J. Wheaton Chambers
(League Member).

TRANSFORMATIONS.

DOUBLE the last letter to effect the transformation.
Example: Transform a human being to a famous educator. Answer, Man, Mann.

1. Transform a hindrance to the surname of the writer of "Friend Olivia."

2. Transform a powerful weapon to the surname of a famous colonist.

3. Transform a deep receptacle into the surname of an English statesman.

4. Transform an animal into the surname of a Scotch poet.

5. Transform stern into the surname of a famous writer of fairy-tales.

6. Transform to boast into the surname of an American general.

7. Transform the thorny envelope of a seed into the surname of an American politician who was indicted for treason in 1807.

8. Transform equal into the name of the last wife of an English king.

9. Transform a young animal into the surname of a notorious pirate.

10. Transform what the spider spins into the surname of an American general.

PLEASANT A. TODD.

OVERLAPPING WORD-SQUARES.

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Part of the palate. 2. Part of a helmet. 3. A very high rate of interest. 4. A feminine name. 5. One of a primitive people.

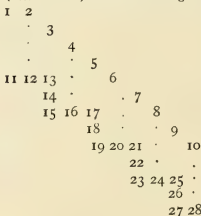
II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. The little wheel of a spur. 2. A substance used in making paint. 3. In what place. 4. A wandering from the right course or standard. 5. Looks obliquely.

III. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Impetuous. 2. Imbecile. 3. Yields to force or pressure. 4. Chosen. 5. Ceases from action or motion.

M. E. FLOYD.

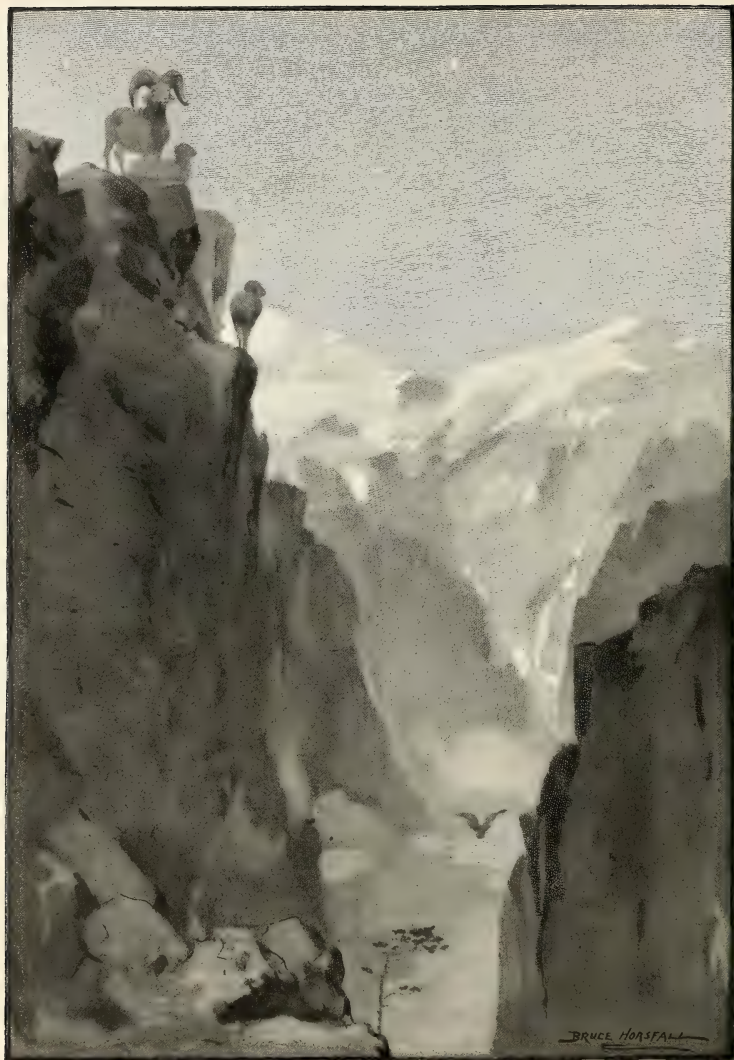
A FLIGHT OF STAIRS.

(Second Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



FROM 1 to 2, a familiar abbreviation; from 2 to 12, a constellation; from 4 to 16, to drink; from 6 to 20, a feminine name; from 8 to 24, a possessor; from 10 to 28, to gaze rudely; from 11 to 13, an insect; from 13 to 15, also; from 15 to 17, away from; from 17 to 19, not many; from 19 to 21, small; from 21 to 23, nightfall; from 23 to 25, an epoch; from 25 to 27, help; 27 and 28, a tiny French word; from 1 to 10, an August pest.

LOUISE CLENDENNING SMITH.



"THE WILD SHEEP FROM THE BATTERED ROCKS,
SURE FOOT AND FLEET OF LIMB,
GETS UP TO SEE THE STARS GO BY
ALONG THE MOUNTAIN-RIM."

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

NO. 11.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

BY MARY AUSTIN.

THE red deer loves the chaparral,
The hawk the wind-rocked pine;
The ouzel haunts the rills that race
The cañon's steep incline;
But the wild sheep from the battered
rocks,

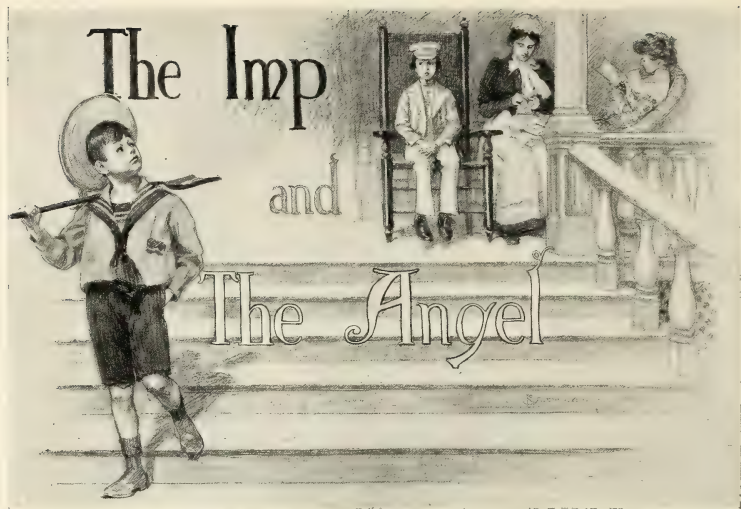
Sure foot and fleet of limb,
Gets up to see the stars go by
Along the mountain-rim.

For him the sky-built battlements,
For him the cliff and scar,
For him the deep-walled chasms
Where the roaring rivers are;
The gentian-flowered meadow-lands,
The tamarack slope and crest,
Above the eagle's screaming brood,
Above the wild wolf's quest.

When in the riot of the storms
The snow-flowers blossom fair,
The cattle get them to the plain,
The howlers to the lair.
The shepherd tends his foolish flocks
Along the mountain's hem;
But free and far the wild sheep are,
And God doth shepherd them.



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BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM.

EVERY morning after breakfast, when the Imp trotted down the steps of the broad hotel piazza, with his brown legs bare, and his big iron shovel,—none of your ten-cent tin scoops for him!—he was filled anew with pity for Algernon Marmaduke Schuyler. This young man sat gloomily by his nurse,—fancy a boy of eight with a nurse!—and pretended to amuse himself by staring at the beachful of bathers and the gentlemen diving from the float. He wore a white duck sailor-suit with blue trimmings, and he was never seen without his rubbers. Once a day, in the middle of the afternoon, he was taken down to the water in a little blue bath-robe, and guarded carefully from the shore while he played, for ten minutes by the watch, in the shallow water.

To-day the sun was under a cool gray cloud, and Mrs. Schuyler had forbidden him to leave the piazza.

"Stay with Emma, my angel, and play quietly," she said. "You know, he is not strong,"

turning to the Imp's mother, who looked pityingly at the white-faced little fellow in the long, tight trousers, and gave the Imp an extra kiss as he hopped down the steps.

"Back for dinner!" she called after him, and he waved the shovel to show her he understood, and made for a secluded corner of the beach, where his greatest achievement in the line of forts was rising proudly to its third story.

Tracy Macintyre, a very good boy in his way, though a little domineering, turned up before long, and they potted away at the fort, and buried themselves to the waist in the cool, damp sand, and squabbled a little and made it up again, and dared each other to venture out farther and farther (without wetting the small rolled-up trousers), until finally an unexpected wave a little bigger and wetter than its brothers soaked them both to the waist, and they retreated into the fort, squealing with terror and delight. At this point, three shrill notes on a dog-whistle summoned Tracy back, and the

Imp went with him, partly for company, partly because the wave had left him feeling rather damp and sticky. It was later than they had thought, and they found the ladies, from the cottages sprinkled about, already gathered on the piazza, which meant that dinner was ready.

As they tried to escape notice by slipping behind people, the Imp ran into Algernon Marmaduke Schuyler, who was staring so hard at the two that he had neglected to get out of their way. His mother was upon them in an instant. While they stood twisting and wriggling, and terribly alarmed at being noticed so much,—for all the ladies were looking at them,—Mrs. Schuyler smoothed Algernon's hair and said severe things about dirty little boys who got others into trouble, and who were not content to get chills and pneumonia themselves, but must give these unpleasant things to careful little children who did not endanger their health by getting soaked to the waist every day of their lives.

The Imp did not like Mrs. Schuyler at all—indeed, few people did. She was very stiff and very much dressed, and very critical, and seemed to have no sympathy at all for boys on rainy days when they stamped a little in the halls. So he was greatly relieved when his friend the old doctor spoke in his defense.

"Chills, madam? Pneumonia?" said the gruff old man. "Not a bit of it! Not a bit of it! Send your boy out with them and make a man of him: he's white as a potato sprout! Let him get a knock or two, and he won't tumble over so easily!" He shoved the Imp and Tracy out of the way, and they ran up to where reproaches and clean clothes waited for them. He was a famous old man, and he was not to be contradicted, so Mrs. Schuyler only smiled, and said her angel was a little too delicate for such rough treatment, and the matter passed off without further notice.

But all through his potato and mutton the Imp gazed steadily at Algernon Marmaduke Schuyler. How white his face was—as white as a potato sprout! How dull his life must be! Tied to a nurse all day—none of that privacy so necessary to the carrying out of a thousand fascinating plans; dressed so tightly and whitely; taking so many naps and getting

nothing but mush and eggs to eat—how horrible the summer must seem to him! The Imp had more friends than he could remember, and was making new ones every day; but who played with "his mother's angel"? Katy the chambermaid did not bring the darling little mice in the trap for *him* to see; Annie the cook did not beckon *him* to her with warm molasses cookies; Fritz the bathing-master did not swim out to sea with *him* on his broad brown shoulders. What was such a boy like? The Imp determined to see for himself, and after dinner, when Mrs. Schuyler had gone up for her nap, and Algernon was waiting to be taken up for his, the nurse was astounded to see a jolly, brown little boy approach her charge and open conversation with a cheerful "Hullo!"

"Hullo!" replied Algernon, politely.

"Do you want to see my fort?" inquired the Imp.

Algernon nodded eagerly, but the nurse shook her head. "Master Algy must have his nap now," she said; and that would have ended the matter, probably, if the nurse had not noticed the clerk waving a bunch of letters at her. "Oh, that's the mail!" she cried. "You just wait here a jiffy, Master Algy, till I get it," and the boys were alone.

"Where is your fort?" asked the Angel, quickly. "Could we see it before she gets back?"

The Imp looked doubtful.

"I guess not," he said; "it's quite a ways. She won't be a minute."

"Yes, she will," insisted the Angel; "she stays and talks. Is it over there?"

The Imp nodded. "Just behind the bath-houses," he said.

Now, whether it was that Algernon wished to exhibit a courage he did not feel, or whether he was really reckless, will never be known; but he seized the Imp's hand, and they had trotted down the side steps before Emma had fairly taken the letters in her hand. They went too fast to talk, and only when they were settled in the sand behind the double row of bath-houses did the Imp begin to make acquaintance.

"Do you like to take naps?" he inquired curiously, as Algernon seized the shovel and

began to dig violently, as if to make up for all the days on the piazza.

"No," replied his mother's angel, shortly.

The Imp waited, but he said nothing more.

"Do you like your trousers tight that way?" pursued the Imp.

"No," replied the Angel again, continuing his excavations.

"Don't you like cookies?" The Imp gave him one more chance to explain himself.

"Yes," said the Angel, while the sand flew about him, and that was all.

Not a talkative fellow, evidently, but a good worker. There was already sand enough for a tower; and so the Imp asked no more questions, but set to work in a businesslike manner. He was only doing what he did every day, and he was utterly unconscious of the terror that he might be causing in Emma's breast. He did not know that the frightened nurse was running wildly up the beach in search of the fort, taking precisely the wrong direction; and though Algernon was far less talkative than Tracy Macintyre, he was a good playfellow, and the Imp actually forgot, after a few minutes, that they had come out under rather unusual circumstances and had not intended to stay long.

Just as the tower was done, the Imp, glancing up, saw far down the beach a little crowd of men running out a rowboat. He had dragged the Angel to his feet in a moment and was starting down the beach after them. The Angel could not run very fast, owing to his tight trousers, which flapped out at the ankles over his little ties, and it occurred to the Imp that they could run much better barefooted. He proposed this to his friend, who hesitated a moment.

"Will I get a cold?" he asked doubtfully.

"Course not; no!" said the Imp, impatiently, tugging at his tennis-shoes.

Algernon looked back at the hotel and wavered. Then a look of determination came over his little pale face, and sitting down by the Imp, he took off first his shiny rubbers, and then his ties and blue stockings. As his feet touched the damp, fresh sand, he sighed deeply and wiggled his toes down into it. "I will never wear my shoes again," he announced solemnly. The Imp stared. "No," repeated

the Angel, "I will not"; and before the Imp could stay him, he had lifted up the little bundle and pitched it, stockings and all, into a great hole just ahead of them, above the tide-line, where the beach garbage was collected and burned. Well, well! There was something in this Algernon Marmaduke Schuyler, after all! So thrilled was the Imp by the independent spirit of his new friend that he forgot, or at least failed to remember seriously enough, that a certain old wreck, not far away, half under the sand, marked the limits of his wanderings, and that he was supposed to play between that goal and the hotel. The sun came out suddenly, and the whole sea gleamed like a big looking-glass. The air was soft and warm, the sand firm and good to the feet, and life seemed very full and pleasant to the Imp. He bounded along with big jumps over the beach, sometimes prying out shells and pebbles with his toes, sometimes skipping stones, sometimes for pure joy punching Algernon, who promptly punched him back, and utterly amazed the Imp by his actions.

For if the day and the sea and the freedom seemed good to the healthy, active little Imp, what was it to the Angel? No fresh-air child from a city mission was ever more drunk with delight than he. He danced more wildly than the Imp; he sat down in the sand and spun around many times, to the great detriment of his white trousers; he cast off his cap and threw sand about until his hair was full of it; he rolled up his trousers as far as he could, and waded in the water in an excitement the Imp could not understand. Of course the water felt good; of course it gave you a queer, creepy feeling as you went in higher and higher; of course there was a delicious fear in suddenly sliding on a slippery stone—but that was what one came to the beach for. There was no need to shout and gasp and laugh and jump all the time. Finally the Angel began to throw water about, and then the Imp felt that he must draw the line.

"Look out, Algy!" he said dutifully, "this is my second suit!"

But Algy continued to throw, and rather than suffer insult the Imp promptly retaliated. It grew very exciting, and they dashed along

by the side of the water, stamping it as hard as they could, and finally gloriously tumbling down and recklessly rolling over and over in the warm, frothy seaweed, where the little waves started to run back again.

As they lay luxuriously resting, the Imp explained that, according to a strictly enforced

The Angel glanced at his dripping duck and proudly agreed that it was. "I'll get noomony, I guess," he volunteered, after a few moments of happy silence, during which they watched the gulls wheel above them, and wrigled about on the warm, wet seaweed.

"Tracy and me don't get noomony," mur-



"LOOK OUT, ALGY!" SAID THE IMP, DUTIFULLY, "THIS IS MY SECOND SUIT!"

rule, he might ruin one suit of clothes a day and a change would be forthcoming, but that when he returned with the second suit wet as far as the waist, at that hour he must retire to bed, bread and milk being his only supper.

"An' this is 'way above my waist," he added cheerfully; "an' yours is wet as sop!"

mured the Imp, sleepily, for the sun and the dancing on the beach had made him drowsy, "but you might, maybe. My mother says you'd be better if you played more, and did n't wear such nice clothes. You're white as a potato sprout—"

"So 're you!" retorted the Angel, hotly.



THE IMP, THE ANGEL, AND THEIR PLAYMATES DANCING AROUND THE BONFIRE.

"My clothes are *not* nice, either! You need n't say so!"

The Imp was getting ready for a crushing retort when a strong smell of burning wood came to his keen little nose. The wind had changed, and he felt a little cool, too; so he shook off what water he could, and without reply climbed up the bank of straggling sand-grass which had hidden them effectually from the hotel and the frightened Emma, and looked about him. The Angel followed at his heels, tearing his jacket from shoulder to shoulder on a sharp projecting stone, and they burst into a cry of joy, for there, not five minutes' run away, was a noble bonfire. They wasted no words, but ran rapidly toward it, and found themselves in an enchanting scene.

The fire was a fine large one, and well under way. It was of driftwood and large empty boxes, heaped up scientifically and stuffed with straw below. Behind it was a small, dingy white cottage, with a boat drawn up under the low eaves, and many fishing-rods and lines and corks and sinkers tangled together lay about. A big black collie bounded around and around the blaze, and three children hopped after him, while an older boy, who looked half ashamed of playing at such a game in such company, fed the fire nevertheless, and thoroughly enjoyed himself.

The Imp advanced with his usual ease of manner, and the Angel followed. "Hullo!" he said. The older boy paid no attention, but put a piece of wood over a blazing spot in a careful way intended to convey the fact that he was tending this fire as a sacred duty and not for idle amusement. The little girl, who was barefooted and dressed in a funny little red jersey, only put her thumb in her mouth and retreated behind the fire. But the smaller of the two little boys smiled in a friendly way and returned the Imp's greeting.

"Can I put some wood on?" the Angel asked suddenly. Evidently he was not used to playing with boys. The Imp would have led up to this request by easy stages, and he was afraid his friend had been too precipitate; but the proprietors of the bonfire took the request in good part, and politely picked out the biggest bit for the Angel to handle. Trembling

with excitement, he carefully placed it upon an exposed part of the heap, and smudged his wet trousers terribly in so doing. A piece was gravely handed to the Imp, who nearly fell into the middle of the blaze in his attempt to place his offering in the very best position, and won the deep admiration of the little girl by the bravery with which he bore a small burn on his little finger. Their hosts were jolly, freckled fellows, barelegged and with somewhat ragged garments, but the best of playmates, and when the little girl confided to the Imp that there were potatoes buried in the ashes he felt that his cup was full.

This was the kind of thing one dreamed of: to come, wet and dragged, upon a sudden brilliant bonfire; to dance barelegged and happy in the fascinating glow; to poke it with sticks and feed it as occasion required; to fish out the hot and delicious potatoes, and burst their ashy skins, and sprinkle salt, which the little girl brought from the cottage, upon them — this was well worth a supper in bed! And the Imp and the Angel confided to the big boy, whose name was Alf, and who grew more social as one got to know him better, that they would, if he wished, sever all connection with their families and live there with him and his brothers forever round the bonfire. They were quite dry and warm now, with the heat of the fire and the dancing; and the bright sun and the shining water with the white ships scattered over it far away, the comfortable, fishy cottage, — what a home for a boy that must be! — with the nets and the dog, the ring of dancing brothers and sisters, and the smell of the seaweed and the smoke and the potatoes, all made an impression upon the Imp that never faded quite away. It was the happiest, freest, heartiest time he had ever had — all the better for its delicious unexpectedness. The cottage and the fire had sprung up like a fairy-book adventure, and delight had followed delight till there was nothing left for heart to want. The sea stretched away before them: the boundless sea, with its miles of white, firm beach, and red clouds about the sun. Perhaps all down the beaches there were fires and potatoes and dogs and boys awaiting young adventurers! The little girl had shyly offered him the most beautiful pink-

lined shell he had ever seen, and as he put it into his bulging hip-pocket, the Imp was probably as happy as he was destined to be in all his life.

He did not even have time to grow tired of it, for Alf suggested that persons planning to get back to the hotel before dark had better be going soon, and so, after one more wild dance hand in hand about the fire, when they all fell down and rolled in the cold embers at the edges, they separated, and the adventurers left the fire still at its brightest, with the children and the dog still running about, and, continually looking back at that happy place, they went slowly up the beach.

Algernon Marmaduke Schuyler was dazed with happiness and excitement. His face was burned to a brilliant red, his hair was full of splinters and sand, his hands were grimy, and his sailor-suit was a wreck. But he stepped out like a man, and was perfectly silent with joy, thinking of the two enormous potatoes he had eaten, and the handful of dried beef Alf had given him, besides the bit of black licorice. This was life, indeed! Would one who had tasted such a day go tamely back to a piazza?

They had rounded the old wreck before a word was spoken. Boys do not need to make conversation when they are too happy for words; that is reserved for the unfortunate grown-up ones. So they trotted on in silence, and because the Angel's shoes and stockings were at the bottom of the hole the Imp did not stop to put on his, though they were safely stuffed in his trousers' pockets.

They approached the piazza from the side, but they did not accomplish their object, for it was crowded with people. The Imp's inquiring eyes first peeked around the corner, and he was seized by Mrs. Schuyler before his head was fairly visible.

"You naughty little Perry Stafford, where is Algy? Where is my angel?" she cried, half vexed, half frightened. He did not need to answer, for Algernon stepped forward, and at the sight of that youth, ragged, dirty, and bare-legged, the people on the piazza burst into laughter.

Nor did the Angel care a rap for them. Too

full of his happiness to remember to be afraid, he fell into his mother's arms, babbling excitedly of a fire and a dog and fishing-rods and lines.

"I had two great big potatoes — two! And dried-up beef, and some black lickerish! I wriggled m' toes into the sand, and I can jump farther than him!" he gasped, indicating the Imp, who tried to flee from his mother's accusing eyes and get into the bed that was even now awaiting him.

"Dried beef! licorice! Oh, heavens!" cried Mrs. Schuyler. "Algernon, how did you *dare*? You will be sick for weeks! You are in a fever now!"

She clasped him to her in terror, but old Dr. Williams advanced and pulled him away.

"Nonsense, nonsense, Mrs. Schuyler!" said he, sharply, but with his eyes full of laughter. "He's no more fever than I have this minute. Stand up, sir, and tell your mother that that's good, honest sunburn, that you never were so well in your life, and that a few more days with the Imp, here, will make another man of you! Dried beef and licorice and dirt in the sun will do him more good than tight clothes in the shade, madam; I can assure you of that!"

And with this, the longest speech that he had made during the summer, the famous doctor slapped the Angel's shoulder, and tweaked the Imp's ear. "Get along with you!" he said gruffly, and they ran out of the room together, the nurse bringing up the rear.

"Do you suppose he'll play with Tracy and me to-morrow, muvver?"

The Imp said *muvver* from habit, not necessity, and he was lying, clean and penitent, in his bed, with the empty bread and milk bowl on the floor beside them.

His mother's mouth trembled a little at the corners.

"I should n't be surprised if he did," she answered. "You see, the doctor said it would be good for him, and probably, *if he takes great care not to go beyond the old wreck on any account, and not to bathe with his clothes on*, he will be allowed to play with any boys who observe the same rules."

And it turned out, as it usually did, that she was right.

EXTREMES.

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES.

A LITTLE girl, not long ago, When the ground was chill and white with snow, Put on : A tam-o'-shanter on her head, A muff, and a pair of mittens red, A muffler round her chin and throat, And down to her toes a big, long coat; For the snow blew here and the snow blew there, And into her face and into her hair; But the little girl beneath the cap, And the muffler, mittens, muff, and wrap, Said: "I dress like this in a big snow-storm, For when it is cold I want to be warm!"	But now This same little girl on a summer day, When the flowers bloom and the fields are gay, Puts on : A short white dress with little blue bows, With her fair pink cheeks like the fair pink rose, And her curls are tucked on her head with care, And her dimpled arms and her neck are bare; And the daisies nod in her daisy chain, And the roses droop for the want of rain; But this little girl with the ribbon bows, And twinkling eyes where the laughter grows, Says: "I dress like this, and a fan I hold, For when it is warm I want to be cold!"
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Down the path and up the lane,
And through the neighbor's gate,
Oh people going out to dine
Should never start too late



"THE KID."

(A long story complete in this number.)

BY ELIZABETH B. CUSTER.



HE fat little legs of Alfred McKee described an acrobatic right angle to his pony's back.

His nag had a tender mouth, and the bit would have been stained red had any but the small, dimpled hands of his owner tugged and jerked away at it as he slipped back and forth on his uncertain perch. When the little chap lurched forward between the pony's ears or slid back to the tail, his father struggled not to notice the gyrations, but called out a word of warning occasionally:

"Son, hold on by the bridle. Stick your heels in the pony's sides."

As there was no chance of a bend in those legs, because of their limitations, Alf replied: "They won't go round, father; they stick right up in the air."

I suppose his father intended this instruction for future use, for he himself threw his feet out of the stirrup and dug his knees in the horse's sides the moment the spirited animal reared or plunged in his efforts to gain the mastery.

Pride alone kept Alf from giving up the struggle and sliding to the ground, but his eyes would sometimes fill with tears as he strained his undeveloped muscles to keep his place and emulate the one beside him, whom he adored.

Of course a saddle was out of the question. His father let him "play horse" with the one that he had given him, but he must learn to ride without one, and not so much as slip a finger under the surcingle to keep his poise.

The pony seemed to know that he had his part to play. To any one who chanced to be riding in the rear, he appeared to be squirming from side to side in the funniest little undula-

tions of his lithe body, just exactly as if he was struggling to follow and support the rolling to and fro of the little boy he was carrying. His back curved, his eyes bulging from his head, his small teeth closed over his tongue, Alf held on grimly.

He did not dare to turn for fear of an upset, and he missed the satisfaction of seeing his father's proud eyes at the grit of the future cavalryman. It was difficult to believe that the superb bearing and perfect poise of his father ever had a beginning like his, and the boy asked: "Daddy, did you ever wobble about the way I do when you were little?"

"Yes, and I was precisely the same humped-up monkey."

"And was the horse just as slippery, and did n't your legs go any further round him than mine?"

"I had a horse seventeen hands high to ride, Alf. It was like a dromedary to me; and my father kept touching my shoulders with his hunting-crop, and telling me that if I aimed to have a soldier's figure, the curve in my back would really look better in front."

The people about the boy hardly knew how to adapt themselves to children. His very first remembrance was of somebody trying playfully to scare and torment him, and he realized when very young that it was a test of his pluck. If the teasing went too far and his little lip quivered, the next thing he knew he was being snuggled in the arms of an officer, who called him every endearing name that helpless infancy evokes—and this from a man in whom one never would expect knowledge of words of tenderness.

But then, when he began again to crow and dance in the protecting arms, they all set at it once more to test his grit. There were only two babies in the garrison where he began life,

and they were often borrowed by the bachelors or in households where a child's "coo" was unheard.

One story that was told him, after he grew into knickerbockers, was of a day when he had been "borrowed" so long it was thought best to look him up. A knock on the door of the commanding general's own room was followed by an absorbed "Come in." Alf was in his arms, and he was jumping him toward the buffalo, bear, and wolf heads that seemed to spring back out of the wall at him. The taxidermist had set them up so cleverly that their big glass eyes, lighted by the open fire, appeared real. Greatly to the general's delight, the child was shaking his little fists, screaming and springing at them with excitement, and red with infantile rage, while the general's brother blew furious blasts on the discordant dog-horn, to help the excitement.

Naturally, any child, if it was in its nature, would soon develop enthusiasm, courage, and coolness, when reared in such a school.

There had been in the family an uncle who had lived up to all the traditions of his revolutionary grandfather, and who was quoted to the child as soon as he was old enough to understand the meaning of the word "soldier."

"Uncle William's" perfect horsemanship, his figure, his handsome face, his battles, were referred to, and the lad started in life freighted with the successes of three generations of soldiers. To Alf, as the only boy descendant of the family, was given the sword his uncle had used in the Civil War. It grew to have a personality of its own in his eyes, and when he was four years old, rebellious about going to sleep, he dictated the terms of his surrender: "I'll go to sleep if I can have Uncle William's sword." And many a night his curly head rested close to the weapon that began its career on such tempestuous ground.

Alf's pony would have been a dear treasure anywhere, but doubly so in a spot as lonely as that Western fort. The colonel's "striker," as a soldier is called who serves an officer, gave a reason for the pony's gentleness: "Master Alf, that pony's been brought up by hand. Some one's been after fondlin' of him since he was a colt. He as much as spake with me whin I give him his first feed from the oats I was carryin' in me pockets to beguile him from the disolate prairie near the town. He was that thin you could see through him, if the sun had been well out. You see, a travelin' show had owned him, but because he could n't do his little tricks on account of the bad trouble with his hoofs, they ups and paves him to starve. But the horse-

doctor has looked him over since I led him home, and he says he'll be O. K. before long."

As soon as his hoofs were sound again, Malony tried him in all the accomplishments about which his owner had boasted before leaving the town. He knelt to be mounted, he waltzed on his nimble hind legs, he went up and down stairs, he walked up a board fastened to a ladder standing against a wall and backed down again, and no bronco about there could so bow his back in jumping as to bring his four hoofs closer together. The old hunters among the soldiers said that in these leaps on all fours a deer could hardly alight in a smaller space. Malony measured the space in the indented turf before witnesses, and kept the record, in order to back himself with facts when the owners of bronco buck-jumpers disputed him.

The doctor said to Malony one day: "That little nag's a peart one. When you ask him his age the little sinner strikes the sod eight times with his hoof—never more, never less. His teeth tell a different story. I s'pose his owner thought some fool might buy him on the pony's say-so, without opening his jaw to see."

Malony, who was an unassailable bachelor,



"THE GENERAL WAS JUMPING THE BABY TOWARD THE STUFFED HEADS."

added grimly: "He 's like a woman; he gets to a certain age and he stays there. Time don't 'wing' much with him nor with them."

Of course the faithful Irishman, who worshipped the commanding officer, wanted his boy to own the pony. Contrary to the usual garrison custom, the colonel kept his horses near his quarters instead of with those of the regiment.

One morning Alf danced out to the stable, and found the pony tied to the door with a note fastened to the halter. In laboriously executed English, beginning in the official style of a military paper, it read: "Private Malony has the honor to report that the pony accompanying this communication, being now well, he presents his best respects to Master Alfred, and would be afther doin him the kindness to accept this small token of humble regard."

The "small token" was untied, whirled about, and one of his accomplishments put to use at once, for he was led up the front steps into the hall and on into the commanding officer's room. The pony's head pushed over his shoulder, and his son's wild "whoop-la's" were the officer's first knowledge of the intruders. The colonel made a faint protest. "Well, lad, if it 's all the same to you, I 'll excuse myself from stabling with Malony's gift just yet." As for Alf, he considered it a compliment paid his parent, this unsolicited visit of boy and beast; for *he* would gladly have shared nightly the pony's stall, if permitted.

More than one pair of faithful eyes followed the commanding officer and his boy, as they took their daily exercise about the post as far as it was safe to ride in the Indian-infested country. If they did not return at the exact time set for their home-coming, anxious faces looked from the barracks to the outlying plains, with worried exclamations about the "red devils" that were always lying in wait for venturesome riders. The faithful Malony never seemed to have the boy out of mind, and it was an unwritten contract between the colonel and Malony that when one was compelled to be absent the other took his place in looking after Alf. The boy loved them both, and while with his father he quoted the soldier as authority on subjects that fill the minds of boys on the frontier; if left with Malony he reproduced in childish terms his

father's opinions as from the highest tribunal. It seemed impossible to spoil him, though the soldiers granted every wish, and never wearied of his innumerable questions as he ran in and out of their stables almost hourly. Even the sentinel on his beat, who is forbidden to speak unless reporting to the sergeant of the guard, was not proof against the child's blandishments. The boy sat on the piazza steps, one day, admiring the well-set-up soldier pacing in front of the house, and called to his father through the window, "Oh, daddy, I wish 't I was him!"

The sentinel grinned with delighted pride, but, remembering the hardships of the Indian campaign just ended, broke silence and said: "Yunker, you don't know what you 're talking about."

The second christening of any one usually means popularity; and Alf became "The Kid," and the *one* Kid, at the barracks. The new name filtered into the kitchens of the officers, as all barrack news does. He soon had no other name, except when his pranks required punishment. He explained to his father that when he was called "Alfred, my son,"—"Well, daddy, I want to go right out and crawl into a gopher-hole!"

The colonel had been asked by the woman he loved, as she was saying her last farewell, to be a mother as well as a father to their son; but the disciplining was the hardest task of his life. He would not let the child be put to bed without him until he began to fear that the little fellow might become effeminate, and it was one of the difficult trials of fatherhood to hear the little chap calling to him from the upper floor:

"'T ain't so *very* dark up here, daddy. You need n't be afraid to come." No answer to his little joke; and then a piteous voice: "Who 's coming to my cuddle?" For his boy's good, the Spartan sat out the temptation to go, but with a throbbing heart. Malony was wax, however, and stole up the back stairs in his stocking-feet, whispering: "Master Alf, I 'm afther comin' for a bit of a chin," till finally the little man learned to drop asleep the moment his head touched the pillow.

Time went on, and still the question of what to call the pony was discussed over and over again. Innumerable commonplace names had

been tried on him at first, to see if he would respond; for the former owner, in eulogizing his accomplishments, had forgotten to tell his name. One day, when the father and son were off for their constitutional, Alf said: "Father, I'm going to call the pony 'Samanthy.'"

"Why Samanthy?"

"Father, you're laughing at me; there's that twinkle in your eye."

"Well, go on; I won't 'twinkle' again."

"He's going to be Samanthy, after our last cook. She's the only one who ever gave me enough bread and jam between meals, and I somehow want to show that I remember her, so I'm going to brevet her."

"Brevet, boy?—that means promotion."

"Yes; and it is promotion for her to have a pony like this named for her."

"But why a woman's name, Alf?"

"Well, Malony called his rifle 'Biddy' after he 'pinked' the Comanche chief."

"But nothing especially great has been done by you and the pony yet."

"Father, we will, *we will*. I've got to do something to live up to you and the McKees, and the pony has got to help me. Sometimes I wish the McKees had n't done so much. It will keep me so busy following on their trail. But say, father, they do men call things they think lots of after women and not for men?"

"For instance?"

"Well, the engineer of the train we came West on called his engine 'Melissy'; and the teamster of your headquarters-wagon has his four mules all named for girls. When he's mad he jerks out: 'You, Jane, you!' and when Jane quits shying, it's 'Jenny, you beauty,' or 'Jinny, my honey.' Why is it, father?"

"Well, Kid, most of the men out here in this wilderness have left behind in the States some woman that they are fond of—mother, sister, or somebody; and though they may not talk about her, the proof that they don't forget is this habit of keeping something about them named for the absent. I knew an officer who called three horses in succession 'Kitty.'"

"And, father, who did she turn out to be?"

"Only a girl cousin who used to ride horses bareback, jump fences, and play ball like a boy."

The little saddle was allowed after every test of being dismounted had been tried by two as good teachers as any boy ever had.

After all the miniature rifles and cannon and pistols had played their part in defense of tiny forts at the rear of the quarters, a genuine gun was found at the head of Alf's bed one Christmas morning. Malony took infinite pains teaching him at the target. While he advanced as a marksman and horseman his legs were lengthening surprisingly. The company tailor seemed always to be making little breeches or patching the same. He rode with his thoughts fixed on leading charges, and flung his feet from the stirrup and dug his knees in the pony's side in imitation of a cavalryman.

"Did n't I do that like father, Malony?" he asked anxiously.

"Not *on*like; but, savin' your prinsince, you need n't be hurling yourself over the pony."



"A GENUINE GUN."

"But I'll never be a real cavalryman if I don't begin while young," the Kid insisted.

"Bide your time, lad, and make sure of your seat in the saddle against the day you'll be ridin' a sure-enough horse that's liable to go on a rampage any minute."

With his many duties and responsibilities, the colonel could find little time to be with his boy during the day, and he was allowed more and more liberty inside the post. Quicksilver was not more slippery than this little chap. He slid out of the school-room when the teacher's back

was turned, and the soldier, with awe of the commanding officer's son, was afraid to report the truant.

It was easy sneaking along at the rear of the quarters into the stable, leading Samantha by a roundabout way behind the storehouses, and thence, between the billows of land peculiar to the plains, to a group of log huts and teepees beside the river. Here lived the friendly Indian scouts who were fed and cared for by the government in return for running trails and carrying despatches to distant posts.

This alluring spot soon became the greatest center of interest to the Kid. The Indians carried on pantomime conversations with him; he learned some of their sign-language, and divined much by their expressive gestures and the skill of their supple fingers and wrists. The "ten little Indian boys" of the nursery rhyme were there, with all their tiny brothers and sisters, imitating in their play the occupations and amusements of their grown-up braves. They had a game of "shinny," in which they represented bears, wolves, cows, and ponies. There was no respect for rank in this sport, and the Kid was tumbled about without ceremony.

The trial of courage was the ever-dominant idea with the Indian children. Their mettle was put to the test day after day, and every time that the Kid played "hooky" he worked far harder in his play than would have been required for any task that he had evaded. A favorite game was to sit on the ground in a circle, holding their feet out straight; then one walked all round on the outstretched legs. Alf howled with pain when he was first run over by the horny little feet of the boy that was "it." Instantly the whole of the little band sprang at him, shrieking, and opening and shutting their hands in his face, which, accompanied by unmistakable scorn in their faces, was clearly the sign-language for cowardice.

The plains were covered with rattlesnakes, and the Indian boys taught him to kill them. Snake-skins hung in their tepee entrances or were drying on the outer walls of the cabins. Even the children knew how to skin snakes, and the rattles were their playthings. Afterward, when the Kid went East to school, and wished to cover his defeat in a game or a tussle, he

boastfully talked of the encounters with snakes. "Why, I've been brought up with 'em since I was a baby; they're no more to me than angle-worms!"

There were cries in retort: "Brag!" "Oh, come off!" "You think you're big!" "Big talk!" "Oh, come down, now!" But he was not far wrong, and he never lost a chance to try and keep up his end of the line by killing every venomous reptile that they encountered in their roaming about the Indian camp.

The father had a loving fashion of visiting his son's bed before he turned in for the night. The legs and arms of the boy, as he tossed about in sleep, bore such marks of violence, and represented so many colors,—blue and green and old gold, in all stages of inflammation and healing,—that it was a mystery to the father, versed as he had already become in the color-schemes exhibited on the body of his active child. They increased day by day, and the pink-and-white little figure seemed one big bruise; so he said to Alf at last: "What's come to your body and limbs, lad? They are as varied in color as a field of prairie flowers."

The boy was very intimate with his father, and in his frank companionship confided his schemes, discoveries, and general excitements to the ever-ready ear. But now he wavered. The motto in his room, "To ride, to shoot, to speak the truth," came to him in his dilemma. The fear of losing this new and wildly exciting fun gained the mastery, and he replied with truth, but not all the truth: "Well, you see, father, I am always running up against something, or something is forever running against me"; and then, to divert his questioner's attention, he climbed on his father and began to spar with this soldier of two wars, who little dreamed that he was being practised upon with the accumulated wisdom gained from youthful Indian combats.

Samantha, also, was undergoing a new tutelage with the dusky little savages on the border of the garrison. There was an interchange of civilities, Alf riding their ponies and they his—often to Samantha's disgust when four of the copper-colored playmates squeezed between his ears and tail, their legs flying out on each side till the pony looked like a centipede.

Alf protested against the walloping to which the little animal had to submit, but the urchins signed to him that the same treatment was permissible with their tough little brutes.

around him, pointing meaningly to the bare backs of their own ponies. Off came the saddle and bridle, and in Samantha's aristocratic mouth was thrust a rope to guide him. The

Kid, thanks to his early training, could stick like a bur to the round, smooth back. The Indian boys were rarely allowed any but the slow pack-ponies for play, and Alf won twice. The third contestant (for he had to match himself against each one) made signs to change ponies; and here the trickiness of the Indian crept in, for to the Kid was given a racer which he had never seen, an animal which was also a vixen. The little group surrounded him as he leaped to his place. He was rosy with excitement, his eyes dancing with the fun of it all. The sinewy, bronze bodies of the Indian boys were moist with sweat and glistened in the sun, and their eager, brilliant eyes and graceful motions and gestures exhibited impatience for the start. The ponies were equally impatient to be off.

The braves were either leaning against



THE RACE WITH THE INDIAN BOYS.

The Kid was no match for these little Bedouins in riding, but he entered into everything with such fervor, he sometimes won from mere audacity. A race was suggested by the nimble finger-talk of his playmates; but when he began to unfasten the surcingle and to "cinch" Samantha more securely, they rushed whooping

their huts or squatted near the tepees, where no move of the ponies could escape their vigilant eyes, while the squaws rested a short time from their hard tasks to watch the favorite diversion of the red man. At the signal, away bounded the contestants, amid the yells and ki-yi-ings of the savages. Samantha's short canter left him

far behind this fleetest of the herd belonging to the scouts, and the Kid shouted back exultantly. But before the sound died on the still summer air the fiendishness of the pony developed. He came to a sudden stop, reared in an instant, unseated Alf, and, looking back, the whites of his eyes showing viciously, he shot his small hoof squarely against the boy's head. For a moment the blue sky above Alf was full of stars, then came the blackness of night. The small hands fell lifeless at his sides, and the pallor of death settled in the poor little Kid's upturned face.

It required but a moment for the chief of the Indian band, whose keen eyes took in the catastrophe, to leap to the back of a pony and gallop down the smooth stretch of ground along the river. He carefully lifted Alf in his arms, mounted, and slowly and very contritely made his way back to the post. The Indian boys ran beside him for a while, mute and awed by the Kid's white face. The squaws crept on behind, wailing in the weird tones of their race, and all the motherly feeling in them sorrowing according to their rude fashion. No funeral could have been more impressive.

Malony, ever watchful when school hours were over, intercepted the procession, distress and dismay in his kind face when he saw the limp form of the boy he so dearly loved.

Alf's body nearly naked, covered with bruises, the blood flowing from his face, were not understood by the striker, who had so recently seen him enter school bonny and joyous. Anger took possession of him. He shook his fist in the face of the chief, and the original Irish of his boyhood returned in a torrent of abuse. The uncomprehending Indian was astute enough to know that it all meant hatred, distrust, and probable disgrace, but he would not relinquish his burden until he had laid the Kid on his little bed. Then came Malony's hardest task; for, after sending for the surgeon, the colonel must be notified, and he felt keenly that the accident to the Kid would reflect on his vigilance. The Indian still stood over the bed, gesticulating in explanation; but the poor father was too overwhelmed with the condition of his boy to try to understand, and signed to the chief to go to his quarters until he could see

him with the interpreter. He gathered the Kid in his arms and moaned with agony. The little arms that usually twined about the father's neck in response to every caress dropped heavily by his side. The colonel's lonely life would be absolute desolation if the lad he so loved sank out of life in the prolonged swoon. His helplessness came over him, and he realized with the poignancy of fresh grief what the mother would have been to her boy at such an hour.

The maids wept, but knew nothing of illness. Not the tremble of an eyelash nor a quiver on the lad's face gave a sign of life.

In a few moments the surgeon came in quietly, felt for the heart, listened to the faint breath, passed his skilled fingers over the wounded face, then sent the striker and maids for necessities and a message summoning his wife. After all this he turned to the colonel, who, true to the soldierly discipline of self-control, was silent, but had hid his face in the pillow on which the dearest possession of his life so mutely lay. He raised his head at the hopeful tone of the surgeon's voice:

"It's only a broken nose, colonel, and pretty desperate insensibility; but, thanks to the Indian custom of not shoeing their ponies, your boy's life is saved."

As soon as the restoratives had done their work, the dazed little Kid opened his eyes, muttering: "I'm ahead, I'm ahead!"

When he had taken his bearings, he began to beseech his father not to punish Malony. "I need it, I know; I played hooky from school, father, when Malony was off at work, and it was n't his fault that he could n't look out for me; and, father, I'm going to 'out with it,' no matter what comes: I've been running away from the tormenting old books for ever so long. I thought I'd learn a heap about fighting from all the scraps I had with the Indian boys, and from their riding, too. I had to strip for it, you see, but they 'did' me, daddy, and I've got my lesson; but don't punish me very hard. You'd say, if you'd seen it all, that I got licked nearly enough down there!"

When the surgeon made ready for the necessary operation the Kid broke down. Fright at the prospect of being hurt, and perhaps a little vanity combined, produced a real boohoo.

"Well, son, would you rather go through life with a broken bridge to your nose, or grin and bear it?"

"Oh, daddy, I can bear it, I s'pose, but I never was handsome. I've heard people talking of it when they thought I could n't hear. I had n't anything but my McKee nose,—you said it was a McKee nose, father,—and now that 's smashed!"

"No, son; it will be patched up so well the McKees will not disown it, I promise; for I know an officer who had his nose broken when he was a boy, by a kick from a cavalry horse, and he 's not disfigured."

Of course the surgeon's wife mothered the winning, motherless boy. The colonel could scarcely stay away through his morning office-hours.

Malony brought tokens of affection—a fine prairie-dog, and a broken-legged puppy that limped at the Kid's heels forever after; the maids were willingly dominated over by the young tyrant: but, all the same, when the splints to his nose were removed, the injury scarcely noticeable, the reckoning that he knew awaited him came.

The indulgent father could not help a thrill of pride at thought of all the wounds the Kid had borne without a thought of sympathy, when his pluck was being put to the test with the dusky little warriors. Neither could he fail to see that such discipline to his temper and endurance would stand him in well when he came to a real battle-field. But his heart was burdened by this first lack of confidence in him, this first evasion of the truth. It all ended in the boy's being forbidden to go again to the Indian quarters. No punishment could have been greater, and life was pretty dull to the lonely little boy.

It moved the quick Irish sympathies of the striker to see the Kid week after week looking longingly down the river toward the scouts' quarters. At last he worked his courage to the point of knocking shyly at the colonel's door. Speaking in the third person, according to regulations between enlisted men and officers, he said: "Could Malony speak to the colonel?"

"Go on, Malony," was the response.

"I would like to say to the colonel that Master Alf is loike to pine himself sick all by his lonesome, and would the colonel be willing to let him go to the Injun quarters again? He can't understand their heathenish old gibberish, and the old divils (savin' your prudence) won't let their brats try no more pony tricks on Master Alfred, for they 're scared stiff, since he got hurted, for fear they 'll all be sent back to their agency."

This lawyer-like plea ended in permission to the Kid to go to the Indians after school, on condition that he would promise to ride Samantha only.

Soon after this the colonel forced himself to a final decision about sending his son to an Eastern military preparatory-school. Then Alf's soldierly ardor wavered. There was a struggle in his soul. He cared little for books, and he tried to wheedle his father into changing his mind.

In his desperation at leaving home, he said one day, "I don't want to go to West Point."

"If I had always been told, up to your age, that I was intended for West Point, and had been taught in every possible way to prepare for it, I think I should have appreciated it," said his father in a low voice.

The tone and look of this dearest of fathers brought the tears. The Kid rushed forward and threw his arms about his father's neck and capitulated. "Daddy, don't look like that; I'll go!"

The good-bys were said, and the colonel walked the silent, echoing house, trying to quell the swelling of his throat and suppress the sighing for his boy.

While Alf was East at school his father's regiment was ordered to Texas. Texas was in parts then almost as uncivilized and unknown as the plains, so that the boy came home for his vacation to much the same wild, fascinating life that he had left so reluctantly.

There was a welcome from officers' line to barracks.

The Kid returned to garrison with a fresh acquisition of slang, but no swagger. Almost his first word was: "Daddy, I've taken a prize, and it's a prize in arithmetic, too!"

"Prepare me," said his astonished father, "before you make such wild statements."

"Well, I have it, all the same; and I went in for one to make you sure that I was really and truly sorry for my hookies."

His father was touched; and as for Malony, he went straight at the idea in the Kid's mind. "And is it pinnince you 're doin' for scaring us out of our wits? Well, Master Alf, that middel [medal] you 're wearin' may mean that you have got l'arnin', but as for me, I 've got *mimry* [memory], and I 'm white to the gills now at recollectin' you lopping over the arm of that Injun, as he carried you home from the race."

On the first ride upon Samantha the Kid's legs did not exactly drag, but his father said laughingly: "If you keep on growing you 'll have to take a tuck in those ungainly extremities of yours, or Samantha will have a real 'walk-over.'"

"Oh, daddy, he 's a Jim Dandy, even if he is n't so very tall! I 'd shorten my stirrups if it was n't that it would put my knees right up in his ears."

"But, son, I want you to try a larger horse now, with a long, swinging lope. That little 'te-chug, te-chuggerty' of his won't answer if you wish to be a fitter rider. Samantha is so slow he falls in rear of my horse like an orderly. One would



TWO OF MALONY'S PRESENTS.

think he 'd been drilled to tactics, and knew that an orderly must keep six yards behind the officer he serves."

"Well, father, I love Samantha, and it does n't seem quite square not to have him out every

day; but I can't help thinking he 'd feel real hurt if he saw me on one of the company's horses. When I am practising down at the stable I keep out of sight of our house so that some folks in the stall won't get jealous."

One day the colonel, on his round of duty, came upon the Kid battling with a troop horse for mastery.

"Oh, son, you 'll be worsted in that fight, I am afraid. That trick of rearing is inbred, and a horse jerking the bridle as he does needs stronger wrists than yours."

But the Kid shouted back buoyantly: "Don't be nervous, father. He can't do a thing but throw me!"

On the long rides for bird-shooting Samantha was chosen. "I don't want him to feel that he is n't 'in it,' and I know he loves me, and I love back. Before he even saw me, when I came from school, he knew my step, and began to whinny, and how he did snooze in my neck, and poke his nose in the same old pocket for sugar!"

The Kid's room was a miniature armory. There were several rifles and a shot-gun, spurs, riding-crop, fishing-tackle, Indian curios, skins, and heads of the smaller animals his father had shot, as well as his first military sash and shoulder-straps.

"What 's this official communication on my desk, son?" said the colonel, one morning. "It reads like an order to begin with, and ends like the want column of a newspaper."

"It is a want, daddy — a very big one. It took all the spelling of a boy about my size to write it. 'Sixteen-caliber, double-barrel, hammerless shot-gun.'"

"What 's the conundrum, lad?"

"Only to remind you — well, to speak out, I thought that you might want to 'remember the day.'"

And so, after the birthday, these two friends rode miles to the haunts of the wild duck and quail, each armed with the latest improvement in weapons.

At last Alf had a playmate. A major appointed to the regiment brought children — a boy named Tom, older than the Kid, and a girl younger, and still more girls in pinafores. Alf confided his opinion of the oldest girl to his

father: "She takes command of the whole outfit if we let her along anywheres. You can't down her, and there's no shaking her if she sees us starting. She's such a tag!"

Malony was radiant after Alf's return. He rubbed Samantha to such a shine that for some time the pony backed away at very sight of a currycomb. He left "tokens" in Alf's room as a surprise—the seven rattles of a snake, a horned toad, and a battered bugle that had been in an Indian fight, and finally another clumsily constructed note.

Alf ran with it to his father. "Daddy, I've got one on you, now," he cried. "Listen. I'm to have a dinner given me, and I can name the orders that are to be asked. It's to be in the orderly-sergeant's room in Company K's barracks. Oh, father, I just hate to think of the time when, 'for the good of the service,' as you say, I can't run with the enlisted men! You lose a lot, daddy. It's the one thing I don't want to be an officer for. The regulations will keep me from my pals."

"Well, go to your party, Alf. I never knew the son of an officer to have one given him in the barracks before, and the men prove that you are 'not half bad' by asking you."

As soon as stable-call sounded the diners were compelled to go on duty, and Alf chased across the parade-ground to tell his father all about it.

"I was put at the head of the table—and such a table, father! I thought the legs would double under, it was so loaded. It leaked out that the game and birds had been hunted for; Sergeant O'Toole said it would n't be refused if some of the men fetched part of their own grub. Corporal Grant is pretty well set up about his cooking, so he said he horn-swoggled the company's cook into letting him bake biscuits in his oven. There was dried-apple pie with raisins, but the crust was as thick as saddle-skirts, and my teeth got in, and it sounded like Samantha pulling his hoofs out of a mud-hole when I did finally bite through. And then there was a cake baked by a laundress, and it had n't baked, or something, in the middle. It had spice in it, and it was snowed under with frosting, and I just was n't slow in taking two helpings when I was asked.

Of course we had onions; I'd like to see a soldier spread without 'em! And oh, daddy, there was a little pink pig with an apple in his mouth!

"The sergeant said there would be one less at roll-call in somebody's barn-yard to-morrow morning; but he likes to talk big, as if he was too wicked to live. He bought the pig—Malony said so. Then we had coffee, and the men asked if I minded their pipes, and then, father, I pretty near bolted out of the window,



ALF SOUNDS THE "GENERAL."
(SEE PAGE 978.)

for all the men at the table looked at me and called over and over, 'Speech, speech!'

"Well, I knew it was no use to flunk when they'd been so good to me, and I just waded right in."

"I'd like to hear your speech, Alf."

"I got up like this behind my chair, father, so as to hold on, and began, 'Ladies and gentlemen.' I had to stop and get red and take back the ladies—'being,' as Malony said, 'bachelors, and haythen for livin' away from those lights of our eyes.'

"Then I sailed in again, and they cried, 'Hear, hear!' I said, 'Gentlemen of Company K, I can only express my heartfelt thanks for your lovely repast by the quantity consumed and the greatness of my appetite.' Then I came to a dead stop, winded. After a minute I got my breath, and dropped all the stuff that I thought I'd say, and began like this about school: 'First I was so lonesome, and I wished myself back where all of you had given me such bully shindigs; but I had to get up and hump myself, as the buffalo said, for the boys laid for me. I had to wade in and wallop one or two, and I can tell you that I had my hands full, for they up and hollered from every side. "Well, gen-

eral, show us if you 've got any sand," and did n't I just hug myself to think that I 'd been taught from a kid to wrestle and spar—and by *you*, my kind friends. And when I downed any of the pack that lit on me, it was *you* who had set me up in the tripping-up tricks, and put muscle in my arms by practice."

"They cheered me, and then began to talk, and asked me what I was going to do. Of course I told them 'be a soldier,' and hoped I 'd earn as many service stripes as they had on their sleeves.

"Then one got up and regularly roared out a Daniel Webster speech from the reader. What made him roar so, father?"

"It was old-fashioned oratory, I suppose—what is called a stump speech."

"Then Corporal Grant sang an Irish song, and swung a stick he called a shillalah. And the first sergeant recited some verses about 'a man 's a man, no matter whether he wear a plume or a cockade,' and each verse ended with some lines he cut from a newspaper that he gave me afterward:

'The pedigree of honey
Does not concern the *bee*;
A clover any time to him
Is aris-toc-ra-*cee*.'

And he just laid himself out and hung on to the *bee* and the aris-toc-ra-*cee*. Oh, father! I was all of a flutter inside for fear I 'd laugh."

"According to your tale of all that you ate, son, there could n't have been much room for a flutter."

Samanthy, Toby, and Alf hung round one day when the colonel's orderly came to saddle his horse.

"It 's hard to say no to you, lad, but I can't take you on your slow little jog-trotter, for I must visit the distant herd."

"Well, but can't I go part way?"

"Oh, yes; I 'll try and hold my horse in; but I do wish that you would give up Samanthy."

"Daddy, don't make me cry, for the orderly 's looking, but please don't speak about Samanthy except when we 're alone. To ask me to give up Samanthy is just like asking a fellow to turn against his brother; we 're such pals."

"Yes, son; but keep Samanthy for a playmate, and begin to ride after big game with me on a real horse."

"Can't I take him bird-shooting?"

"Oh, yes; he 's just the thing; he 'll follow like a kitten, when we have to dismount."

In and out of the brakes and swamps and ponds, up hill and down dale, went these friends, the father growing prouder daily of his son's marksmanship. As they were pushing out of a jungle on foot, one day, the colonel said: "Samanthy is a little too attentive, Alf; he shoves himself alongside of me, and when I remonstrate he backs a little, but keeps so close he almost treads on my heels."

"Well, father, I suppose he thinks nothing can go on without him. He 's been in everything I ever did yet."

As they came to a narrow defile, with the branches of the trees festooned with moss and the ground tangled with vines and thick underbrush, Samanthy forgot his manners and crowded to the front. There was hardly room for two abreast. The colonel, peering into the thicket for birds, heard what he took to be the whirr of pheasants' wings, and he lifted his gun to take aim. The Kid, pressing on, saw with his keen eyes that it was nothing so harmless as the rising of a covey of birds. A huge rattlesnake, overlooked by the colonel in his intense concentration on the thicket, lay coiled directly in front of him, the vicious mouth hissing, the eyes gleaming with fire. Alf was in agony. He could not fire, for his father or the pony would have received the shot, as they were placed.

But a more vigilant pair of eyes than even the Kid's had discovered the reptile, and with a spring in front of the colonel, and with the nicest exactitude, down came the pony with a buck jump, his hoofs close together on the head of the snake, crushing in the deadly fangs, and flattening the skull into the soft soil!

Still there was an ominous rattle of the tail, and the little nag gathered himself again, bowed his supple back, and drove his hoofs into the mottled skin of the deadly foe of mankind.

In a moment the Kid's arms were about his father's neck in a close hug, and the colonel held him close, with dear and tender words.

But the orderly was coming up, and the Kid wanted to seem, before him, like a scarred warrior of a hundred battles; so he tore himself from his father's arms, threw his own about the pony, and called out:

"Daddy, what about Samantha now?"

To Alf's delight, orders came from division headquarters sending the regiment back to the old post of the summer before. Not only was it a world of interest and novelty to be marching beside his father on a troop horse at the head of the long column, sometimes twenty miles a day, but they made a new camp every night, and he had a hand in selecting the suitable ground. At the end of the route he found himself once more where he could run back and forth to the Indian scouts, and he was jubilant, for there never had been anything in the varied excitement of his life on the frontier to compare with the companionship and stirring sports of the Indian boys. Besides, as was natural with a boy, he was not without a secret delight in seeing Tom put through some of the discipline that he had endured from his dusky playmates. Night after night he had a long story to tell his father of the day's pastimes. "Tom's game, daddy, but he looks like a lobster some days when the Indian lads are going for him. He gets so red trying not to cry, for they pitch into him for all they're worth. They don't play like white boys, but it's the only kind of play that they know.

"But I rather think it won't be a bad thing for him when he goes back to school with me. It gave me a cinch over the other boys, I can tell you, and Tom won't blubber every time the first-class men light on him, after the Indian kids have got through with him here."

"What else do you do besides wrestle and pommel each other, now there's no school, and you have all day for it?" asked the colonel.

"We're learning to stampede cattle. We steal up on them, and shake blankets to scare 'em. They play they're the cattle. Tom and I let on that we're raw recruits, and go riding on as stupid as owls, instead of looking around as you and all our soldiers do in an Indian country, and studying every rock and sage-

brush. Then, while we're mooning on, up jumps a pack of Indian boys and tries to take us prisoners. We never let on that we've learned any tactics of our own men, and I can tell you, we're getting on to a lot of their tricks. Sometimes we are dead tired when they post us for two hours behind a clump of cactus. But you don't catch us owning up that we're tired. We lie on our stomachs on the off-side of a divide and study the enemy, and when they come stealing along the gully we just swoop on 'em with a whoop (you could n't tell our yell from theirs, hardly), and it's no easy snap capturing them, either. Then, they've taught us how to pitch a tepee, and make a camp-fire and cook stuff over it. *Such* messes, daddy; and I have to make signs that I can't take anything so soon after dinner, so as to get 'em to leave off bullying us into eating. And we pack their travois for a march, and load the ponies, and I can tell you that they know how to make things stay when they tie knots in the thongs. And now we know all their games pretty well, and we have shown them some of ours. Oh, father, I tell you, there's nothing slow down there."

A summer camp for part of the garrison was pitched on the most level place on the plains outside the garrison. There were now also two companies of infantry, and it was quite a little village of tents. The divides and gullies, as the summits and depressions of the waves of rolling land are called, stretched on for illimitable miles. The herd of cattle, that was kept to supply the garrison with meat, was guarded by sentinels beyond the camp. Half a mile away on the river-bank the huts of the Indian scouts grouped themselves.

One hot afternoon, when the camp was still and the post seemingly deserted, Tom and Alf ran down to their pals for a frolic. To their intense delight, a small band of savages from a distant tribe had arrived for a visit. The pipe of peace was smoked, presents exchanged, and the usual swapping went on, and then the inevitable pot taken from the fire, from which each guest fished something with a stick. All this powwow was new to the boys, and they hardly stirred while looking on at the exchange of Indian civilities. Tom's people dined early,

and he feared being forbidden the camp entirely if he went home late. So he was compelled to leave in the very midst of the novel scene.

After Alf had seen the strangers mount their ponies and depart, he turned homeward in the gathering twilight. Practising still his new-learned Indian tactics, he crept from one sage-

having been drilled by his dusky teachers in practise as an Indian "runner" who carries news from one tribe to another. Charging into his father's room, he found, to his great disappointment, that it was empty. Then to the stable. "Malony, come here! Tell me quick where father is. I've got some important news."

"He's gone to a dinner given for the inspector-general, who came to-day, and he won't be home till midnight; but what is it, lad?"

"It's Indians, Malony. I was playing that I was an Indian scout, and trying to see if I could creep through the gullies all the way home from the river, and what did I see but the top twigs of a sage-brush wiggle—ever so little, but they *did* wiggle. There was n't any wind, so I sort of scented a trick. I squirmed along so as to get a look at the farther side of the divide, and there lay a roll that looked like a body, but, oh, such a still one! I'm sure it's a 'hostile,' Malony. You know it's their way to lie as if dead, and spy out everything, and get the whole camp by heart before they attack."

"Oh, now, Master Alf, you've been playing with those little Indian fiends so much, you've got yourself worked up to such a pitch, you can't see nothing but the deviltry of the red men. We hain't seen no hostiles near us for all this summer. What you saw was just one of our friendly scouts from their camp, scanning everything up here with his lazy eye to see what's going on. They're like foolish women for curiosity. You just go on to bed, and I'll fetch up some supper, for it's gettin' late."



SAMANTHY KILLS THE RATTLESNAKE.

brush to another, laid himself flat behind the little heaps of stones that they had piled in their warlike play, observing the camp, the herd, the distant sentinels, when, as he was thus making his slow progress to the post, he saw a slight movement of a sage-brush on a divide not far away. The Kid's eye, drilled by the summer's practise in the play with the Indian comrades, took in the situation almost at once. He had the caution to crawl on softly till quite hidden by a divide. Then he took to his legs, also

"But, Malony, you're only trying to quiet me so I won't have nightmare."

"No, I ain't, Master Alf. I'll get up before reveille,—that's the time the red sarpints attack,—and do my best at creeping along where you went, and try to spy 'em out, to make you sure there ain't no danger to the post; but with my girth I could n't sim-i-late a snake quite as well as you," he added slyly.

Alf, thus quieted by the promise, fell asleep at last, dreaming of Indians, though, and talking of them as he dreamed. He awakened with a start before day, and the weight of some heavy care oppressed him. As the recollection of the night before swept over him, he sprang out of bed, scrambled into his clothes, and tipped lightly to Malony's room. The Irish soldier was snoring.

The Kid hesitated about waking his father, as Malony's reasoning of the night before was influencing him; and yet he could not quiet his suspicion that what he had discovered was a hostile Indian sentinel, and that this was only one of a number stretched out along the ridges at intervals, taking in every move in the camp, calculating the number of troops, noting the carelessness of the sentinels, who after a summer of idly walking their beats

would naturally be led somewhat to relax their soldierly vigilance. In the same careful manner of the day before, the Kid returned through the gully, crawling in open spaces, and running when hidden by a sharp cut or cleft in the side of the bank, until he was some distance down



"THREE CHEERS FOR THE KID!" (SEE PAGE 979.)

the valley. At last, half a mile away, he saw, by the first streaks of dawn, a party of horsemen trailing slowly toward the fort, hiding as much as possible in the shadow of the underbrush that grew along the river.

Alf knew the difference in the mount, the out-

lines of the riders, the wary movements, and was certain that it was the advance-guard of an Indian column. It flashed over him that the very band he had seen entertained at the camp of scouts the day before had been palming themselves off as friends in order to learn more about the garrison and the summer camp. The way home seemed endless. Breathless and agitated as he was, he realized that he must return in the same secret and wary manner of his going out.

Alf's absorbing thought was to save the camp, and when he realized that he alone knew of the approaching peril to the sleeping troops, leagues of land appeared to lie between him and the fort.

When finally he did reach the headquarters office there was still nothing stirring. The beat of the sentinel at the guard-house was the only sound. He ran into the office, which was never locked, and seized the trumpet hanging on a peg. Alas! he could not bring forth a sound, only wheezing and whistling as if he still were a beginner. But he was only winded after the sudden chase as he was nearing home, and he knew he must give his lungs a chance. When he tried once more, out rang the "general" as clear as if the trumpet was sounding parade-call instead of the call to arms. Again he blew a blast, running farther out on the parade-ground in order to be heard better. A few soldiers appeared at the barrack doors.

The Kid, not satisfied with the "general," which never had seemed to him to be sufficiently stirring for an alarm, now tried the fire-call, fearing no one would realize the danger approaching so stealthily but surely.

The sentinel at the guard-house responded at once by successive shots from his carbine. Then swarms of dazed, sleepy soldiers poured out of the barracks. The infantry drummer hurled himself over the ground from his quarters, and when Alf stopped to breathe, the drummer began to beat the long roll, that most doleful and prolonged of all the calls, which seems to presage disaster before the battle has even begun.

The officers rushed from all the quarters, buckling on their sabers as they ran to the office to find the meaning of the alarm. Alf was

almost unconscious of the wild medley going on about him, he was so intent on the duty he felt devolved on him alone; but when his father came hurrying to him, he took breath to say, in reply to his question:

"It 's Indians, father, down the river. The advance-guard is half a mile away. I knew they were coming, daddy. I saw one of their sentinels last night, crouching near the camp; but I could n't make Malony believe it, and I was afraid you would n't either, so this morning I went to see."

The colonel instantly ordered the second trumpeter to sound the "general" through the summer camp, the headquarter trumpeter to call "boots and saddles" and repeat it, and in five minutes he was on his horse, the stables were emptied, the troopers mounted, hatless, saddleless, and charging with and without orders down the valley, on the heels of the now stampeded advance-guard of the Indian column.

Only this handful of savages were captured — and they proved to be, as the Kid guessed, the visitors of the day before. The main body of the foe, large enough to have destroyed the summer camp, unprepared as it was, were seen miles away on the gallop.

Then the line broke, and they scattered through the gullies, as is their custom when close pressed by pursuit. The string of watchful sentinels between them and the advance-guard had warned them in time to secure their escape.

After Alf had done all that he could with the trumpet to warn the garrison, he seized a horse that had eluded his rider at the stable, and followed the flying troops. He was soon in the thick of it all. The men, forgetting all discipline of silence in the excitement of the chase, called to him from all sides, for it had spread through the ranks that he was the one who had given the first alarm.

All down the line as the Kid rode by there were shouts of "Hero!" The boy had never heard such praise. Even army discipline could not restrain the enthusiastic soldiers. His pluck and shrewdness were praised to the skies. The Kid said, afterward, "They made me feel like hiding my head in a gopher-hole!"

While the colonel rode to the rear to see that no hot-headed cavalryman should dash after the retreating hostiles, some of the men lifted the Kid from his horse, and he was carried on the shoulders of one trooper after another, amid hubbub and shouts of "Three cheers for the Kid!" The other officers never interfered, but heartily joined in to give three cheers and a tiger.

When Alf reached home and the quiet of his father's room, he shut the door and locked it, and flung himself in the colonel's arms exhausted, hiding his eyes, which were far from being dry now that the reaction had come.

"What, Alf, my boy, giving in now when all is over? If you were a man you could not have acted with a cooler head and with better judgment. That's the first thing for a soldier to learn."

"Daddy, I was longing and waiting to hear what you'd say, and now I'm happy. Oh, did n't the soldiers holler splendid things at me when we were coming home!"

"Well, lad," said his father, very heartily, "you saved the day, and I am not sorry that the men forgot discipline for once and applauded you. And I want you to know, son, that this is the proudest day of your father's life."



JIMMY (TO THE AUDIENCE): "NOW, RUTH, KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, AND YOU 'LL SEE THE GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE."

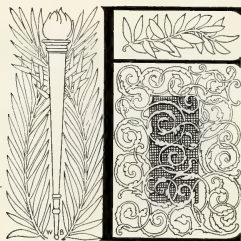
PRETTY POLLY PERKINS.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

[This story was begun in the May number.]

CHAPTER XV.

MOLLY CONFIDES IN UNCLE BERT AND POLLY.



MIDMEADOW was such a quiet nook that little of the bustle of the outer world ever reached it, even during the busy weekdays; and Sunday was restful and calm in-

deed. Mabel enjoyed the peaceful quiet, and was glad to sit upon the lawn with her father and mother during the long afternoon, while her father read aloud; and Ruth, whose Sunday was her only day of rest, sat quietly beside them.

Miss Wheeler, Polly, and Uncle Bert had gone for a long walk in the woods, for they found many interests in common, and Uncle Bert had endless stories to tell of the wild ranch life and the beautiful Western scenery.

"What do you think of the prospect for chestnutting, pretty Poll?" he called to Polly, who was skipping along ahead, happy as a butterfly.

"The what?" asked Polly, who had not understood the question.

"Do you think Jack Frost is going to shower chestnuts on us by and by?"

"Yes, indeed, I do," answered Polly. "We have loads of fun gathering 'em under these trees every fall, and this is nut year, you know."

"No, I don't know," said Molly, "and you must tell me what you mean."

"Why, pa always says that we never have many nuts the same year there is a lot of apples, and last year we had loads and loads of apples, and hardly any nuts, so this year we 'll have the nuts — don't you see?"

"Yes, I see. I hope my little patient will be ready to help gather them when they fall," said Molly, seriously.

"I hope so, too, with all my heart; and now that you have spoken of it, Miss Wheeler, I want to ask you your opinion of Mabel's condition," said Uncle Bert. "I don't like to say much about it when her father and mother are within hearing."

"She is doing well," replied Miss Wheeler, "but the case is a peculiar one. The child has suffered so long that she dreads the thought of pain, and shrinks from exerting herself lest it cause a return of it. But she *must* exert herself a little, or worse than pain will follow. Much as I should dread it, I believe that some sudden fright which would cause her to forget herself would be her very best remedy. True, it might mean a fit of sickness from the shock; but I firmly believe that it would do more for her in other respects than anything else could, and certainly would be less serious than the calamity which now threatens her, and of which all are so unconscious."

"Do you mean, Miss Wheeler, that Mabel may never be able to walk any more if she does n't try hard herself?" asked Polly, as they were returning home.

"Yes, deary; but you will be careful not to let her guess that we have said anything about it, won't you?"

"I 'll be careful; I won't say one single

word. But oh, *how* I wish that I could make her walk!"

The house seemed wonderfully quiet after Uncle Bert and Mr. Temple went back to New York, and Mabel was quite forlorn without them.

One morning, soon after their departure, Molly said to Polly, "We must try to get Mabel upon her feet to-day. It will be hard work, I am afraid, but we will make an attempt."

"Do you think she will try?" asked Polly, eagerly.

"I hope so," answered Molly.

A few hours later Mabel and Polly sat on the porch waiting for Jesse to bring Tony to them; for hardly a morning passed without a drive, and Polly was almost always Mabel's companion.

"Mabel darling, will you do something to please me very much this morning?" asked Molly, when she came to help her to the carriage.

"Indeed I will, if I can," was the reply.

"Then try to walk across the piazza for me," said Molly, persuasively.

"Oh, Miss Wheeler, it *does* hurt me so!" said Mabel, pathetically.

"Yes, dear, I know it is painful, but I am *so* anxious to see my girlie able to walk about once more, and I know she never can unless she makes an effort herself; please try." And placing her arm about Mabel, she helped her up, sustaining all her weight, while Polly flew to the other side, saying:

"There, rest your hand on my shoulder, and try, do try, just as hard as ever you can. Don't mind leaning on me; I'm just as strong as can be."

But the poor little limbs were pitifully weak and painful, and it was the most exquisite torture for the child to use them again. She struggled along, her feet almost dragging, and very unlike the active, springy steps which she had taken one brief year before.

"Why, you are doing beautifully!" cried Molly, encouragingly, her heart aching as she watched the struggle.

Slowly they crept along the piazza; but when about half-way across her strength deserted her altogether and she would have fallen but for the quick support of Molly's strong arm.

"Oh, Molly, Molly dear, I can't, I *truly* can't!" she cried. "It *does* hurt me so." And Miss Wheeler, feeling that at least a little had been gained, said cheerfully: "But you have done wonders; only think, you have actually walked half-way across the piazza, and what madam mother will say I don't know!" And catching her up, she carried her to the phaëton and set her comfortably among the cushions. But Mabel was pale from pain and exertion, and glad to lean back and rest.

Polly was joyful as a cricket, and said, "Now you will do just so every day, won't you? And I'll help as hard as ever I can."

"I'll try to; but it hurts me dreadfully," said Mabel, with tears in her eyes, "and I wish I could just have it all over at once."

"But it will hurt you less each time you try, dear; it really will," said Miss Wheeler. "It is the first shock to the unused muscles and nerves which renders it so painful. And now good-by. Have a delightful drive—and take extra good care of her, Jesse."

"Yas 'm, I will, sartin," said Jesse, who had looked upon the scene with the deepest sympathy.

One day Mabel and Polly went for a drive to a beautiful place on the banks of the Connecticut River. During their outing, Mabel learned that Polly, inspired by a visiting artist, had developed a great fondness for drawing, and had made many sketches.

Upon reaching home, they had found Mrs. Temple seated upon the piazza, and even before she could be helped from the carriage Mabel called out:

"Oh, mama, what do you think? Polly has something to show us, and I want you to help her; you will, won't you?"

"Very gladly, if I'm able, when I've found out what it is."

"She has been drawing some pictures, and is going to let us look at them, and she wants you to tell her how to do them properly," Mabel explained.

Polly ran up to her room to get her art productions, and soon returned with a dozen or more sheets of paper upon which she had drawn curious faces, wild flowers, animals, landscapes, or birds, as the fancy struck her.

"I s'pose they are dreadful-looking things, but I *do* so love to make them, and I 'd give anything if I could do as that artist woman used to."

Mrs. Temple took up the papers bearing evidences of Polly's artistic ventures, and was surprised at them.

"Did you have any instruction at all from the artist, Polly?" asked Mrs. Temple.

"No; she never showed me how. I only watched to see what she did, and then tried to do it when I was alone."

"You certainly have done remarkably well, dear, and I am surprised at the results."

"I 'm so glad you think so, for I dearly love to do it, and it comes natural to me."

"Sit here beside me and try to draw something for me. Choose that tree over there, and let me see how well you can do it, with a little assistance from me."

Polly sat down, and soon had a gnarled old apple-tree outlined on her paper.

Mrs. Temple watched closely, and, offering a suggestion here, putting a telling stroke there, helped Polly overcome the difficulties that had so long baffled her.

Each day after that Polly worked away with Mrs. Temple, and made rapid progress; for the child really possessed remarkable talent, and needed only a little instruction in order to develop it. Mrs. Temple was quick to discover it, and to realize that, though only a child, Polly bade fair to become an artist in the course of time. And what good times they had! for Polly worked very faithfully, and Mrs. Temple took infinite pains with her little pupil.

And so July sped away, and almost before they realized it, August was upon them. It was an unusually hot and dry one, and the whole country-side panted in the heat.

CHAPTER XVI.

POLLY HELPS MABEL.

"JOSH," said Mr. Perkins, one morning about two weeks later, as he was harnessing Roaney for a trip up to Springfield, "you 'd better burn off that medder lot ter-day. There ain't any wind ter speak of, and it 's time it was cleared off."

"All right," said Josh; "I 'll do it this afternoon, right after dinner. Ma wants me to fetch up them termaters for her this mornin'." And Josh began to collect his baskets, little dreaming how much would happen upon the quiet farm before the tomatoes with which he expected to fill them would be canned.

The morning, even at that early hour, was very warm, and it bade fair to be an oppressively hot day. As the morning advanced the sun's rays became intolerable, and the air fairly quivered as it rose from the dry, dusty road.

"I think I have never experienced a more oppressive day," said Mrs. Temple, at dinner. "It is too warm to do anything but sit quietly under the trees, and even there it is almost stifling."

"Yes; it makes one long for a sea-breeze," replied Molly; "so let us do the next best thing, since we can't have that, and take one from the creek."

"Do you think we would find one there, Molly?"

"We might try, at any rate."

"Let 's go down to the willows, after dinner, and take Bonny. She 'll like to stand in the water to-day, and maybe she 'll keep so still I can sketch her," said Polly.

"That would be lovely," cried Mabel. "Will you come too, mama?"

"I think not, dear. The heat to-day has given me a headache, so I think I will lie down soon after dinner and try to sleep. That may cure it, and put a little animation into me as well, for I feel strangely dull and depressed. If I were given to superstitions I should feel sure that some calamity were about to overtake me, so it is fortunate that I am not."

Choosing the shadiest paths, they soon reached the willows, and Bonny promptly took advantage of her opportunity by plunging up to her stomach in the cool water, where she stood flapping her ears and tail to shoo off the flies.

Placing Mabel's chair under one of the trees, Molly helped Polly get her sketching materials in order. Miss Wheeler read aloud, and Mabel was busy upon a piece of fancy work, some pretty embroidery, intended for her mother's birthday gift in September.

Polly's work progressed, and Mabel's fingers flew nimbly, till, reaching for her case of silks, she discovered that one color she needed had been left behind.

"Oh, dear! is n't that just *too* bad, for now I can't go on, and I do so want to finish just this little bit that remains."

"Which color do you want, dear?" asked Molly.

"That soft old-rose that we bought the other day. I thought I had put it in the case with my other silks, but I guess I must have left it in the bureau drawer."

"I'll go back and get it for you. It is too bad to stop now, when it needs so little to finish."

"I hate to have you go back while it is so fearfully hot, Molly. I'm dreadfully selfish to let you, I'm afraid."

"I don't mind it a bit. I'm a sort of salamander, and can stand a good deal of heat. Are you tired of sitting in your chair? Suppose I help you to that soft, grassy slope over there, so you can stretch a little."

"Yes, please do; and Polly can come when she has finished her sketch."

Mabel was soon nestling among the tall meadow-grasses, which rustled and waved about her, and bidding her take "forty winks" while she was gone, Molly left her.

Polly soon became absorbed in her work again, for she was an earnest little artist and forgot all else while working. Bonny continued her ruminating, and her little mistress worked on uninterrupted. How long she had worked she did not know, when suddenly she was brought back to her present surroundings by a stifling odor of smoke.

Springing to her feet, she looked behind her, to discover great volumes of smoke rolling toward her from the meadow above, while beyond the smoke fierce tongues of flame were shooting high above the dry grass.

With a wild cry of "Oh, Mabel, Mabel!" Polly dropped her work and flew to the helpless child's side.

Mabel looked about bewildered, and then, as her terrible situation burst upon her, she clasped her hands together and sat as motionless as if suddenly changed to a statue.

"Quick! quick!" cried Polly. "Let me get you into your chair, and then I can wheel it away"; and she struggled to lift Mabel into the chair. But even after she had succeeded in this, it was impossible to roll the chair in the direction she wished, for the only pathway for it lay right in the midst of the great clouds of smoke and wild flames beyond. Still Mabel gave no sound and uttered no outcry, as Polly, with almost miraculous strength, pushed the chair through the tall grass and as far from the approaching flames as possible. But she gained nothing, for all she could do was to go farther and farther away from home, and higher up the bank of the creek.

Almost suffocated by the smoke, she struggled on until her strength forsook her altogether, and, panting and gasping, she was forced to stop. Mabel gave one hopeless look, and then said in a frightened whisper:

"Go, Polly, go quickly, or you will be burned to death."

"What! go and leave you here to be burned up? No! you *know* I won't."

Brave little Polly clasped her arms around her helpless friend. On rolled the smoke and flames till the girls were almost surrounded.

"Oh, Mabel, Mabel! *can't* you walk? *can't* you?" implored Polly, in an agony. "Try to—*do* try! Lean on me; I'll help you."

"Yes, I think I *can*," said Mabel, in a strange, hushed sort of voice. "Come." And resting her hand on Polly's shoulder, she rose from the chair and staggered toward the steep path leading down the bank to the creek below.

At last they reached the water and tried to cross the creek. Had Mabel, like Polly, been on her feet it would have been a simple matter, for the water would not have been above their armpits at the deepest point; but she was obliged to crawl upon her hands and knees, and soon found the water nearly submerging her.

Again and again the poor child tried to struggle to her feet, only to be bound down by the weight of her wet clothes and her helpless legs; and just as they had gone about a third of the way across, her arms fell from Polly's waist, and with a moaning cry of "Oh,

mama, mama darling, come to me!" she fainted entirely away.

Polly was in desperate straits indeed. Behind her were the fiercely burning meadows, throwing

Terrified and trembling, she turned her tear-dimmed eyes to the blue skies above her, and cried out in her distress, "Dear God, help me to save Mabel. Oh, don't, don't let her drown!"



"OUT OF THE DOOR WALKED MABEL, ERECT AND UNAIDED." (SEE PAGE 987.)

great volumes of black smoke and showers of sparks over her head, which threatened every minute to ignite their thin cotton dresses; and before her was the water, from which she could neither draw Mabel back nor carry her forward.

Suddenly high and clear above the rush and roar of the flames the children heard the sound of old Nero's barking.

"Nero! Nero!" screamed Polly. "Oh, come quick! come quick!" And the next

instant Nero's huge form bounded down the bank and plunged into the water.

No need to direct the sagacious animal. His noble instinct guided him far better than words could have done, and catching hold of Mabel's dress just below her shoulders, he carried her safely to the opposite shore, where he laid her upon the grass and rushed back to Polly's aid; and none too soon, for the brave little girl's strength was gone, and when he got her to the bank Polly just clasped her arms about old Nero's neck and sobbed as if her heart would break, while he licked her face and hands and whined most piteously.

But shouts and cries from beyond told that help was near, as Josh, Molly, and Mrs. Perkins, with blanched, terror-stricken faces, rushed to the edge of the opposite bank, from which the flames had now passed, leaving a charred, blackened path behind them. To plunge into the water and cross to the children was but an instant's work, and gathering a child in each strong arm, Josh quickly carried them to the agonized women, who waited with outstretched arms to receive them.

"Thank God! oh, thank God!" cried Molly, as she gathered the still unconscious, dripping child in her arms, while Mrs. Perkins held Polly close and wept as she had never wept in all her life, as Polly clasped her arms about her neck and sobbed convulsively.

"And I never knew they were there — I never knew they were there!" Josh repeated again and again, as they hurried to the house.

Josh rushed off for the nearest physician, whose home was two miles away, and Jamie mounted Tony to ride to the railroad station with telegrams. Tony seemed to realize that he was expected to make an unusual effort, and stretched away as fast as his slender legs would carry him.

In a day or two, under careful nursing, Polly was quite recovered, and would have been her sunny little self again but for her anxiety for Mabel. As soon as steam could bring them, Mr. Temple, Uncle Bert, and a New York doctor arrived.

For nine days they battled bravely, and when the tenth dawned, Mabel, the fever over, opened her eyes to find her father beside her.

"Dear, dear daddy!" was all she said, and, with a soft sigh, turned her face upon the pillow and fell into a peaceful slumber.

When Mabel was strong enough to talk, she told them of Polly's heroism, and no need to tell how Polly was praised and thanked.

One morning, about a week later, Mrs. Temple walked into Mrs. Perkins's sitting-room, and seating herself upon a low chair beside the latter, took her hand in her own, saying:

"Lay aside your darning for a time, you ever-busy woman, and let me have a little talk with you, for I 've something of importance to say."

Mrs. Perkins looked up in surprise, and said quickly:

"Mabel ain't worse, is she?"

"No, indeed; on the contrary, she seems to gain strength hourly."

Then, after a few more words about Mabel's condition, Mrs. Temple spoke of Polly's taste for drawing: "Mrs. Perkins, the child has really a remarkable talent which should certainly be cultivated, since it may prove a source of pleasure and profit as well later on. Endmeadow offers no facilities for so doing, nor does it seem feasible to send her to Springfield to pursue her studies. On the other hand, New York's opportunities are almost unlimited, and Polly could there have every advantage. I need hardly add that our home should be hers, and that I would care for her as I care for Mabel. Can you spare your little sunshine, Mrs. Perkins, and let her go with us to town for the winter? Please say yes."

"And do you s'pose I could say anything else? I 'd be the ungratefulest critter that ever trod shoe-leather. But what her pa 'll say I don't know. He ain't given to much talk, but he sets a sight o' store by Polly, and I don't know how the winter 'll seem to him without her. Howsomever, I 'll talk it over with him, and I don't generally make much work o' fetchin' him to my views about the children. But I 've got just this to say by way of endin' up: If ever yer 'n need of a friend, if ever yer want anything done that one pair o' willin' hands can do fer yer, there ain't no friend nor no hands in all this wide world that 's goin' ter be more ready and willin' than those that grew at the end o' Mary Jane Per-

kins's arms; and may the good Lord bless you and yours forever and ever. Amen."

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. TEMPLE'S BIRTHDAY.

THE soft September days slipped quickly away, bringing to Mabel renewed strength.

Sometimes now she was carried downstairs to take her seat upon the porch, and with Molly's help she managed, as her strength returned, to take a few steps about her room, and before long could walk the length of the porch without pain, although her weakness rendered it very fatiguing. However, each day seemed to lessen that also, and the old inertia and paralysis seemed gone forever.

No one realized more fully than Mabel herself just how rapidly she was gaining, and when she found that she could get about once more, her ambition to walk alone became her all-absorbing thought. But Molly had never allowed her to attempt it, lest a fall should undo all that had been gained. But one day when she and Polly were alone—and indeed Polly was rarely far from her nowadays—Mabel said to her:

"Polly, I'm going to walk across the room to that bureau. I *know* I can do it—I just feel it all through me; and don't you touch me, will you?"

"Oh, can you? do you dare? No; I won't put even my little finger on you, but I won't be two inches away from you."

Slowly Mabel raised herself to her feet, and steadying herself upon the couch from which she had just risen, began her journey toward the bureau, Polly hovering close beside her, with arms outstretched ready to grasp her at the first sign of an upset. But there was no need, for each step grew firmer, and when she reached her goal and dropped into a chair she was quivering more with excitement and delight than with fatigue.

"Did n't I do splendidly? oh, did n't I do splendidly?" And Polly could only hug her for a reply.

When Molly returned to the room a few moments later she could hardly believe her eyes, and when told the news, wildly cried:

"Three cheers for Mabel, Polly, and Molly!"

"What is going on in here?" asked Mrs. Temple, popping her head in at the door. "Seems to me you are very merry over something, and I'd like to share the fun."

"Oh, you must n't ask questions so near your birthday," cried Mabel, quickly, giving a significant glance to Molly and Polly, which they were bright enough to understand.

"So, sets the wind in that quarter?" laughed Mrs. Temple. "I thought there must be some mighty conspiracy at work when three such wiseacres kept their heads so close together."

After talking for a few moments, she decided that her room, just at that time, was preferable to her company, and wisely cut her visit short. No sooner had she vanished than tongues were let loose, and great plans made for the 28th.

"I tell you," said Polly, eagerly; "you walk all alone a little each day, and don't let Mrs. Mama know a thing about it; don't let her guess you can stir without Miss Wheeler to help you; and then, on her birthday, we'll give her a grand surprise. Oh, won't it be just splendid to see how glad she'll be?"

"Just the very thing. Polly, you have a brain fit for a diplomat," said Molly.

"Who was he?" asked Polly, innocently.

"He was, is, or will be, as it happens, a fellow who can do a big lot of thinking in about half the time some other fellow can," laughed Molly.

"Now, I've an idea, too," said Mabel. "On mama's birthday let's get her to sit on the porch, and then we will each walk up to her and make a grand presentation. I'll be the very last one to go. By that time I guess I'll be able to walk so well that she just won't know what to say, she'll be so surprised."

Polly clapped her hands joyously, as she always did when her delight was too much for words.

"I can hardly wait for the day to come," she cried.

But the day, like all days, came at last, and the weather clerk proved amiable, for it was an ideal one.

Molly, Mabel, and Polly were up betimes, and had their little parcels ready for the grand

presentation which would take place after breakfast. As it happened to be in the middle of the week, Mr. Temple and Uncle Bert were not with them, so they could not witness Mabel's triumphal march; but a magnificent basket of flowers, and another one of fruit, which stood upon the porch table, told that they had not forgotten the day.

At Christmas and birthday times Mrs. Temple very wisely turned exceedingly stupid, and even the most extraordinary happenings excited no comment on her part. So when, at breakfast, Mabel asked her if she would soon be ready to sit out on the porch with her, she replied:

"I shall be ready the very moment I've finished my breakfast. Do you feel like an early morning airing?"

"Yes; it is such a perfect morning that it makes me feel frisky, and I am anxious to get out of doors."

"Very well, dear; I'm at your service, and will read, talk, play games, or sew, as the fancy dictates."

Not one word had been thus far said in reference to her birthday; but when she went out upon the porch there stood the two beautiful baskets, and her delight was boundless.

"How beautiful! how delicious! And from dear papa and Uncle Bert. Ah, Molly Wheeler, you are a smuggler, too, I see, and have helped give me this delightful surprise. I suspect we shall find you a magician next, and must be prepared for anything. Come, children, and share my treasures."

Molly ran back as though to fetch Mabel, but in reality to get her own little offering, since it was agreed she should lead the presentation committee of three. Coming out of the door, she walked down the porch in a very stately manner, and making a grand bow in front of Mrs. Temple, said in a voice in which affection and merriment vied with each other:

"Will your gracious Majesty accept this small offering from one of your most devoted subjects?" And dropping upon one knee, she laid upon Mrs. Temple's lap a flat pasteboard box.

Mrs. Temple's loving glance, as she began to unwrap it, was far more valuable to Molly as a reply than the most gracious speech, and

when the package was opened she found before her a beautiful photograph of Mabel and Polly seated in the phaëton, with Jesse perched behind. No wonder Mrs. Temple cried out in surprise and delight when she saw it:

"Oh, Molly, Molly dear, how charming! How did you manage so cleverly, and how am I to thank you for the pains you have taken?"

"I'm sure I require no heartier thanks than the very apparent pleasure I've been able to give you," answered Molly.

Next, out tripped Polly, so eager that she could not walk, but had to prance down the porch, crying out:

"Oh, open it quick, please do, Mrs. Temple, so Mabel can give you hers, for it's just the splendor of all."

Mrs. Temple rapidly untied the little parcel, and Polly had no reason to feel that the little sketch of Bonny had won a less warm greeting than Molly's lovely gift.

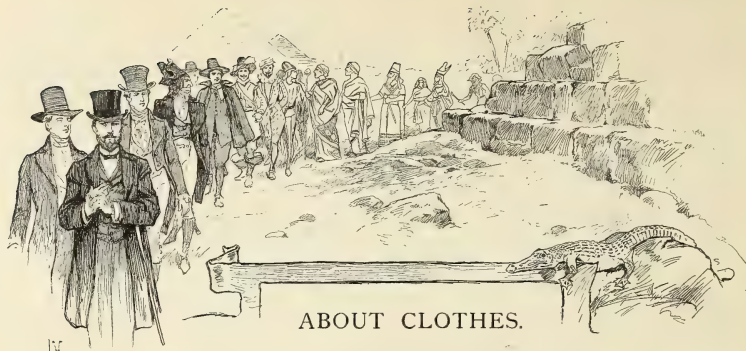
"And now it's Mabel's turn," cried Polly, joyously. And she rushed back to the hall.

"What can make the child so excited?" said Mrs. Temple to herself, and the next instant she had her answer; for out of the door walked Mabel, slowly, to be sure, but erect and unaided.

At the sight Mrs. Temple rose from her seat with a half-surprised cry, and stretching out her arms, stood pale and trembling with mingled joy and fear.

"Don't stir, darling; oh, don't stir — please don't," cried Mabel, all in one breath. "I can do it; it is n't the first time, and it's part of my birthday surprise for you!" And in her excitement she almost ran into her mother's arms, where she was clasped in the tenderest embrace she had ever known, while the dear lips murmured a prayer of the most fervent thanksgiving.

Sinking back upon her chair, she drew Mabel on her lap, and for once they seemed to have changed places; for it was the mother who asked dozens of eager questions, scarcely waiting for the replies, and who was cuddled and kissed by the little daughter, who felt that no matter what might come, she could never give her mother a more precious birthday gift than the proof of her own renewed strength.



ABOUT CLOTHES.

BY GEORGE MACADAM.

LONG, long ago, when mankind was still in its babyhood, some hairy lord of creation happened to glance into a quiet pool, and saw mirrored in the water his own image. Comparing himself with the birds and the beasts, he saw that he was plain and dingy; and he became envious of the brilliant-hued feathers of the birds, and the striped and spotted furs of the beasts. One day he discovered a bed of ocher. Sticking his finger into this bright-colored dirt, he saw that his finger became colored like the dirt. No doubt he stared in wonder for a long while at his strangely colored finger; and then there gradually crept into his simple mind an idea which must have made him laugh for joy.

"Ha, ha!" he cried. "Here is my chance to give myself a new complexion—to make myself as bright and gaudy as Mother Nature has made the birds and the beasts."

So he daubed himself from head to foot with different-colored ochers until he was bright and many-colored. This covering of ocher was the original ancestor of the clothes which you and I are wearing at the present day.

In those early days man progressed very slowly. It was many years, perhaps even centuries, after he began to decorate himself with ocher that he invented weapons with which he could kill the birds and the beasts, and so rob them of their plumage and pelts. The feathers he stuck in his tangled hair, and the pelts he

either threw over his shoulders like a cape, or tied around his waist as a sort of skirt. To this costume he added decorations of dried grasses and strings of shells. Like savages of Central Africa and the South Sea Islands at the present day, these prehistoric men did not aim at utility in their dress; their sole idea was to decorate themselves. So we see that even at this early date Vanity had already been installed as Queen of Fashion.

How long this fantastic dress of pelts and feathers and shells remained "the proper thing" we do not know, for these antediluvians have left us no descriptions of themselves. But sometime in these early ages an unknown mechanical genius invented a loom and manufactured a rude sort of cloth. As this cloth could readily be cut and made into any shape or size, and dyed with ochers to suit any taste, it began to take the place of animal-skins for wearing apparel. Then the art of making and staining glass and working metals was discovered; and beads and metal ornaments began to take the place of shells and dried grasses. With these manufactures to his credit the primitive man was fairly started on the road to civilization.

When the curtain of history first rises, about 2500 B.C., and we get our earliest glimpse of Egypt, we see a country already civilized. We could scarcely recognize the Egyptian gentleman who is being carried in a palanquin

through the streets of Thebes, blandly smelling his favorite lotus-flower and nodding a recognition to his friends in the passing crowd, as a descendant of the half-wild man we left in the last paragraph, dressed in rough-woven, gaudy-colored cloth. His tangled locks have been shaven off, and he wears a wig made up of little curls. His beard has been trimmed short and neat. His dress is a long fluted robe of fine white linen, and he is adorned with necklaces, bracelets, and a multitude of finger-rings. Altogether he is quite a dandy.

This dress, with only a few changes, continued for many centuries to be the dress of Egypt, and also of the other nations that began to flourish in the Orient — of Chaldea, Babylonia, Judea, and Assyria. Like the Chinese who let their finger-nails grow into long slender claws to show they do no manual labor, so these old Babylonians and Assyrians used to show their rank by the length of their skirts. The rich and leisurely wore skirts that trailed on the ground; the laboring classes, who while at work would be constantly tripping over long skirts, wore a short kilt that reached scarcely to the knee. Of course these short skirts made poor clothing according to our modern ideas;

but in these Eastern countries, with their clear sky and balmy atmosphere, clothing is little needed, and customs are different.

In the reign of the Assyrian king Asshurizirpal (883-858 B.C.) horses were introduced into the army as cavalry. Here, now, was a problem: the cavalryman had to have some sort of a uniform, and it was impossible for him to wear a skirt and ride astride a horse. The tailors to his Majesty's armies wagged their heads a long

time over this problem, and finally decided that the only way out of the difficulty was to cut the cavalryman's skirt from hem to waistband in both front and rear, letting each part fall on its respective side of the horse. As can readily be imagined, this split skirt made an exceedingly poor article of clothing. The law of heredity, however, is full of surprises; this humble apology for a garment was destined to be the father of the original pantaloons.



SAVAGES LOOKING INTO A POOL OF WATER—NATURE'S MIRROR.

The mind of the tailor has ever been a small one. It is likely that even then, as now, it took "nine tailors to make a man." At any rate, it took the tailors of Assyria over a century to solve the problem of the horsemen's clothing. "Why not," said one of these workers with the needle and shears, "sew together the

edges of each division of the skirt and thus form a separate skirt for each leg?"—or, in other words, he invented a pair of *pantaloon*s. men continued to wear the skirt in all its varied lengths, and with all its awkwardness. Toward the beginning of the seventh cen-



"THE EGYPTIAN GENTLEMAN CARRIED IN A PALANQUIN THROUGH THE STREETS OF THEBES."

It would seem that the advantages of this newly invented garment should have been immediately recognized—that the entire male populace of Assyria should have greeted it as a welcome release from the thralldom of skirts. But the first representative of the trousers family received no such welcome. Only the caval-rymen adopted the new dress, and the other

tury B.C., the Assyrians seem to have become wiser. The short knee-skirt of the workman went out of fashion; all those of whom active service was required adopted the easy and serviceable pantaloons; while the rich snob-ishly retained the cumbersome long skirt.

This remained the dress of all the people liv- ing in what is now known as the Orient, until

the Persians introduced a new style of trousers, that were loose and baggy and gathered at the ankles. These loose and flowing trousers soon became very popular with the people of this warm climate, on account of their lightness and airiness; and through all the succeeding centuries they have remained the standard dress of this region, and they are worn to-day by the present occupants of the land, be they Turks, Armenians, Persians, Arabians, or what not.

While we have been following the trousers' history in the Orient, new nations have been springing up along the northern shores of the Mediterranean. Greece and Rome meanwhile have both become great, powerful nations. But in Greece trousers never got a foothold. The men and women dressed almost alike. A large, square piece of cloth, known as the "himation,"

was wrapped around the figure, leaving only the right arm free. If the family treasury had run low, the same outer garment often served for both husband and wife; and it was gossiped about Athens that one of the causes of the matrimonial troubles between Socrates and his wife Xanthippe was that Xanthippe refused to go out in her husband's himation—she believed in woman's rights, and wanted a himation of her own! The Romans copied their dress from the Greeks, so there was little difference, except that when the Roman armies began to push northward, and were exposed to the rigors of a northern climate, the soldiers adopted, in conjunction with their tunics, tight-fitting trousers that reached to the calf of the leg. These were copied from the trousers worn by the sailors of the ships lying in the Tiber, ships that had come from Phenicia, at that time the great merchant nation of the Orient.

In their commercial dealings these Phenician traders were carrying the arts and inventions of the East to other lands than Rome. Besides trading with several rich African nations, they were carrying on a barter with a race of painted wild men who inhabited a remote group of

islands in the Atlantic Ocean—a group of islands that afterward became known as the British Isles. It was for the tin with which this barbarous land seemed to abound that the Phenicians risked the long, dangerous voyage into unknown seas, carrying with them, for exchange with the native Britons, many bright-colored cloths, beads, knives, and other things that delight the savage heart.

These dealings with the traders, together with an invasion of the islands by a Roman army under Cæsar in the year 55 B.C., started the British barbarians on the road that leads to civilization. Among other things, they learned the art of weaving; and then they began to stop painting their bodies, and adopted a dress which was a rough copy of the style worn by the traders—a close, tunic-like coat, and short, loose pantaloons.

We now see the family of trouser garments started on its long and tumultuous career in the British Islands,—a family that is long-lived and venerable, and yet is absolutely without stability,—gay and extravagant when the times are gallant, stiff and prim when festivity is frowned upon, and dignified and stately when the times are aristocratic and courtly, like a delicate weather-vane whirling around with every change in the social atmosphere.

About a century after the first invasion, England was again conquered by the Romans. One after another, the various hill tribes were subdued; Britain gradually became Romanized; and the coat and pantaloons of the natives were discarded for the tunic and mantle of Rome. This is perhaps the only instance in the history of the world where a trousered people have become an untrousered people. But it was not for long. The classic dress of Rome soon proved unsuited to the inclement



AN ASSYRIAN WARRIOR.



THE EARLIEST TROUSERS.



TROUSERS AS WORN IN THE EAST.

weather of Britain, and the people began to drift back to the old way of dressing. Within a very few generations, the only trace that was left of the Roman style was a long tunic, reaching below the knee, which the Britons had retained in imitation of the long, flowing toga of Rome.

Meanwhile English industries had been growing. By the beginning of the eighth century London

had become a city of some little commercial importance. Great quantities of wool were sent abroad, and, in exchange, the trading-ships brought back the silks and fine linens of Normandy and Flanders. The nobility, growing rich on the revenues, began to have their clothes made of fine stuffs.

But the British nobles were not allowed to enjoy their riches and their fine clothes for more than a century or two. During the eleventh century a great horde of Normans under William the Conqueror poured into Britain, and in a few years subdued the country from end to end. The new masters of the land were people of luxurious tastes; and as a conquered people had to "pay the piper," the conquerors gave free rein to their extravagant inclinations. Soft and delicate stuffs trimmed with expensive furs were worn, together with many glittering jewels. The cut of the dress, however, remained about the same, except that the Norman noble, wishing to make a marked difference between his own costume and that of the British serf, extended his tunic until it swept the ground, and lengthened his sleeves until they became so long that when walking he had to tie them up in knots to keep them out of his way. This idea, that the best way to assert one's dignity is to wear a long gown, is a notion deeply rooted in the human mind. We have already seen that the old patricians of Assyria and Babylonia wore trailing skirts to show they were no common people. The Roman senators used the long, flowing toga as the insignia of their high office. All through his-

tory kings have played their little parts in royal robes of state. Even in these closing years of the nineteenth century, priests and ministers wear variously designed gowns as symbols of the dignity of their positions; and so also do the judges of some of our higher courts. Even our college boys, in their senior year, assert their superiority over their lower-classmen by donning long black gowns and mortar-boards.

After living on the fat of the land under the iniquitous feudal system for about a century, the Norman line of kings was ousted by Henry II., who invaded England from France. Hardly had Henry got comfortably seated on the throne when those troubles broke out which kept the

British kingdom in a constant turmoil during the reigns of Henry and his seven successors of the Plantagenet line. It was about this time that the common people began to awaken to the fact that they were not born merely to feed a greedy and luxurious nobility; and that long and bitter struggle was begun that finally resulted in the granting of the "Great Charter." The crusades to drive the in-



ROMAN SOLDIER, WITH SHORT TROUSERS.

fidels from the Holy Land, and recover the tomb of the Saviour, were also commenced during this period. Then the members of the royal family were squabbling among themselves; the nobles were at swords' points, not only with one another, but also with the king himself; and to add to the general hurly-burly, France and several other foreign states were on the constant watch to give assistance to every plot or rebellion that was started in the little kingdom across the Channel. During this fighting period every man who was capable of drawing a broadsword, and who was not a yeoman, went about incased from head to foot in stout armor. Some dress had now to be designed that could be worn comfortably under this metal sheathing.

The result was the adoption of a short coat and tight-fitting pantaloons that reached from the waist to the ankles. This looks like a plain and simple dress; but if we could peek into one of the court levees of this period, we would see, when the knight lays aside his hot and heavy armor to join the festivities, that he has gratified his love of finery by having his clothes made of the finest silks and linens, and of the most startling colors. His coat is of one color, his sleeves of another, and his pantaloons of still another. Sometimes he has one leg of his pantaloons green and the other red. And on top of this, he cross-garters himself with ribbons of still other colors. This patchwork suit may seem very foolish to us, but we should not expect much sartorial sense from a people who were accustomed to wear nightcaps but no nightgowns.

Events in history often bring about very strange results. Thus the bloody and disastrous crusades that England waged against the infidels in the Holy Land, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, resulted in the introduction of many gay and giddy styles into British dress. In their long marches across Europe the crusaders had become acquainted with many odd styles of dress, and in the Holy Land they had learned to love the dazzling splendor of the Oriental silks and velvets. The result was that when the knight returned from the wars and put off his armor, he became a

fop. To be gay and striking was the aim of every man of fashion. The dress that by its gaudiness finally gained the popular approval was one composed of an immense series of puffs and slashes. Through these slashes shone brilliant silks of many different colors. This fantastic dress, however, had one merit: it introduced a new style of trousers. The innovation consisted in the trousers ending at the knee, the legs from the knee down being incased in a separate article of clothing that became known as "stockings." When we look at these elaborate costumes made of costly stuffs, we may wonder how the nobles could have afforded them; but, as a wise man has remarked (though I won't say how authentically), "Those were indeed the good old times: whenever a knight saw his creditors approaching he simply pulled up his drawbridge."

While the barons and their military retainers had been exterminating each other on the field of battle, the merchants and craftsmen had been steadily at work piling up the golden ducats, so that by the beginning of the sixteenth century they formed a large and influential part of the country's population. All that they wanted was a period of peace in which they could comfortably spend and enjoy their wealth. Bluff King Hal, who succeeded to the throne about this time, was a jolly monarch with no love for strife, and just the kind of a king the people wanted. The wars were now ended for



IN THE DAYS OF DOUBLET AND HOSE.



THE CAVALIER.

tude, they puffed out their trunk-hose to such an extent that one contemporary wit said of them: "They are almost capable of a bushel of wheat, and if they be of sackcloth they would serve to carry malt to the mill."

A half century later these merry times were brought to an untimely end by the accession to the throne of Bloody Mary. The cherished object of this monarch was to make her own religion supreme in England. A terrible persecution ensued. Over two hundred and seventy-five persons suffered death at the stake. In the face of such barbarities, merry-making went out of fashion. The people became grave and apprehensive; and no wonder, for no man knew but what it would be his turn next. The brilliantly colored puffed suits disappeared, and in their place was worn a somber-colored suit consisting of a short tunic and small trunk-hose.

When this misguided monarch fell ill of a lingering fever, it is very doubtful if there was much grieving among her subjects; at any rate, when she at last died, the people joyfully welcomed the accession of the new monarch. When Queen Elizabeth took up the reins of government, happiness and prosperity once more spread throughout the kingdom. It was in these days that England's trade, led by those renowned voyagers, Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake, began to stretch to the remotest corners of the globe. Money flowed into Britain's coffers,

and the Britishers spent it freely. The nobility maintained large retinues of knights, squires, household retainers, and servants, and entertained royally every day. At an entertainment given the queen by the Earl of Leicester, the most astonishing prodigality was displayed. Among other sumptuous details, it was reported that three hundred and sixty-five hogsheads of beer were consumed. The cardinal of the realm had in his household over five hundred persons. Magnificent dress was the natural accompaniment of this style of living. A gentleman's clothes were made of rich satins and velvets of divers hues. His sleeves were puffed out until the shape of his arm was entirely hidden; his doublet was stuffed from the shoulders down to the waist; and his trunk-hose were enormously padded from the thigh to the knee; this whole suit being elaborately slashed so as to show the rich linings beneath. That glory of the Elizabethan days—the starched ruff—gave the finishing touch to a costume that was already so stiff and padded that if a knight were unfortunate enough to drop his hat or his cane, he had to call for a servant to pick it up for him.



THE ROUNDHEAD.

These monstrously puffed clothes became even greater in size during the reign of the following monarch, for James I., being a timid king and fearful of assassination, looked with great favor upon these padded clothes as a defense against the dirk or stiletto. To extend these clothes to this preposterous size, rags, wool, hair, and bran were used, until an embarrassing accident befell a certain prominent lord of the realm. Arising from his bench to address a crowded House of



THE DUTCH COSTUME.



IN QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN.

speaker instantly lost his lordly bearing, and turning, ran for the door, his shriveled hose flapping about his legs. After this, a wire apparatus like women's skirt-hoops was used to extend the hose.

To such an excess was this full-blown style of clothes carried that all of a sudden it burst. From pads and ruffs and wire frames, fashion suddenly veered around to a simple, easy, and graceful style. It was no longer the ambition of a gentleman to appear as fat and burly as padding and stiffening could make him. It was now his object to be slim, graceful, and elegant. His dress became a close-fitting doublet, petticoat-breeches, boots with wide, flapping tops, and a short cape. This suit was tastefully ornamented with delicate lace and embroidery. Altogether this is considered the best era of dress in England.

But, unfortunately, there soon began to grow throughout the kingdom those troubles which finally ended in the civil war of the Covenanters. England divided itself into two great factions: on the one side were the Cavaliers, who supported King Charles in his effort to run both the state and the church according to his own sweet will; and on the other side were the Roundheads, who were fighting for a free Parliament and the right to worship in their

Lord's, a projecting nail tore a hole in his trunk-hose. With a proud bearing suitable to his lordly dignity, he strutted to the front of the chamber to make his speech, the brain meanwhile pouring through the tear in his hose. The assembly broke into a roar of laughter.

Discovering the catastrophe that had befallen him, the

churches as they saw fit. So fierce and high did party feeling run that no marriages or even commercial dealings of any kind were permitted to take place between the members of the hostile factions. While these Roundheads were men fighting for a good cause, yet they were of a gloomy temperament, with a faith of such rigid severity that it permitted no recreations except such as were to be gotten out of hymn-singing and psalmistry. The Cavaliers were generally men of birth and fortune, and were gay and free in their manner. These tempers were reflected in their clothes. The austere Roundhead, under his stiff, broad-brimmed, steep-crowned hat, wore his hair closely cropped.

His clothes were made of some somber-colored cloth, and both his doublet and his hose were as plain and simple as his wife or his mother could cut them. There were no laces or jewels or ribbons about him; it is even said that he wore his hat without a hatband. The Cavalier, partly from taste and partly to ridicule the excessively somber dress of the Roundhead, dressed himself in the most elaborate and foppish style. He wore a shirt of the finest linen, trimmed with lace, a soft silk doublet, a broad point-lace collar, short breeches ornamented with fringe and bunches of ribbons of several colors on either side, and boots with broad, flapping tops trimmed with ruffles of lace.

This exquisite wore feathers in his hair and patches on his face, and had his hair tied with ribbons into love-locks. Even the lily of the field, in all its proverbial glory, could not equal one of these.

But, like spring lilies before a belated snow-storm, these dandies entirely disappeared during the severe Commonwealth which



FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY.



UNDER THE GEORGES.

the Roundheads finally succeeded in establishing. When, however, the Commonwealth fell, and Charles II. was restored to his throne, they blossomed forth again in all their first glory.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century, the old line of kings was supplanted by a sovereign whom the English imported from Holland to govern them. King William brought with him from his native land the Dutch fashion of dress — plain, dignified, and picturesque; and as Englishmen just then had something more important than the style of their dress to think about, this simple costume was adopted throughout the land.

The Dutch fashion of dress, however, had not been many years resident in England before the tailors and the hatters and the haberdashers, by putting a touch here and another touch there, gradually made an entirely new fashion of it. The broad-brimmed hat became doubled up into the cocked hat; the long hair was supplanted by the powdered wig; the square-cut coat and waistcoat became finely embroidered; the loose, baggy breeches were narrowed down to close-fitting knee-breeches; and the plain woolen hose were changed for delicately colored silk stockings. It was in this costume that Beau Nash, perhaps better known as the "King of Bath," and his many imitators disported themselves. To any man of fashion dressing was an important matter that received daily at least several hours of serious and undivided attention. The beaux even had a club where they met to compare costumes, and to decide whether a blue or a claret or a brown coat should be the "proper thing" for the coming season.

About the close of the last century, that tremendous social upheaval, the French Revolution, shook Europe from end to end. After patiently bearing for centuries the wicked burden of a corrupt and extravagant upper class and a pompous and idle clergy, the people

seemed suddenly to realize their power. "'How is all this pomp supported?' they asked of each other. 'Out of the sweat of the people!' was wrathfully answered." And then "the five-and-twenty savage millions, amid smoke as of Tophet, confusion as of Babel, noise as of the crack of doom," fell upon every one and everything that represented or stood for the old system of injustice and serfdom. In their relentless fury, nothing was spared; men and women alike were carried by shouting mobs to the guillotine. Even the little dauphin, a lad of eight, was thrust into a foul prison, where "for more than a year he had no change of shirt or stockings," and where he at last died from neglect and suffering. In fear and trembling at the power of the people, the aristocrats threw away their silken knee-breeches and powdered



FORTY YEARS AGO — AND TO-DAY.

wigs, and put on unpretentious clothes. "'Don't kill us,' they cried; 'we are the same as you; do we not dress alike? Are not our clothes as simple as yours?'" Men now wore their own hair, short, plain, and unpowdered. The wide skirts of the coats were cut down to long tails, and the knee-breeches were lengthened to the ankle and became pantaloons.

It was a noisy farewell that the world gave to the frippery of the last century; and after that wild burst of savage spirits, it settled down in a fairly quiet way to do the work of this busy nineteenth century. As time has passed, clothes — at least, men's clothes — have become more and more somber in both cut and color.

At the present day their costume has been reduced to something like a uniform. To business a man wears a cutaway or sack-suit, and in the evening a black long-tailed coat with a low-cut waistcoat. The length of his coat-tails and the cut of his waistcoat are both dictated by fashion, and every man's clothes are like his neighbors'.

Of course, we have become used to our clothes

and our vanity makes us think that they are the most artistic and sensible that the world has yet seen. But every age has thought the same thing. While we may laugh at the men of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in their wonderfully puffed clothes, it is very likely that if they could rise up out of their graves they would have an equally good laugh at us. "What is the matter?" they would ask. "Have you had some great national calamity, that all your men should be dressed in dismal black, like a lot of mourners? And that box that you wear on your heads and call a high hat —

surely that must be very hot and uncomfortable? But your trousers," and here these old-timers would burst into a merry ha-ha, "Why, they are the worst of all; they make your legs look like sawed-off posts!"

Some one has said that when the archæologists of the future dig up one of our bronze statues in trousers, they will have no need to go further to find what a rusty age this has been. But what style of trousers will these future archæologists be wearing? That, alas! is asking a question that Father Time, in his mysterious flight, alone can answer.



A BOAST FULFILLED.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

"JUST watch me," said the grasshopper,
Preparing for a flight;
"I feel so vigorous to-day,
I 'll jump clear out of sight!"

I watched him as he rose in air.
He kept his word, no doubt,
For down he came into a stream
Where lived a hungry trout.

THE MIDNIGHT FLYER AND THE PRESIDENT'S SPECIAL.

(A railroad story, written and illustrated by a boy thirteen years old.)

BY ARMOUR P. PAYSON.

THE wind was blowing great guns, and it was more like a cloud-burst that kept it company than anything else, when the Midnight Flyer, a solid vestibuled train of eight cars, pulled out of the terminal depot for the run west at 12:05 A.M., Mountain Time, with Bill Stanley at the throttle, John Marron at the "scoop," and Joe, Stanley's son of fifteen, on the left side of the cab.

The boy was wild about locomotives, and had, after much trouble, persuaded his father to let him ride in the cab from the end of the division to the first stop, one hundred miles west, where they lived.

Fortunately, the wind was with them, and they were able to keep to the schedule. The train was composed of a baggage-car, two mail cars, a compartment car, and four "sleepers," all of which were full. The locomotive was of the larger eight-wheeled "American" type, and had no trouble with her heavy load, as she had just come from the repair-shop.

Stanley, Marron, the conductor, and all the train-hands were cautioned, before leaving, about a Special which was to start fifteen minutes after them. "All the officials of this division and the president of the road are on board, so look out that she is not forgotten if you have to stop for anything," said the despatcher; and Billy, in answer to the conductor's signal, opened the throttle, and they moved slowly out into the wind and downpour.

The cab was nearly all closed in, but Marron had to leave the canvas half-way up, so as to be able to shovel in the coal, and as the wind was with them, it blew in under the curtain, and put out the gage-lamp on top of the boiler, leaving the cab in total darkness. After John had, with much difficulty, lighted it twice, Bill suggested that, if the steam seemed low, he

could pull the curtain all the way down and strike a match to look at the pointer; so the lamp, left to itself, promptly went out again, and, save for the dazzling glare when the door was opened and a scoopful of coal thrown into the flames, there was no light in the cab.

"I wonder how fast we 're goin' now, an' if the Special 's comin' much quicker than we 're running," said Joe, after the city had been left behind twenty miles.

"We 're going at about forty-five miles an hour now, I guess," replied Stanley, shouting to be heard above the roar of the locomotive and the storm outside; "an' as fer the Special, her speed 'll depend on the engine, an' the runner, an' the importance o' th' president's business, as well as on *us*." He reached for the cord and blew a long blast on the whistle, at the same time shutting the throttle, and applying the air-brakes lightly, for they were approaching a way-station, and the train was required to be under full control. Joe rang the bell until they had gone by the little station, and a short, loud rumble showed that the crossing had been passed, when his father pulled out the throttle again, and resumed his interrupted talk:

"Yes, I guess we 're makin' about forty-five or fifty miles now, an' I don't believe the Special 'll run much higher 'n that. If they intended her to run faster 'n our train, they 'd hev sent her out ahead."

They were whirling rapidly down a short but steep grade, and John was seated on the box, while the boy was farther front, on the movable seat between the boiler and window. The rain had somewhat abated, but the wind had increased in violence.

As they took a short curve Marron yelled out: "Whoa, Billy!" and the engineer grasped

the rope again, and sent two wild blasts out into the night as the recognition of a signal, while he put the brakes on hard and sanded the rails. Five hundred feet ahead was a red light swung horizontally over the tracks by a man who was directly in the path of the Flyer. As the train drew nearer, the three in the cab discerned a group of men standing at one side, and the next moment the powerful headlight,

stepped nearer and held the muzzle of a cocked revolver to Stanley's left temple. Then, before the engineer had time to do anything, the outlaw reached past him, and closed the throttle. The other, knowing only that the little brass lever at his hand controlled the brakes, pushed it into the "emergency-stop" position, and in five seconds they had come to a standstill. The big fellow, seizing a monkey-wrench that



THE MIDNIGHT FLYER IN THE STORM.

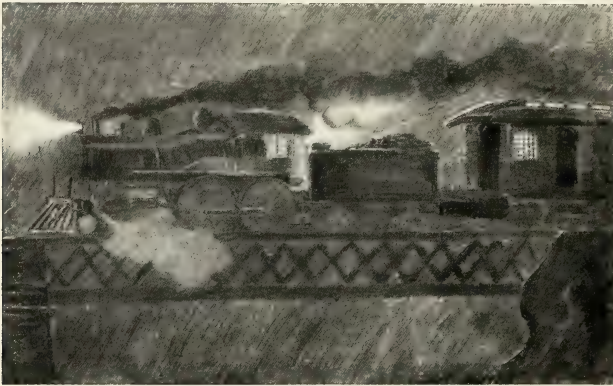
with the aid of the signal, showed all of the group to be masked and armed! "Robbers!" exclaimed the fireman. "Pull out! Pull out, Billy, for your life!" And almost before the words were uttered Billy released the brakes and "yanked" viciously on the throttle. But it was too late. Two of the men sprang into the cab, and, covering Bill with their weapons, yelled to him to stop. The engineer was undecided. One of the men, the larger of them,

was lying near at hand, shouted: "Why did n't you do what I told you?" at the same time bringing the wrench down on poor Stanley's head.

He uttered a cry, and then fell over against the boiler, unconscious. The robber dropped the tool, and, pulling the engineer down to the gangway, bound and gagged him. Then the outlaw climbed off the engine, bidding his companion tie the fireman securely, and gag him.

Joe, who in the confusion had not been seen in his secluded place, slipped off his seat and crouched down on the floor between the boiler and the side of the cab, completely

jumped to his feet, stepped back, and leaped across the cab, landing on the box on the right side. Leaning far forward, he found the throttle in the dark, and opened it carefully. He



CROSSING THE HIGH TRESTLE AT FULL SPEED.

hidden by the darkness. One of the men still remained on the engine.

Suddenly the thought of the Special flashed through the boy's mind! He realized that she would be due in five or ten minutes if the Flyer's speed had been maintained by her. As she was an "extra" she was not down on the time-card, and the robbers did not know of her approach. "Look out that she is not forgotten if you have to stop for anything." The despatcher's words flew through his mind, and he remembered why she was not to be forgotten. The two train-loads were to be saved, and the saving of them rested now on Joe's shoulders. Although, in his crouched position, he was within almost an inch of the hot boiler, yet he was shivering—not, however, with cold, but with excitement.

Just then a shot, shouts, and sounds of a stiff struggle were borne to him on the wind. He heard the man who had stayed in the cab climb clumsily down and run back to his companions to help in overpowering the train-hands. They were making resistance.

Remembering the Special again, the boy

glanced at the ground. They were moving slowly! A proud joy surged over the lad, for it was his own hand that was making those eight cars and the huge locomotive move! He gave her some more steam; she started off in dead earnest, and the next moment they were out of danger!

The trainmen, on purpose, had gradually led the robbers away from the engine as they fought; but the criminals did not notice this, nor Joe's actions, for all their thoughts and energies were concentrated on the one object of overpowering their enemies. As they were to windward of the train, the sound of the exhaust was carried away from them, and the cars had moved some distance before the alarm was given. They immediately started off in pursuit of the escaping booty, leaving the train-hands. But they soon saw that it was of no use to follow the train any longer, and then it was that they realized how foolish they had been. Older rascals would probably have kept cooler, and guarded those who might escape and give an alarm; but these were new at the business, and this was their first big

attempt. Needless to say, when they returned for the employees of the railroad, none were to be found, and as it would be folly to hunt for them in the storm, the robbers mounted their horses, which had been left picketed near the scene of the hold-up, and escaped, for they knew the alarm would soon be given.

The reader may think it improbable that a boy like Joe could manage a train like the *Flyer*. But, as I said at first, he was very much interested in locomotives, and, as his father was an engine-driver, he had ample opportunity to study the working of the wonderful machine. Long before Stanley held the position of engineer of the *Midnight Flyer*, he had allowed the lad occasionally to run the local passenger-train which he had charge of, but, of course, under his supervision. The old saying, "Practice makes perfect," was illustrated in the case of Joe. A locomotive engineer recently said to me, "A boy could read about engines all his life, but unless he saw them actually worked, he'd never be worth anything on them." So Billy's son, from a little experience, almost naturally tested the water and kept an eye on the steam-gage. After running some minutes, he found the water was below the second of the three gage-cocks which on every locomotive show the height of the water in the boiler. By opening the lowest he ascertained whether the water had fallen below that point, for if it had, the steam, which always covers the surface of the water, would escape. There would then be danger of "burning" those parts of the engine exposed to the fire, because there would not be water enough left to cover them. He was glad to find the lowest covered; but as the second was not he turned on the injector, thus forcing a supply from the tank in the tender into the boiler. Soon the middle gage-cock was covered, and then he shut off the flow of water, for he knew that he had enough to last, with the heavy train, for about eight miles.

They were approaching a trestle over which all trains were required to be run at ten miles an hour. As they neared this, Joe shut off steam; but although he knew that the slide-valve, controlling the admission of steam into the cylinder, was likely to suffer if the stroke was cut so

short with the engine running without steam, he dared not unhook the reverse-lever for fear that he could never get it back again where it was; for this lever, being attached to the eccentric-rods and heavy links, is very hard to move, especially when the engine is in motion. He applied the brakes lightly, but the train seemed to fly even faster than before! Then they struck the trestle, and the boy felt the light structure swing under him as they thundered across. Every second he feared they were gone, but it was all over in no time, and he found everything running all right. Releasing the brakes, he pulled out the throttle until it was wide open once more.

Then his thoughts turned suddenly on his father and Marron. Stepping to the deck, he hastily untied the fireman, who was just regaining consciousness. Together they freed Stanley, but the engineer was still senseless. They lifted him to the box on the left side and carefully tied him, so that he would not fall over if the engine rocked or tipped on curves. Then Joe bound his handkerchief around Stanley's head to prevent loss of blood from the wound inflicted by the wrench. "You get over there," said John, pointing to the right, after this had been done; "you get over there, and keep a lookout ahead, Joe." "She needs some coal," was the reply, as the boy obeyed. "I know it; I'm goin' to try to give her some if I can, but I'm terribly lame." He swung open the furnace door and peered in. The fire was burning low, and the pointer in the steam-gage stood at one hundred and ten — she carried one hundred and eighty pounds to the square inch before blowing off at the safety-valve. Steadying himself, the fireman grasped the shovel, and, with great difficulty, managed to throw in a number of scoopfuls of fuel. The gage responded at once, for she was a first-class "steamer," and in a short while she was up to one hundred and sixty. Bidding Joe be seated on the box across from his father, Marron stepped up to the throttle and took a look ahead. Then, testing the water, he found that she had two gages. The air-gage showed the proper pressure for applying the brakes. The steam-heater for the cars had only forty pounds; he put on a little more, for the cars had to be kept warm. Then,

turning round, he held out his hand to the boy who was seated just behind him.

"Joe," he said, "I never can thank you enough for what you have done for me to-night." They gripped hands heartily and John, turning again to the rails, settled down.

Suddenly Bill seemed to revive. He looked about in a dazed fashion, and struggled vainly to free himself. "The Special! The Special!" he cried: "Marron! She 'll hit us sure! Who tied me down this way?" Joe with two bounds was beside his father. "Daddy! daddy!" he shouted; "we 're all safe, and the Special 'll never catch us, for John's runnin' us!" "Why, Joe!" said the engineer, quieting down for a moment, "was it you who saved us?" Then the wild, delirious tone was resumed: "But untie these ropes, and let me over there where Marron is. Hurry up!" "Shall I loose him, John?" shouted the boy. For answer the fireman stepped back from beside the boiler and jumped to the side. The next moment Stanley was freed, and, once more in his right mind, he climbed eagerly over to the right side, and catching the throttle, he leaned far out of the window to get the refreshing breeze, for the storm had passed and the air was clearing.

As they approached the end of Billy's run, he looked over the big shiny boiler at the two silent figures dimly outlined in the darkness. "Well, John," he said, "if it had n't 'a' been for Joe, we would n't be here now. If the Special had ever struck us there on Jackson's grade, we 'd 'a' gone like a bundle o' matches, an' nothin' on this earth could 'a' stopped us." He pushed the throttle slowly shut, and tried again and again to lift the latch of the reverse-lever from the notch in which it stood. Finally it snapped up, and the lever flung itself forward. With a great effort, he turned half round in his seat, and put a trembling left hand on the engineer's valve, which controls the air-brakes, and, weak as he was, the one hundred and eight brake-shoes obeyed his touch, and crept, gently at first, but with an ever-increasing pressure, on one hundred and eight wheel-treads, till at last the train drew up under the great

roof of the outer station, and a whistle of escaping air, running down the scale with an ear-piercing sharpness, showed the brakes released.

It was as Marron had expected: When Bill had finished his duty he collapsed again; but John was ready for him, and the engineer fell into his fireman's arms. They carried him into the depot amid a silent crowd of railroad men, and Joe briefly told the story. A relief train was made ready in ten minutes to return to see what had become of the Flyer's trainmen who had been left behind, and to find out if the Special was all right. The engineer had just received the signal to start, when there, coming down the line with a reverberating thunder, was the Special, her headlight illuminating her path, and her brakes screeching.

When she had arrived, and after Joe's story had been told to the president, he said: "We picked the brakemen up on Jackson's grade. They put three torpedoes on the track, and got aboard when we had stopped. Two were wounded, having been shot by the villains. Fortunately, they will recover. The rest are suffering under a severe strain, but will pull through all right. I assure you that all those who deserve credit and reward will receive them."

It was some time before Will Stanley was again out of the house; but the day he reported for work, he received an order bidding him and his boy to come to the general superintendent's office. On arriving there, he and Joe found assembled those officials who had ridden that wild night of the "hold-up" behind the Midnight Flyer. A little speech was made by the president, Stanley was put on as engineer of the Day Flyer, and to Joe was presented a fat purse, and a beautiful gold watch on which was engraved:

Presented by President Clarke and officials of the W. S. & K. R. R. to Joseph Stanley, in grateful remembrance of his heroic actions on the night of April 3, 1895.

And as Joe returned home with his father, he smiled and said: "Daddy, we got rewarded well, but I would n't go through that experience again for a good deal, would you?"

And Billy agreed with him.

JYMN, TYMN, SYMN, AND MYMN.

BY GRACE FRASER.

JYMN Pymn, Jymn Pymn, Had no learning and could n't spell "hymn"; But he had a hat with a wide, wide brymn, Had a pair of glasses, for his eyes were dymn, Had an awful accident and broke a lymn; Had a very thin son—called him Tymn, Had a very thick son—called him Symn, Had a daughter Miriam, and called her Mymn;	Had a little dairy where the milk she 'd skymn, Filling up the pans to the rymn, rymn, rymn; When she 'd done her dairying her dress she 'd trymn, The better to bedeck her form so slymn. What a happy family, full of vymn, Jymn, Tymn, Symn, and slymn Mymn Pymn!
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THE JUNIOR CUP.

BY ALLEN FRENCH.

[This story was begun in the June number.]

CHAPTER V.

THE boys all started to their feet at the cry, and, motionless, strained their eyes across the moonlit valley. The shelter moving? It seemed secure as the mountain whereon it rested. Some of the boys looked to Mr. Holmes for an explanation of his assertion. But still he gazed, pointing, and as they turned to look again, a sound like the first faint breath of a storm was wafted to them across the ravine. Still there the little house remained, visible clearly on the distant ridge; yet—was it indeed so? The bare summit still gleamed in the moonlight, secure in its altitude as the bottom of the sea, but the mountain-side that seemed so firm, the shelter, the scrub about it, the taller trees, thousands of them—were they not moving?

It was a landslide. Slowly it began, but quickly it ended. With the rush and the roar of a thousand cataracts, it swept down into the valley. Hundreds of acres, loosed from their foundations, trees, dirt, and stones in fearful

career, plowed their way through the opposing forest. Nothing could withstand the impetus. The trees were planed like splinters from a board, while, crashing, the mass passed over the spot where they had stood. Trees were hurled like sticks, boulders smote upon each other and broke, and giant pines and spruces, caught in the mill of stones, were crushed to pulp and ground into the dirt. A din arose in the ravine commensurate with the destruction, and the roar of the landslide, rising from the narrow place, told to the other mountains, miles away, the loss and the trouble of one. Quickly it was over. While the boys stood rooted, half stunned by the dreadful sight and the fearful noise, the whole vast mass of destruction lodged in the bottom of the valley. Boulders and heavy trees for a minute more came crashing down the slide; the sound for a minute still roared in the narrow place, as if from its heart the mountain was crying for its hurt. But then the uproar ceased.

Of those that stood and looked, Mr. Holmes was the first to move. He turned and sought Chester, and drew him to his side. "My dear

boy," he said, and all heard him, "who was I to reproach you, when the hand of Providence was in your action? But for you we should all lie there below, under a thousand tons of rock!"

The boys shook themselves free from the spell of the dreadful sight. "It is true," they cried, crowding around. "But for Chester we should have been in the shelter, and should have been killed!"

Some came to Chester, and, laughing nervously, insisted on shaking his hand and thanking him for saving their lives. Others looked down again at the bottom of the ravine, where the moon, as it rose higher, showed the great heap of ruin. Mr. Holmes called them all to him at last. "It is late," he said, "and we must start with the earliest light. They have been watching from the camp for the light of our fire, and perhaps they have seen and heard the landslide. In the morning Mr. Dean, with his spy-glass, will be able to see even that the shelter has been destroyed. We must hurry back to let him know that we are safe. So to bed now, boys, and rest for to-morrow's walk!"

Chester's sleep was broken; he dreamed of bears and landslides, and fancied himself walking for hours alone along a mountain-side. He waked in the morning at the first light. Voices were whispering near him, and rising on his elbow, he saw George Tenney and Jim Pierce just taking leave of Mr. Holmes. "They are going," he said to himself, "to take to the camp the news that we are safe." Sleep was over for him, and rising, he helped Mr. Holmes to light the fire. Familiar with the mountain, Mr. Holmes led the way to a spring, and in the pail which they had brought with them they made coffee for the rest of the boys, who, waking one by one, rose with yawns, and stood about, sleepily watching, or looked at the landslide and wondered at it. All ate breakfast standing.

In the morning light the destruction of the evening before was painfully visible. The terrible space above, bare to the living rock; the clean-swept path next beneath, where the mass had passed; the piled wreckage in the valley below, where roots and trees and dirt and giant boulders lay mixed with one another — all these

were clear to the eye of day with shuddering certainty. The boys looked with wonder — no, more, with awe and gratitude — down upon that ruin, and thought how easily it might have happened to them to lie buried in that enormous sepulcher. They were kind, therefore, to Chester — gave him the best of the breakfast, spoke to him of the bear, and told, so that he should hear, how glad they were that he had missed the path.

A few hours of walking put the boys again in camp, welcomed and wondered at by their relieved companions. For as they sat at the edge of the hill that overlooked the lake, and watched for the red light that was to be the signal, the boys in camp had seen, on the moonlit mountain, the dark forest swept away to show the bright gravel and the glistening rocks, and had heard the mighty noise of the slide. Comforting themselves as best they could with the idea that since the others had not signaled perhaps they were not on that part of the mountain at all, they had waited till the morning, when the advent of the two big boys removed all doubt from their minds. The boys were received with acclamation, none more than Chester, whose adventure with the bear, and whose providential mistake that rescued the whole party, called upon him special honor.

But a new spirit had come over the boy, infused into him in some way by these last experiences. He put aside, as well as he could, any credit for either rescue or bear. For his mind was set, now, by the events of the summer. His first rebellion, when they wished to duck him; his great mistake in choosing Marshall for a companion; the suspicion that had been cast upon him, and that seemed not yet to be removed; and finally, the kind yet resolute words of Mr. Holmes blaming him for his actions — these thoughts neither the applause of the boys nor his own weaker nature could thrust out of his mind. His better part seized and held to them, like bitter medicine that yet might do him good. He was resolved not to comfort himself with any undeserved credit, and he determined never again to make the mistakes that would cut him off from his hope of an honorable position in the camp. And so his think-

ing mind, which Mr. Holmes had the wisdom to trust, was working its way from darkness to light.

The words of Mr. Holmes, the next morning, showed Chester how he could redeem himself in his own eyes, and turned what had been only a vague desire into a real and vigorous purpose.

"I wish to remind the boys," said Mr. Holmes, as he rose in his seat at the breakfast-table, "that it is time to commence training for the prize cups. As most of you know, there is one water-event for the Cup, the mile swim, which may be accomplished at any time before the day of the sports, provided that a proper timer goes in the boat. I am pleased to announce," he observed parenthetically, "that Marshall Moore made the mile swim yesterday, with Mr. Dean as timekeeper, in forty-five minutes and twenty seconds, which is one of the best records ever made by one of the Junior Class. And there are six land-events," Mr. Holmes resumed,— "the two dashes, the two jumps, the hurdle race, and putting the shot. We shall begin to-day to put the track in order, and I advise you all to begin training to-morrow."

* Chester heard without dismay the news of the performance of his rival; but he heard with disappointment the announcement that, on account of many things which would keep him busy, Mr. Holmes would not be able to train the boys himself. George Tenney and Jim Pierce, Mr. Holmes said, would be glad to assist any boy that came to them for help; but Chester could not think of asking them to help him. It seemed to him, therefore, at that very moment that the Cup was lost to him; but with the tenacity of purpose which he inherited from his father, he said to himself: "I will try, anyway!" And, to begin with, he resolved to help at the work of putting the track in order.

Much comfort did he take, that morning, in the society of the Rat, who joined him in the work, and for two hours helped him push the roller around and around the oval track. Then George and Jim, who had been marking and measuring, supervising and directing, ordered the two boys to the lake for their swim, and gave the roller into the hands of two others.

Chester was pleased at even so much notice from the big boys, and Rawson was proud. "Did you see," he asked, "that they saw we were doing good work? They are not so much down on you as you imagine. They'll tell you how to train, if only you ask them."

"Not yet, at least," answered Chester.

"Oh, Chester, you must beat Marshall!" said the little fellow, eagerly.

"I'll try," said Chester.

He worked steadily at his swimming, his running, and his jumping, for a week. At the end of that time he accomplished the Island swim, with Mr. Holmes, who came to the lake whenever he could, in the boat that accompanied him. As he gained staying-power in the water, so also he gained it on the land, and found that each day he could run a farther distance on the track, or a shorter distance at greater speed than before. In the impromptu contests that were arranged day after day, he measured himself with one after another of the Juniors, and found that his perseverance was winning, and that he was sure in the end of beating them all—all except Marshall, whose splendid build and excellent development, and whose advantage in age, seemed to put him almost beyond competition. Though he and Chester never ran together, but always avoided each other, he beat with seeming ease the boys that Chester could beat with difficulty. Especially in those events where skill counted more than strength—in the hurdles and in the jumps—he seemed unapproachable. As day followed day, and Chester watched the boy whom he felt to be his only rival, he repeated to himself more and more often that Marshall would win the Cup.

Not Chester alone, but another boy also, was troubled by the same thought. The little Rat, whose sturdy frame fitted him for all feats of endurance, yet not for agility or speed, watched with a critical eye Chester's efforts at self-instruction. "He does n't do it right," he muttered to himself, as he watched his friend, with lumbering gait, leaping the hurdles. And again, "He does n't do it right," he would say to himself, as he watched Chester trying to hurl himself over the bar. His own acquaintance with athletics, on account of his school

life, was intimate, and he distinguished at a glance Chester's clumsy efforts from the easy performance of Marshall. Cool-headed and shrewd, he comforted himself with no vain hopes, but said to himself with increasing assurance, "Marshall will win the Cup."

Yet there was no question that Chester would be second in the struggle, and perhaps would make a close second, after all, if he could only be taught. Rawson himself could not instruct in what he could not do; he had not yet trained his eye to distinguish minor faults, for he was only a little boy, and could not say to Chester, "In this you are wrong; do it this other way." Instead, he realized with disquiet that his friend, for all his endeavors, was only confirming himself in certain faults that would insure his defeat.

Only one thing could save him, and Rawson decided to make an effort for it. "See here, Chester," he said one day, "come out rowing with me."

Chester looked affectionately at his little friend. "But this is no day for a row," he objected; "it is too windy."

"Oh, yes! it's good enough," said Rawson; "it's only flawed. There are no high waves."

So, since they had both swum to the island and could use a boat without asking permission, they took one at the boat-house, and rowed out into the middle of the lake. There Rawson rested on his oars, and looked at Chester.

"I want to talk to you," he said.

"I know you do," said Chester. "That's what you brought me out here for. So go ahead."

"Well," said the Rat, and then he paused for words. At last he blurted out: "Chester, how are you going to win the Junior Cup?"

"I don't know," said Chester, and immediately became gloomy. He sat for some time without saying anything, but then at last he said: "I know very well that my chance is mighty small, when I look at Marshall going over the hurdles or clearing the bar, and then compare myself with him. I think I could push him hard in the hundred yards or the quarter-mile, but in those other things — in the hurdles and the jumps — I am absolutely useless, and I have no chance. It's awfully good of you,

Rawson," and he reached out and touched the other's knee, "to bother about me. But it's no use, and though I'm not going to give up trying, I know it's no use. I'll just get beaten, and laughed at, and I suppose it'll do me good."

"No one is going to laugh at you," said Rawson. "But, Chester," he added with hesitation, "there is one way that perhaps will help."

"What is that?"

"You can ask the big boys to train you."

There was silence in the boat, while Rawson, as the wind drifted them nearer the shore, took the oars again and pulled for a while. Then he added, "There they are now, over there."

Chester looked and saw the one sailboat of the camp, a large yacht-tender in which a mast could be stepped, sailing by the distant shore.

"Well," he said, after a while, "I know that way. But I have given those fellows enough trouble this summer; and they have never really forgiven me because I went with Marshall, even though I do not go with him any more."

"I know," said Rawson, who yet did not know of the suspicion that still rested upon Chester; "and that's funny to me, for it is not like them. They are nicer fellows than you think, Chester."

"I know they're nice," said Chester; "and I know that I was very foolish when I first came to camp. I know lots of things now that I did n't a month ago — and I know this," he added gloomily: "that when once you've made mistakes, it takes a mighty long time to make up for them, so that you often get tired trying."

"Don't get tired of it, Chester," said Rawson, earnestly.

"Well, I'm not, yet," said Chester. And again there was silence in the boat, except for the slapping of the waves, as each boy sat busy with his own thoughts. At last Rawson spoke again.

"Now, Chester," he asked, "won't you really ask the big boys to help you? I wish you would."

Chester did not answer at once, but sat studying the boards in the bottom of the rowboat.

"See!" said Rawson, suddenly; "here they are."

Chester looked up, as the larger boat with its big white sail came cutting the water near them. Jim and George sat in her, well to windward, hatless, flushed, and happy. "Hullo, Rawson! Hullo, Chester!" they hailed. "Hullo!" "Hullo!" answered the two boys. They passed within forty feet and rushed by.

"See," said Rawson, his eyes still following the boat, "how friendly they are. Won't you ask them, Chester?"

But while Chester still hesitated, the voice of the other changed to a cry of horror. "Oh!" he cried, "the mast!"

And as Chester tried to turn in his seat, he heard, borne freshly on the wind, the sound of rending wood.

CHAPTER VI.

TURNING quickly, Chester saw that at a little distance, fortunately still very close, the mast and sail were collapsing upon the two boys in the other boat. The mast fell with force, but the sail, inflated with air, fell more slowly. The boat was on the point of capsizing. It was enough to see; he turned to Rawson and cried: "Row!"

But the Rat was already hard at work trying to turn the boat around. Chester helped him, pushing as the other pulled, and the boat immediately gathered headway, and, being light, fairly flew. The thought came to Chester that both George and Jim were good swimmers, but then he cried to himself: "If either has been struck by the mast or caught in the ropes!" And that was exactly what had happened.

For when they were at the side of the upturned boat, only Jim Pierce was in sight, and he, with blood flowing down his forehead, half stunned, was feebly holding on to the boat. The boat itself was upside down, the sail floated wide, and there was no sign of George.

"He is underneath the boat!" cried Rawson, in terror.

"I will go after him," cried Chester; "you attend to Jim." And he prepared to dive. Yet one thought came to him before he went over the side — that perhaps only by cutting could he

set George free, for that he was entangled Chester saw was very likely. So with haste he snatched his jack-knife from his pocket and opened it, and with it in his hand leaped from the boat, his heels high behind him.

It was a clumsy dive in his haste; he felt the water force his arms aside and strike his face so that it smarted. But it was good enough; immediately he was under the boat, and his hands, as he groped about, touched the foot of George. At once he began to feel upward along the legs and body for the ropes entangling him. He found a perfect net of lines across the big boy's body. In the dull light he could see little, for the dome of the boat cut off all direct light, and the other boat and the extended sail combined to shut off reflection. So he worked in the dark, and hacked desperately at the ropes, with knife that was all too dull. But one gave way, and then another, and then a third, and as his head and lungs began to feel like bursting, he felt that George had moved his arm as if it were at last freed. But yet George did not move from his position among the thwarts. It was evident that he was still caught.

With despairing strength Chester reached upward, found one more rope, and cut it through. As it parted he felt with joy that the big boy was beginning to struggle. As he himself pushed downward to clear the gunwale, he saw the outline of George's whole body against the green water. In another moment both were at the surface, gasping in the fresh air, and above them was the other boat, with Rawson in it, reaching over to catch Chester by the collar.

"Oh, I'm all right," gurgled Chester, avoiding Rawson's hand. "Help George!"

"I'm all right," answered George, as he breathed deeply. "Where's Jim?"

"Here in the bottom of my boat," said Rawson.

"I'll get in over the bow," said George, as he seized the boat. "You take the stern, Chester."

Together they clambered into the boat. There lay Jim, his head upon one of the seats, bloody, and dripping, and exhausted, but conscious. He looked at the two as they climbed in, turning his eyes from one to the other.

"I'm all right," he said, "and you're not drowned?"

Then Chester, still breathing violently, saw that George was scarcely more out of breath than himself.

"Why, George," he said, "how could you last so well?"

"There was air under the boat," said George, after a pause, "about two pailfuls, I guess, that got caught under there when we tipped over. When I found I was caught, there I had to stay, crowding my nose up against the bottom. And you did n't come too soon, Chester," he added soberly. "I should have suffocated in another minute. And at the same time, Rawson, it seems, was helping Jim into the boat."

"Yes," said Jim, sitting up at last; "and I was n't very well able to help myself, either."

They sat for a few moments in silence.

"Well," said George, finally, "we'll thank you fellows in due time, but now let's get ashore."

So, picking up all scattered things, and towing sail and mast and capsized boat, they rowed to shore, and at the boat-house emptied out the boat, and put everything in place. It was nearly dinner-time when they were finished, and so Chester said, and started to lead the way up to the camp.

"But wait," said George, detaining him. "Don't you think I have something to say to you after all this?"

"It was nothing," said Chester, flushing.

"Nothing?" said George, while the other two looked on. "Well, perhaps not. But, Chester, I want to clear up everything that has been between us and you, so that we may start fresh. Now let me ask you a question."

"Well," said Chester, with a sense of disquiet, "ask."

George went straight at his point:

"That time when Jim found Marshall eating Archie's candies, and you did not know that he stole them,—do you remember?—it was not the only time that Marshall had taken candy from the little boys. Now, I know that you ate some of the other candy he took. Did you know he stole it?"

"No!" cried Rawson, starting forward. But Jim held him, saying: "Let Chester an-

swer." And so all three stood with their eyes on Chester's face.

The color rose slowly in his cheeks. "If I had supposed you fellows could have thought that of me—" he said, and paused. He spoke with much difficulty.

George took his hand. "That's enough, Chester. I am sorry that I thought it of you," he said. "Excuse me, and let's be friends."

"I will," said Chester, and he squeezed the big boy's hand. And Jim came forward to lay his hand on Chester's shoulder. "I am sorry, too," he said, and added in a moment, looking first at George; "but now that it is all right, perhaps we can show Marshall, before the end of the summer, a thing or two that he will not like."

Chester smiled faintly as he thought of the Junior Cup, but he looked with frankness on his two new friends. "I am not troubled about Marshall any more," he said, "and he can do all he wishes, for all I care. I was n't nice at first, this summer," he added with difficulty, "but ever since then I've wanted more to please you than to do anything else, and if I've done it I'm satisfied!"

And more rose to his lips from his deeply moved heart, but he repressed the words, for a boy, like a man, fears to say all he feels. And boys, like men, are often ashamed to hear open praise, so, though Jim smiled, George turned to Rawson and pulled him forward.

"Come here, little Rat," he said gaily, to hide his embarrassment. "You are a good little Rat—do you know it?—for standing by Chester through thick and thin? There are four of us now. Do you hear, Rat?"

"I hear," said the Rat, laughing, "and I'm glad. And I feel something by which I know it's dinner-time." So they went; but as the big boys took the lead up the path, both wet, and as Chester followed, wet also, Rawson, the only dry one in the party, caught him by the hand and whispered: "It's all right now, Chester, is n't it?" And Chester nodded at him.

Now, for a second time, Chester found himself something of a hero in camp, and this time with no doubtful cause for credit. But he had little time in which to think of it, for George

and Jim took him in hand with an energy and vigor that astonished him — and with a strictness, too, for they claimed absolute control over all his movements: prescribed in the morning the length of his swim, superintended his

some of the old spirit, hot and quick, of which he could not get rid, and of which perhaps it was not best to be rid entirely, for the steel of the best temper takes the best edge. The words, "Not this way; do it so," grew wearisome



"THE BOAT ITSELF WAS UPSIDE DOWN, THE SAIL FLOATED WIDE, AND THERE WAS NO SIGN OF GEORGE."

meals, forbade all sweets, and sent him to bed at night before themselves. Day by day he practised at the lake; and at the track they kept him hard at work running, jumping, putting the shot; one day doing one thing, one another; giving him one day nothing but hard and heavy work, ordering the next nothing but things that called for quickness; directing him to put on his sweater and be quiet sometimes when he felt in best condition and ready for more; at other times keeping him at work till he was ready to drop.

Hardest on his spirit were the constant corrections. Humble as he had become, eager as he was to learn, there yet remained in him

to his ear. Always he was being told, "That is not quite right; you must take more pains." Again and again he was put at the same things, again and again he was admonished for his slowness in learning, until at last he wanted to burst out and cry, "Let me alone!" But the thought of the kindness of his new friends in troubling themselves with him at all, restrained him, and the thought of the possible reward of his work urged him constantly to new patience and fresh endeavors.

And if there had been anything needed to spur him on, it was always present in the sight of Marshall working by himself, clever and persistent, beautifully built, like an antique bronze. The

sight of him flitting over the hurdles roused always in Chester both despair and hope. And if there had been any weakness in himself for his former friend, it was slowly but surely driven from his heart by the sayings, always biting and stinging, that came to him from Marshall's sharp tongue.

Now it was: "Chester has hired George and Jim with marshmallows, and is going to give them photographs of the Cup when he wins it"; and now it was: "Chester is a great mountain-climber and a fine swimmer — *but* he has n't climbed one mountain yet, nor crossed the lake." Now it was a slur upon his batting, now it was a joke upon his diving. Always the boy's

tongue learned to find the boy's heart, and at last Chester was eager to win the Cup, not for the Cup alone, but to beat Marshall.

And George's cheerful words made him think better of his chances of success. "There are seven events," said he, "out of which, to get the Cup, you must win four. Three are surely his, for you never can touch him in the hurdles or the jumps. But I am not so sure that the other four are not yours. At any rate, we are training you just for them. In the hundred and the shot we are sure of you; and the swim and the quarter-mile, if we can only get enough staying-power into you, are yours also.

"Chester, there is hope."

(To be concluded.)



CHESTER AND RAWSON AT WORK ON THE RUNNING-TRACK.

“JOSEPH” AND PHEBE ANN.

BY LUCY H. STURDEVANT.



PHEBE ANN! Phebe Ann! "called a soft, imperative voice up the stairway.

Little Phebe AnnFolgeropened her sleepy eyes, where the dreams seemed to linger all day long, to see the sun streaming in at her window, while the great Portuguese bell in the tower across

the street boomed out six reproachful strokes. It was high time to be up, with a new day begun, full of work and bustle, as Nantucket days were in whaling times, seventy years ago. Phebe Ann tumbled out of bed, and went over to her window, and promptly forgot all about getting up—forgot everything but looking out of the window.

"Phebe Ann!" said the voice again—nearer this time. "What is thee doing?"

"Looking from the window, mother," said Phebe Ann, honestly, and hung her head as she remembered how long she had been at the window.

"It is ever so, dear," said her mother, appearing at the door, spotless and sedate in the Friends' dress, and looking gravely upon her little daughter. "Why should thee? Thee never sees anything different, and thee wastes precious time."

Phebe Ann said nothing, for little girls did not "answer back" in 1830. She only wondered a little, very respectfully, for it seemed to her it was always changing—the view from her window: the gray town, the wharves where the ships rested, the little harbor, the encircling sea, half hidden in the sun-touched mist.

"They are never the same *color*," thought Phebe Ann, and then sighed heavily at her naughtiness, for she had a passion for color, which she thought a deadly sin, and which was sternly repressed by her family. The Folgers were very plain Friends indeed, and the big, square house on Orange Street, whose very shingles seemed grayer than other shingles, was as plain within as without. Mary Folger ruled her household alone most of the time, as whaling-captains' wives had to do, and guided it well and wisely, with a firm but gentle sway, bringing up her children according to the discipline of the Friends, training them to be sober and steadfast, passionless and serene.

Deborah, her oldest child, was her mother over again, sedate and fair; Reuben, the boy, sailed with his father, and could be trusted to him; but Phebe Ann, with her sea-blue eyes and apple-blossom cheeks, had a passionate, beauty-loving nature, that needed strict and careful guiding. Such guiding was quite beyond the comprehension of that small person herself. Though trained to self-control from her cradle, she wept tumultuously when forbidden to dress her doll like Maria Mitchell's, in gay garments such as those worn by the "world's people."

"I have made it my concern," said Mary Folger, who was so gentle that she might have spoiled Phebe Ann had she not been a Friend; "I have waked in the watches of the night regarding it, but I cannot see my way clear to allow thee to do this."

It was very hard for Phebe Ann, who loved her doll Joseph as the apple of her eye, and believed in her, and took her very seriously indeed, as she took everything. No one in that Quaker household guessed why Phebe Ann admired Joseph above all Old Testament heroes, or why she had named her doll after him (the doll Joseph being, above all things, feminine), or why an undeniable right to gay

clothes should go with the name. No one understood these things; nor, on the other hand, could Phebe Ann, through bitter tears, discern that Joseph was gowned in gray for the better training of her own soul. Rebelliously she felt that her mother did not altogether understand Joseph, and wept anew.

Mary Folger shook her head over the tempestuous tears.

"Thee must learn to obey cheerfully," she said. "Take thy seam, and put Joseph away until Fourth-day morning." She shook her head again over the name. "It is not befitting that a female should be known as Joseph," she said, "but thee may have thy way"; and Mary Folger tenderly kissed her weeping daughter.

"Mother," said Deborah, coming in hastily, "Peter Gardner is here, and would speak with thee. He has brought back our letters. He did not sight the 'Hope,' mother, in three years," said Deborah, her voice trembling a little.

"They are in God's hand, my daughter," said Mary Folger, bravely, as became a sailor's wife, and went out, leaving Phebe Ann, who had heard nothing because she was grieving over Joseph.

She dried her eyes presently, and put Joseph away for two days, reflecting the while that if Joseph *were* dressed in gay clothes she could no longer be a preacher in meeting. There was comfort in that thought.

"Still," thought Phebe Ann, shifting with the wind, "I could change back to Friends' dress sometimes, and Joseph likes gay colors. Joseph is a little worldly-minded," said Phebe Ann, shaking her head just the way her mother did. "I will speak to her about it—on Fourth-day."

Fourth-day came soon, and Fifth-day and Sixth-day—all days came quickly, for children were as busy as grown people then, and time flies for busy people. School "kept" all the year, except for the month of August, and lasted six hours a day; for seventy years ago no one had found out that it hurt children to study hard. Phebe Ann's mother thought she did not study hard enough, and Phebe Ann, who was very conscious of her own shortcom-

ings, was inclined to think so, too. She went to William Mitchell's school, and sat by his daughter Maria, who, with no presentiment of future glory, studied and worked and played in old Nantucket town like any other Quaker child, and, if the truth be told, rather looked down on little Phebe Ann, who was a sad dunce and dreamer, and could not do sums. Out of school, as in it, children were kept busy, and Phebe Ann was taught to cook and sew as systematically as she was taught to read and write, and had already executed a wonderful sampler in varied browns, with a little dull green as a concession to the willow-trees. She was not in the least overworked with it all, only busy and happy, and found time to play wonderful plays with Joseph, and occasionally to get into mischief—quite serious mischief for a Quaker child.

Behind the Folger house the ground dropped away suddenly to the street below, so that Phebe Ann, playing in the back yard, could have dropped a stone on the roofs of the houses "under the bank," as Nantucket calls it. She did once, in a fit of naughtiness, and was sent down to express her regret to the agitated Friends whose roof had been attacked, and came climbing back up the steep steps of Gunter's Alley afterward, much oppressed by her sins. Phebe Ann was very fond of Gunter's Alley, which is Stone Alley now, and comes twisting and turning up through old houses and grassy yards and vine-covered walls, much as it did seventy years ago. There are glimpses of the sea as one nears the top. Phebe Ann forgot her sins when she came to that part; which was just as well, perhaps.

She loved the sea like her father before her—loved its sights and sounds and stories, the ships with their white sails, the busy wharves where the tides rise and fall, and where workmen and shipmen come and go about mystic, wonderful work, whose end and destination no man knows, whether it be the Arctic or the far South Seas.

When Captain Folger was ashore, Phebe Ann often went to the wharves, following him about like a faithful little dog. At other times she stayed at home, and read her book, and

sewed her seam, and played with her doll, as a little girl should do; but no matter how long she stayed away from them, she never forgot the wharves, with their glamour, any more than she forgot the ships or the sea.

On First-day she went to meeting, and sat for hours, whether the Spirit moved any one to speak, or whether the meeting opened, continued, and closed in silence. Mary Folger was a noted preacher, and Phebe Ann was used to hearing her mother's soft voice utter devout and earnest words, which were so absolutely the reflection and outcome of her life at home that they hardly seemed like preaching at all. Of late Mary Folger had refrained from preaching, but the Spirit sometimes moved her to make simple and beautiful prayers, which asked nothing, leaving all to God, and were met by a reverent hush over the meeting far deeper than its usual silence.

"Thee sees," said one Friend to another, stepping briskly homeward, "Reuben Folger's ship is overdue, and Peter Gardner brought back her letters. None of the ships have sighted her. Young Reuben sailed with his father. Truly I am in great concern of mind for Mary Folger."

The Folger household was always a grave one, but even the cloud of anxiety hanging over it did not dash Mary Folger's sweet serenity, won by a lifetime of prayer and self-mastery, where brain and will and heart alike waited for the prompting of the Spirit, and bent submissively to God's will.

"They are with God on sea as on land," said Mary Folger; and Deborah, watching her, steadied her own heart by that example, though she was learning through long days of waiting that the Hope held more for her than she would admit to her mother or herself.

Ship after ship was sighted from the Old South Tower and anchored outside the bar, while Mary Folger paced the whale walk and strained her eyes across the ocean in vain. Again and again she watched the lighters go out and cluster round the loaded ships, easing them of their cargo, until, lightened and free, they sailed in across the bar, safe at wharf and home at last.

"If that had been the Hope," sighed Deb-

orah, at her side, "and father and Reuben and—" She stopped with hot cheeks, to find her mother watching her gravely.

"Thee looks in a fever, my daughter," she said. "Take Phebe Ann and walk in the fresh air for an hour. Thee can go to the cliff if thee wishes," said Mary Folger, who was but an anxious woman, after all. "Thee has sharp eyes, and perhaps—but be discreet in thy behavior."

Presently Deborah and Phebe Ann, dressed precisely alike in sober gray, were stepping quickly through crowded, busy streets, where every one, seaman and landsman, bronzed captain and broad-brimmed Quaker, had a look and nod for Captain Folger's daughters, whom even Friends held to be "pleasing in their appearance." Every one liked Captain Folger, and every one in that seafaring community knew that his ship was overdue, and put an additional touch of kindness into his greeting in consequence.

Through it all Deborah Folger and her little sister walked with discretion, while the salt sea-breeze brought a fresher color into their round cheeks, and pushed hard at their close gray bonnets, and fluttered their little three-cornered capes frivolously, like the world's wind it was.

"Will thee go by the wharves, Deborah?" pleaded Phebe Ann.

"They are too crowded," said Deborah; "it is not well for two maidens to go there."

"Father will take me," said Phebe Ann, rebelliously, "when he comes home. Does thee hear me, Deborah? Father will take me."

But Deborah answered never a word.

The cliff was empty and bare in those days, with here and there a gray house, well back from the sea, as Nantucket housewives loved to be. At one of the gates stood a Friend, who greeted the two girls warmly, and Deborah stopped to talk to her, much against the wishes of Phebe Ann, who saw her walk cut short.

"Friend Starbuck and Deborah talk so much—and about *Josiah*!" said Phebe Ann to herself, with scorn.

Josiah was one of the mates on her father's ship, who had a way of sitting silently in the Folger sitting-room every Seventh-day evening when he was ashore. Why, Phebe Ann did

not see, or why any one should talk about him. Friend Starbuck was his mother, but it was stupid in Deborah. Phebe Ann wished she had brought Joseph to play with, as she wandered on by herself. Some distance away stood a big, bearded sailor, staring out to sea, way he had of producing treasures from his vest pockets and scattering them broadcast. Friends thought his conversation savored of the world; hence there was a spice of wickedness in talking to him which enhanced it to the more daring spirits among the children.



"THROUGH IT ALL DEBORAH FOLGER AND HER LITTLE SISTER WALKED WITH DISCRETION."

his hands in his pockets. Phebe Ann's eyes sparkled. He was an Irishman who had once been one of the boat-steerers on her father's ship. The Nantucket children were very fond of him, partly because he liked them, and partly because of his marvelous tales, and a

day soon. Don't be uneasy about her, Phebe Ann."

"Doubtless father will speedily return," said Phebe Ann, with dignity; then, with a little gasp of alarm, "Does thee think anything can have happened? Oh, Michael! does thee?"

Phebe Ann was one of these, and was one of Michael's especial favorites.

She stole softly up to him. "Michael," she said, "Michael!"

Michael did not move.

Phebe Ann remembered her father, and borrowed a word from him, unseemly though she felt it to be.

"Ahoy, Michael!" she cried. "Michael, ahoy!"

"Phebe Ann! Little Phebe Ann herself!" roared the Irishman, delightedly, swinging round and confronting the small gray person who had hailed him.

"How 's thee do, Michael?" said Phebe Ann, demurely.

"How 's thee do, Phebe Ann?" responded Michael, raising his cap with a flourish, to Phebe Ann's secret dismay.

"You're after lookin' for the cap'n's ship now," continued Michael. "Don't fret; she'll be in some fine

"Awh, not a bit, not a bit!" said Michael. "Don't fear it, now, don't. See the pretty thing I've brought all the way from the Mediterranean"; and Michael began to fumble in his pockets in a way that made Phebe Ann forget all about everything but that. At last there appeared to her intent gaze a flat package, wrapped about with tissue-paper and secured by twine tied in many strange knots, after the manner of sailor-men.

"Here it is," said Michael, "and I've got it tied up so it won't get away, ye see";—dealing skilfully with the knots, while Phebe Ann fairly shivered with impatience.

"Now, then," said the Irishman, casting off the last knot, and opening inner wrappings. "And there's a little Italian girl I know up the Mediterranean that would cry her eyes out for this. I'm thinkin' her name'll be Phebe Ann, too," said truthless Michael, as the last wrapping fell back and revealed a gorgeous Roman scarf, striped in bands of wondrous color, soft and silken and fringed, a dream of a ribbon, a vision of loveliness to Phebe Ann, who loved beauty and softness and fine clothes.

She put her small hand out and took it, held it up, looked it over in all its length and loveliness, then dropped it back into its sheltering paper again, with a sigh that almost blew it away.

"Friends do not wear vanities," she said in a weeping voice. "Michael, thee knows Friends do not."

"Oh, ay, ay!" said the good-natured Irishman, who, bent on comforting her with the only thing he had at his disposal, had forgotten all about the Quaker principles. "I forgot that. But they would n't mind a little girl—would they?"

"Yes; they would. Ta—take it back to Phebe Ann up the Mediterranean," said Phebe Ann, miserably, almost ready to disgrace herself again by tears.

"I'll not take it again," said Michael, half angry at her refusal. "Keep it and dress your doll in it, then. I'll not take it, I say." And without more words he turned back to his watch of the sea-line.

"Dress your doll in it," repeated Phebe

Ann, half aloud. That meant Joseph, and Joseph would look so well in colors.

"Phebe Ann!" called Deborah, in the distance, "the hour is nearly gone."

"Dear Joseph," said Phebe Ann, softly, remembering with a rush of tenderness a little doll at home, sitting patiently in her bedroom window, watching for ships, and dressed in a piece of her First-day gown. Phebe Ann seemed to see her in the scarf,—a radiant vision,—hesitated, looked at Michael's obdurate back, hesitated again, and was lost!

"Phebe Ann!" called Deborah again.

"Coming," said Phebe Ann, and she crushed the ribbon into her pocket and ran.

When one does wrong for the sake of another, is it as much of a sin? To Phebe Ann disobedience and deceit had always seemed impossibly bad, and for herself she would never have been guilty of them. But for Joseph? Was n't that different? Phebe Ann was very young, but the problem that confronted her is as old as the world,—as old as love and wrong,—and she could not solve it. Older people than she have found it hard, and faltered and lingered long over decision.

Phebe Ann wavered miserably, turned now this way, now that. When she swathed Joseph in the bright scarf, making her look like an Oriental king, magnificent in dress, even if somewhat restricted in movement, she was sure she was right, and that Joseph was her first duty. When she sat at evening worship, and listened to her mother's prayer, conscience said with appalling distinctness that wrong was wrong, and deceit was deceit, even when one did it for Joseph.

Phebe Ann went to bed every night a convicted sinner, and rose in the morning to find she was not quite certain about it, after all; for there was Joseph to think of, and Joseph—and Phebe Ann began all over again; for flesh is weak.

If it had been disobedience only, it would have been easier, for Phebe Ann rebelled now and then—often, for seventy years ago—though she would be considered a wonderfully good child to-day. But her small outbreaks had always been open and aboveboard, and quickly followed by submission and repen-

tance. This was different—this was deceit, and never in all her life before had Phebe Ann been deceitful.

So the days went by, until all at once something happened that opened her eyes to see that every one in the house was unhappy and anxious, and why. For one day she found

she astonished every one by saying she was glad school would begin next week.

"Thee did not use to love thy book, my daughter," said her mother, fondly. "Is thee going to be a student like Maria Mitchell, and make us all proud of thee?"

Phebe Ann gave a woeful look at her mother,



"KEEP IT AND DRESS YOUR DOLL IN IT," SAID MICHAEL."

Deborah sobbing passionately over her work. "Never to see them again—never again!" she sighed. "It is more than I can bear!"

Phebe Ann crept out of the room, awe-struck and silent. Friends are not given to tears, and will go dry-eyed through uttermost depths of sorrow, and though it is true that Phebe Ann cried now and then, she knew it was a childish weakness, far below Deborah or any grown person. She began to realize that something was very wrong indeed, and to long for her big, bluff father, and for Reuben, her only brother, who played with her now and then as a great condescension and an honor. She shrank from other children, because they looked at her pityingly, and "gave up" to her when they played, and made her feel that she was apart from them and different. She liked better to be alone with Joseph, or to follow her mother from room to room, and one day

and fled away to her own room, where she sat long, her chin in her hands, looking at Joseph, swathed, as ever, in the scarf. Dusk deepened down to night, but still Phebe Ann sat motionless. Some one called her from below. It was Deborah. "Come to evening worship, Phebe Ann." Phebe Ann rose, and, seizing Joseph, thrust her forcibly into a gaping pocket, and went slowly downstairs, with a large lump sticking out on one side—even Joseph, whose feet showed distinctly at the opening of the pocket.

Her mother and Deborah and Candace, the black cook, sat about the room in silence, waiting—waiting for the movement of the Spirit. No one looked up at Phebe Ann as she stole softly into the room and seated herself in a corner.

Mary Folger's white-capped head was bent; her hands, clasped in her lap, looked thin and

suffering. Phebe Ann could not bear to look at them, and she let her eyes wander about the room to the great white India jars, their blue figures scarcely showing in the dim light, to the high clock, whose ticking sounded loudly in the quiet room, to Deborah, who looked sad and worn, like every one else. The rising wind sighed about the house, and cried in the great chimney, and rattled at the window-shutters like an impatient hand. Within the stillness grew deeper—a spiritual stillness beyond reach of sound. Something cried for utterance in Phebe Ann's heart, louder as the stillness grew—a need for confession, instant, absolute. Was it the Spirit? Phebe Ann, a Quaker child, with generations of Quaker blood behind her, its teaching, thought, and practice close about her, could not doubt it, could not resist it. She rose to her feet in the silence, seeing not her sister's startled look, her mother's detaining hand, cast Joseph at her feet, and faltered her confession through sobs and falling tears.

Wearied with her struggle, she slept heavily, and came down the next morning to find the house full of a subdued bustle, with an undertone of joy that it had not felt for many a day. Deborah met her with a kiss and a hug.

"Phebe Ann, the Hope is in, the Hope is in!—anchored at the bar; and father will be here soon—the others must wait"—said Deborah.

"Thee means Reuben," said Phebe Ann, half asleep still. "He 'd like to come ashore with father, I know."

For in those days it was only the captain who came ashore at once. The others, officers and crew, stayed in the ship until the lighters came out, and she had unloaded her cargo into them. Not until they had brought her up to the wharf were they free to go to their own homes, where their wives awaited them.

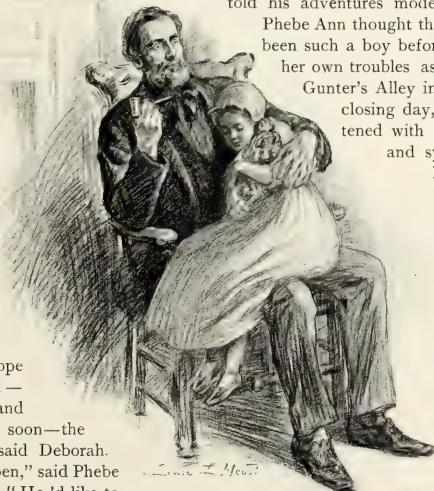
Wives did not go out to meet their husbands in 1830 in Old Nantucket. It was not the custom in that historic town, which held that women belonged at home, and should stay there, no matter what happened. So Mary Folger awaited her husband in his own doorway, with a fair daughter on either hand, flushing and paling as the sounds grew nearer that showed Captain Folger was being warmly welcomed, but quiet and self-contained as ever, though her heart was beating wildly in a rapture she had thought never to feel again.

When the Hope was brought in to the wharf, three days later, Reuben took Phebe Ann down to see her, and the two went all over the vessel, while Phebe Ann listened breathless to her brother's stories of the wonders and dangers of the deep. He had seen many, though he told his adventures modestly enough, and Phebe Ann thought that there never had been such a boy before. She told him her own troubles as they climbed up

Gunter's Alley in the dusk of the closing day, and Reuben listened with as much interest and sympathy as if he had never been round the great world at all.

"Thee did wrong," he said finally, "but don't thee cry, Phebe Ann I'll bring thee a doll from my next cruise—such a pretty one!"

"But if mother won't let me have it?" said Phebe Ann.



"PHEBE ANN CLIMBED TO HER FATHER'S KNEE AND SAT ENTHRONED." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Whereat Reuben said nothing, knowing no remedy for such a state of things.

Two shadows lingered about the door—Deborah and another.

"If my parents find thee pleasing, Josiah," said one shadow softly, as Phebe Ann passed the little sister.

"But I want that thee should find me pleasing, Deborah—*thee*," said the other. Phebe Ann went in, wondering.

The sitting-room was full of people and lights and voices. Friends and world's people were gathered together to welcome Reuben Folger, to listen to his tale of suffering and adventure and threatening death. Mary Folger hovered about the outskirts, for it was not seemly for a woman to sit among so many men, and yet she could not keep away from her beloved, come back to her as it were from the dead.

She drew Phebe Ann aside as the child came slowly and hesitatingly into the room.

"Here is thy doll again, my daughter," she said, "and thy ribbon. Thy father wishes thee to have it," and Mary Folger looked as if she agreed with him. "We are pleased with thee, Phebe Ann," her mother added, tenderly.

"Phebe Ann!" cried her father, spying her across the room, "come here." And Phebe Ann climbed to her father's knee and sat enthroned, Joseph clasped in her arms, while in her heart "sweet Peace sat, crowned with smiles."

"Put thy head down, so," said her father. "What was I saying? Oh, ay. We heard her blow at half-past three in the morning,—a fine spermaceti 't was,—and we hove out our boats, it being still dark. Just before sunrise we struck her. She ran furiously at the first boat,—Reuben, here, was in it,—and oversot it—" And on and on went Captain Folger, until Phebe Ann slept, and when she woke it was to find herself being put to bed.



My grandpa sits in his easy-chair,
And the hot dust swirls through the sultry
air;

And he says, as he looks at the wilting
things:

"It is going to rain when the rain-crow sings."

But the rain-crow sings from the rocking
tree,

And never a cloud in the sky we see;
And our longing eyes are turned in vain
To the sky as we look for the promised rain.

But grandpa he will never complain;
He waits, content, for the tardy rain,
And says, as he looks at the wilting things:
"It is going to rain, for the rain-crow sings!"

Gertrude Norton.

PLAY-HOURS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

BY GRACE WICKHAM CURRAN.

EVERY great International Exposition is remembered more by its outside, amusing, and surprising features than by the vast bulk of its exhibits, however varied and instructive they may have been. This is a pleasant fact, for it shows how much grown-ups, the world over, keep of the child-spirit and the play-spirit in the midst of their workaday lives.

Those who planned the Paris Exposition of 1900 remembered this, and also that there is a great deal of hard and serious work for the conscientious sight-seer, and have generously provided many and tempting play- and rest-places for the weary throngs.

The sight of water is a rest and refreshment in itself, and the beautiful Seine River has been made more a part of this Exposition than of any former one. Some of the most interesting and beautiful buildings are upon its banks or near by. From the water's edge, where the river bends away to the southwest, rise the towers and walls of Old Paris, a little part of the Paris of the Middle Ages.



SOME BITS FROM THE PARIS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Long ago, when this bank was covered with a willow thicket, from which stretched away peaceful pastures for grazing cows, the real Old Paris was located far up the river on the Isle and its adjacent banks. It was a city of walls and strong towers, of gates and protecting fortresses,

bells ring. Little shops line the streets, with their pictured signs hanging out overhead, inviting all to buy at the Red Lion, the Golden Shell, or the Dragon, while shopkeepers in medieval dress vend their wares within. In the open place before the church, troubadours and



BEFORE THE "UPSIDE-DOWN" HOUSE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

of colleges and churches, priests and lords and ladies, busy shopkeepers and turbulent, roistering students. Forty-nine colleges it boasted, three great abbeys, a cathedral and a hundred chapels and churches, and the houses which lined its narrow, winding streets were sculptured with rude but often beautiful Gothic designs.

A bit of that old city has been reproduced here to the life. Every house-front, every tower, is historic, and has its story, and everywhere are glimpses of the life of long ago.

Before the entrance-gate and through the streets march guards in the dress of olden times; from a high balcony at the river's edge a herald announces the opening of the gates in the morning, and their closing at night when the curfew

minstrels sing their songs and tell their tales, a sorceress on a street corner carries on her mysterious trade, a choir sings in the church, and a troupe of actors play in the audience-room of the palace. In a conspicuous place rises the pillory, suggestive and threatening.

Among the historic dwelling-houses is the birthplace of Molière, with a Gothic column built into its corner representing a tree-trunk up and down which a dozen carved monkeys climb. One wonders whether the daily sight of this column, the curious carved stone fountains in the street corners, and all the host of grotesqueries in Gothic sculpture, helped to develop in the baby Molière that humor which has delighted so many generations of playgoers.

History becomes a fascinating study when its story is read in stone towers and battlements, in weather-worn sculptures and decorated house-fronts. So skilfully have the builders of Old Paris wrought that it is hard to believe that we have not drifted back through the centuries into the life of other days. If some dweller in that ancient city could open his eyes in these streets he would surely feel himself at home; leaning from one of the stone towers or carved archways, he would look down into the same green Seine which formed so large a part of the life of his time, and not until he should lift his eyes to the opposite bank would he realize the flight of time; for there, in white splendor in the sunshine, rise the palaces of a new civilization, and the beautiful and varied pavilions of the nations of the world, some of them nations born since he closed his eyes.

Not far from Old Paris, in the Rue de Paris, a street crowded with concert-halls, burlesque spectacles, cafés, and the many attractions and distractions of modern Parisian life, one comes unexpectedly upon the amusing Upside-Down House or *Manoir à l'Envers*. Did some great giant stride through the avenues of the Exposition in the dead of night, and, thinking to play a joke on the world, pick up this stone castle, and set it upside down upon its chimneys and towers?

At any rate, here it stands, the Gothic arches

of its windows pointing downward, its sculptures, coat of arms, clock, flags, all in the same absurd position, while through an open window we catch a glimpse of a room whose chairs and tables cling to the ceiling, and waiters with their heads downward in the air move about, bearing trays of eatables turned upside down to upside-down patrons sitting at the upside-down tables. Has the law of gravitation been suddenly suspended to benefit the projectors of the Paris Exposition? We cannot resist the temptation to enter and go up — or is it down? — the winding staircase in the tower. Above, we find the various rooms of a private mansion, a drawing-room, bedroom, and even bath-room, all the contents of which follow the strange law of this strange house.

We discover, before long, that much is due to a clever arrangement of mirrors, while other curious mirrors, convex, concave, and variously curved, show us to ourselves in surprising and distorting shapes and attitudes.

Descending from the Rue de Paris by a flight of steps toward the river, we pass through a dimly lighted passageway into the Underground Aquarium. We may think that, with Jules Verne's hero, we have descended to the bottom of the sea, for before us, half buried in the soft sand upon which we tread, is the wreck of a ship, so arranged that it extends from the center of the space in which we actually stand on



A DIVER IN THE AQUARIUM.

into the ocean depths which are separated from us by sheets of glass. This wreck is one which was raised from the harbor at Cherbourg and reconstructed here. Fish swim contentedly in and out among the cordage and broken spars; crabs patiently crawl up the sides of the sunken hull and explore the mysteries of port-holes. But these inhabitants of the ocean do not constitute the chief attractions. Far in dim, shadowed recesses may be seen, disporting themselves, those water-sirens or sea-fairies whose undulating dances below the waves, legend tells us, cause the disturbances of the surface so menacing to mariners. Gliding, twisting, and bending, they rise and fall, while a weird music fills the air, as of rippling waves swelling to surging tempests and resounding through deep-sea caverns. In another compartment, the tranquil fish are startled by the swift appearance of two pearl-divers or fishers for coral and sponges, who, holding their breath, or letting it slowly escape in silver bubbles which rise upward, tread the sea-bottom in search of treasures.

There are times when we long for nature pure and simple, and then it is that the Exposition visitor hastens joyfully toward the Swiss village. Out from the hurry and bustle, the glitter and confusion, of brilliant Paris and the dazzling splendors of the Exposition, in a moment's time we may step into the peace and quiet of a pastoral village set in the hollow of an Alpine valley. Mountains tower above us. Part way up their sides stretch grassy pastureslopes. On a high, distant rocky ledge clusters a group of the rude homes of a band of mountaineers, with a tiny chapel in the midst. From another lofty height a mountain stream leaps over the crags, and, after pausing a bit to lend its aid to the water-wheel of a mill below, gurgles and rattles over the stones beyond, and finally goes whispering between grassy banks bordered with wild flowers till it reaches a placid lake on whose further bank, protected by an overhanging crag, stands the chapel of William Tell.

The houses and shops, with their projecting eaves, carved balconies and doorways, and curiously shingled roofs, are wonderfully executed copies of real ones. In another part of the village is a group of mountain huts, brought from

Switzerland and reconstructed, timber by timber, some with thickly thatched roofs, others covered with overlapping stone slabs, while there are still others whose shingled roofs, weighted down by timbers and stones, suggest to us something of the violence of mountain storms.

Not a detail of the village has been neglected, nor of the natural scenery. All along the side of the brook grow the flowers and plants of Switzerland—the blue and white Alpine violets, the mountain pink, clothing in bright dress rough patches of rock, the edelweiss, low, purple asters, and masses of the Alpine rose. The wild poppy brightens the landscape with its orange and gold, and in sheltered spots below the dripping waterfall ferns peep forth.

An opening in the side of the mountain invites us to explore within. Advancing through a rocky passage, we seem to come out upon some upper height, with a view of the majestic Alps spread before us. Sunlit valley, wooded mountain-side, distant, sparkling lake, and towering, snow-clad peaks are there. It is only a panorama, but so well and artistically painted that we come away with the sense of having been for a brief half-hour really among the mountains.

These are but a few of the many attractions of the Exposition. In one corner a bit of old Venice greets us. Behind the fine Russian building is a little group of houses in the rude and heavy architecture of the villages of Russia, and in them a most interesting display of the handiwork of the peasants. From the door of one of these rude and simple houses it is but a step to the adjoining Chinese imperial village—a group of lightly constructed, gaily colored, and fantastic buildings, contrasting strangely with the neighboring Russian architecture.

Not far away is an underground Brahman temple of a race once powerful in northern India, its walls and columns a mass of heavy carving.

The Optical Palace is a place of much interest, and it is expected that before the close of the Exposition, by means of the huge telescope exhibited there, photographs of the moon will be taken which will apparently bring it so close

to the earth that it is thought objects measuring not more than a meter will be visible.

Of all the many diversions and attractions, nothing quite equals the night fêtes.

As gay, sparkling Paris grows gray and misty in the twilight, the Monumental Gate, looking upon the Place de la Concorde, raises its arch and columns, thickly studded with purple stars of varying depth of color, inviting the world to enter its portals. Long avenues of horse-chestnut trees stretch beyond; to the branches are hung thousands of orange-red lanterns. Looking far down these vistas, it seems as if a Milky Way of harvest moons have drifted hither, and, becoming lost among the branches, look with wonder upon the passing multitude below.

On both sides of the river are long lines of buildings decorated with strings and festoons of gleaming stars, while the water below catches their light and reflects it back with a softened radiance. The trees in the Rue de Paris are gay with electric lights representing variously colored blossoms, and all the cafés and amusement places of this little street are aglow with

lights. But beautiful as are the river-banks, the crowds press eagerly on toward the great quadrangle lying between the Trocadero on one side of the river and the Electrical and Water palaces on the other. The Eiffel Tower,

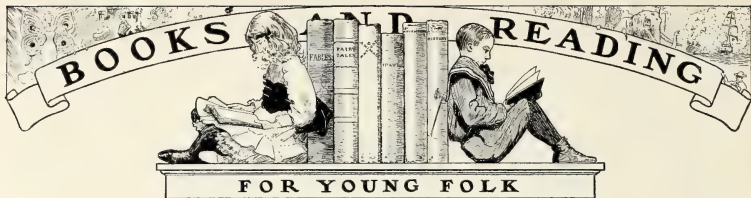
lighted from top to bottom, lifts itself over all, and casts its search-light eye about as if trying to decide whether this Exposition of 1900 is really as great as the one of 1889, to which, undoubtedly, it is partial, as being the occasion of its birth.

The Trocadero and its fountains are all ablaze with light, and dome and tower and the front wall shed forth a glory all along the way as we approach the gay Electrical Palace, which raises a shining, lace-like crown of light all across the end of the space. Below



THE SWISS VILLAGE BELOW THE WATERFALL.

and in front of this golden crown is the great grotto of the Water Palace, from whose height the water pours to the basins below, there to rise again in jets and tumbling masses of color, sometimes as an opalescent spray, and again breaking into a wealth of flashing jewels, always changing, never still, but ever in all its phases exquisite and beautiful.



REDUCING PRICES OF BOOKS.

DURING the reign of Queen Anne of England a law was passed that if any person should think a book was published at too high a price he might complain to the Archbishop of Canterbury and some other officials. If they were convinced that the complaint was justified they might reduce the price, and any bookseller charging more would be fined!

"RESPICE FINEM."

THESE two words, as our young Latin scholars know, contain a very good piece of advice, provided it be rightly applied. They mean, of course, "Consider the end"; that is, do not undertake anything without thought of what naturally follows.

Once a clever showman arranged an entertainment in the way he thought it would give most pleasure. First, there was a preparatory part, then a most interesting set of events that raised some puzzling question, and then a conclusion, meant to please those who had followed the whole from the beginning. But some people thought they knew better than the showman; and, besides, they were impatient. So they insisted upon changing the order he had arranged. Some did n't arrive till the first part was over. They came for the second part, stayed till the end, and then came back another time to see the beginning. Others saw the last part first, then the second, and so on. This disappointed the showman, who had done his best to put everything in its right order.

Such people do not rightly understand the wisdom of the Latin motto. They translate it, "Look at the end first." But it does n't mean that at all. It means: "Consider how much more you will enjoy the end of a book if you read it as the author meant it to be read."

Of course, if you prefer to spoil the effect of

a good book by reading the last chapter first—why, the loss is your own. But if you are wise, you will hesitate to spoil the flavor of a good dinner by eating dessert before soup.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

WHENEVER there are lists made of books for young readers, "The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures" of the York mariner is sure to be among the most popular. In its first form the book ended when the castaway was rescued from his island by "Pirates"; and the inferior second part (for certainly it is inferior as a story) and a still less interesting third part came out only after the early adventures had found eager readers.

The book appeared first in 1719, when the author, Defoe, was fifty-eight years of age, and it was bought by persons of all ages, and read with delight. What well-known men and women were young enough to enjoy "Robinson Crusoe" when it was "just out"?

Jonathan Edwards and John Wesley were sixteen years old; Benjamin Franklin was thirteen; Buffon, the naturalist, Fielding, the novelist, Euler, the mathematician, and Linnæus, the botanist, were each twelve; Haller, the writer, and Chatham, the orator, were eleven; and we should be glad to know whether any of these boys were lucky enough to read the first edition. Frederick the Great was seven years old, and probably did not read it.

Perhaps you may be interested in a few questions about the story:

1. From whom did the hero take his first name? What was his last name, in its true form? What does the name mean in its original language?
2. How came Robinson to visit America?
3. On what day was he cast on his island home?
4. Supposing the story true, what persons occupied the throne in England during his stay on the island? What was happening in North America about that time?

5. How old was Robinson Crusoe when wrecked?
6. How did he know that the footprint on the sand was not made by his own foot?
7. What did "Benamuckee" mean to Friday?
8. How long was Crusoe on the island until rescued?
9. How came Crusoe into the ownership of a fortune during his absence from civilization?

YOUNG FOLKS IN LIBRARIES.

THE Brookline (Massachusetts) Library, having an unused room, decided in 1890 to fit it up as a children's reading-room. The example was followed in the Minneapolis Library three years later, and in another three years there were such rooms in libraries in Denver, Boston, Omaha, Seattle, San Francisco, Detroit, New Haven, Buffalo, Brooklyn, Pittsburg, and Kalamazoo; and now there are many libraries especially arranged for young readers.

In Milwaukee Library, there is over the door of the children's room this inscription:

THIS ROOM IS UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE
BOYS AND GIRLS OF MILWAUKEE.

A full account of the work of libraries for the especial benefit of children is given in the "Review of Reviews" for July, 1900. The writer of the article says: "One notable feature about all these libraries is the liberty given children, and the freedom from abuse of that privilege"; and in conclusion, "The library that does not recognize this work as one of the developments of the future will soon find itself behind the times."

HOW TO USE LIBRARIES.

IT is doubtful whether many boys and girls understand how to use a library. In nearly every town there is a large collection of books waiting to tell you whatever you care to know. No private person can possibly afford the space, the time, or the money that a whole city or town full of people may give to collecting, arranging, and caring for books. The city can pay men and women to look after thousands of books, to make lists of them, keep them in order, and lend them to readers. Librarians nowadays are trained to know books and to assist readers in picking out just the volumes wanted. It is their business and their pleasure to help young readers. If you are interested in any subject, the librarian will assist you in every way

to find the books that will tell about it. Do not make the mistake of thinking that the librarians are not interested in what children care about. It is no secret that even librarians were once boys or girls, who skated, played games, read young people's books, and were interested in dolls, kites, and cameras.

OWNING BOOKS.

YOU will be surprised to find how many books will come to live on your own shelves if you are not careful what ones you invite. Every Christmas, every birthday, and many an occasion will be marked by the arrival of a new party, until your shelves will be crowded by the welcome and unwelcome guests. Then you will begin to dispose of the least desirable. Young readers have a curious fashion of growing up and outgrowing other things besides shoes and clothing. If you have small brothers and sisters, it is easy to hand books down the line. But if there are no such convenient assistants, it will be well to remember that there are other small children in the world who will be delighted with the "Rollo" books by the time you have graduated from them.

Perhaps it would be an excellent plan for all the children of a town to collect the books each of them does not care to keep, and then to consider whether these will not make a good lending library for some of the young readers who have fewer books of their own.

The true lover of reading delights to help others to reading. A book lying about unread is a book that for the time is dead.

VERTICAL HANDWRITING.

THERE is a discussion as to whether the vertical handwriting is the best to teach children. We should be glad to learn what the young people themselves prefer, and what they think on this question.

Is it easier to learn than the slanting writing?

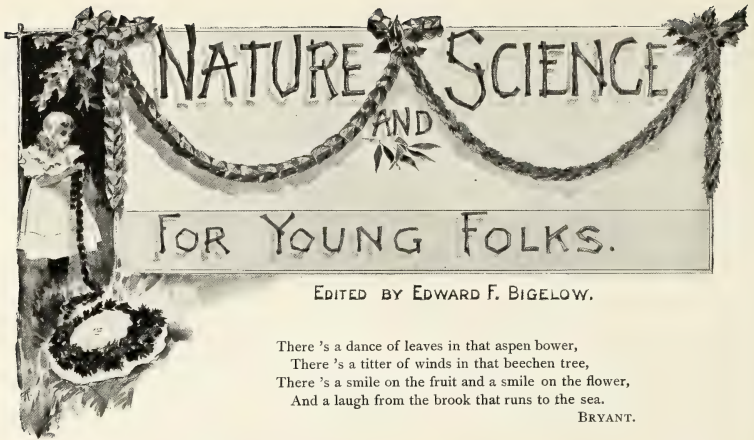
Is it easier to read?

Can it be written as rapidly?

What do the parents of our readers think about this handwriting question?

A TALKING BOOK.

RUTH LINN, eleven years old, tells in the League department of this number what a book said to a little girl in a dream. Book-lovers should not fail to read her clever story.



EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW.

There 's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There 's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There 's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

BRYANT.

LEAF PLEASURE—DECORATION AND INSTRUCTION.

"WHAT is the use of leaves?" was the question asked on page 459 of the March number, and many answers have been received since. The question was asked just as the leaf-buds were swelling, to call attention to the wonderful unfolding and growth of the beautiful leaves. It is evident from the letters received that our young observers were interested in leaves, and became more so. They have continued to watch them with deeper interest through the spring and summer months, which result was hoped for when the question was asked.



OUTLINE OF CHESTNUT LEAF.

In September the leaves are at their best for making leaf-lace, according to the method described on page 553 of the April number, because in this month the framework or veins and veining attain their greatest strength, and have not yet been injured by the autumn frosts, as they will be a little later.

But leaf-lace is not the only method of ornamentation by leaves. They may be easily pressed and arranged in ornamental designs.

Perhaps the best and easiest of all methods of decoration is the making of leaf wreaths or "chains," as is known to the children in a few



LEAVES, AND "CHAINS" MADE FROM THEM.

Top, tulip tree; bottom, beech; right, greenbrier; left, sassafras; 1, beech twig with leaves; 2 and 3, tulip tree; 4, 5, and 6, the three different forms of leaves found on one branch of sassafras.

parts of the country. This work — or, rather, play — is so much enjoyed by those few who do know of this “busy time among the leaves” that it will doubtless be of interest to all ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls. Even in the city schools a small party can be sent out into the country and easily obtain leaves enough to decorate a school-room or a room at home.

We all know that our work in leaf-weaving cannot improve on the natural beauty of the leafy branches, but the picked leaves can be easily carried in boxes, and a few festoons and spirals around posts give variety and add to the effect. As we handle the leaves we become familiar with their form, texture, and elasticity. Experience will show how they vary.

In the autumn, branches bearing nuts add greatly to the interest. Branches of oak with galls and acorns have a very pretty effect

Leaves for such purposes of decoration have an advantage over flowers in that they can be obtained readily, retain their freshness, are not crushed in packing, and are easily transported. Chestnut- and oak-leaves are the most convenient, but many others “weave” easily and make attractive chains. The leaves of sassafras (mingling the three forms that are to be found on every tree), the tulip-tree, beech, and white birch, and the greenbrier (smilax) produce oddities in leaf chains that are very attractive, but are more difficult to make. Narrow chains, too, may be made



HOW TO HOLD THE CHAIN AND
TURN THE LEAF.



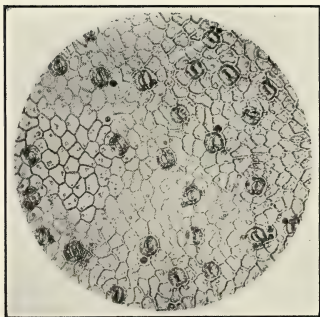
A PARTY OF YOUNG FOLKS, HAVING A MERRY TIME IN THE WOODS, GATHERING LEAVES AND WEAVING THE LEAF CHAINS.



VUEING THE BEAUTIFUL STRUCTURE OF LEAVES BY AID OF THE MICROSCOPE. (FIVE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THESE MICROSCOPIC VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON THIS PAGE AND THE NEXT.)

from the very small leaves—especially from those with deeply notched edges.

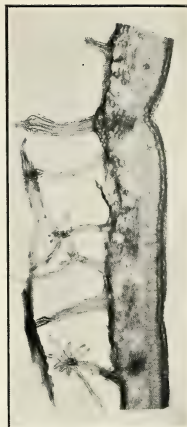
Hold the leaf with tip from you and under part of the leaf uppermost. Turn over the stem and push it through the leaf near the midrib, and by firm pinching break down the



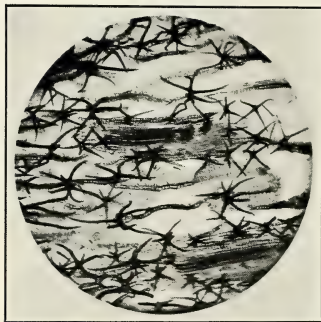
THE MOUTHS, OR STOMATA, OF A LEAF.

midrib in the fold. Place another leaf below this, turn over the stem, and push through the three thicknesses. A little practice, patience, and careful observation of the illustrations herewith will show you how it is done. In a very short time about ten yards can be made in an hour, and all the pupils of a school can soon make enough of the leaf chain for wreaths, festoons, or spirals (to wind around pillars) to decorate the room.

By a little ingenuity mottoes can be made from the twigs. The letters in the words "Na-



EXTERNAL HAIRS OF A LEAF.



INTERNAL HAIRS OF A LEAF.

ture and Science for Young Folks," in the heading of this department, are drawn to show how twigs may be composed into attractive lettering.

A chain may be wound around a hat, and crossed and pinned in the back, making a "leaf bonnet." Another chain may be placed around the back of the neck, brought forward



ARRANGEMENT OF CELLS IN LEAF OF A RUBBER-PLANT.

thin skin on the lower side, we can easily see the *stomata*, or mouths, by the aid of a microscope. Each mouth consists of two guard-cells in crescent form, that regulate the passage of gases and water vapor. The guard-cells come together or shrink apart as occasion requires, thus diminishing or increasing the opening between them.

By making a very thin cross-section of the leaf and greatly magnifying it under the microscope, we see that the whole structure is a mass of cells like little boxes packed together.

But for all these and further details our young folks are referred to teachers and text-books of botany.

The study of leaf forms and structure is one of the best introductions to the love of our trees. Everybody loves the trees, and it is hoped that all our young folks will love them, and especially their leaves, more and more.

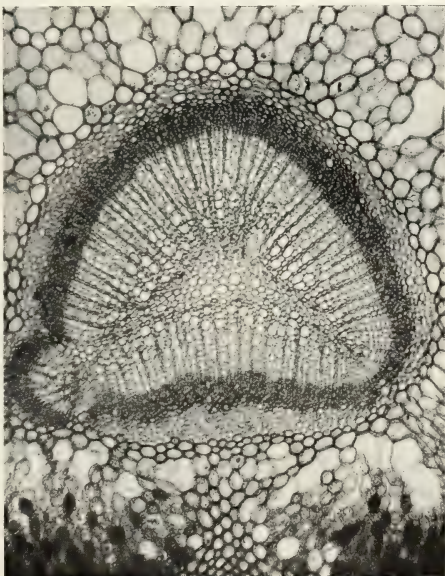
over the shoulders, crossed, carried back, and crossed again, thus making a "leaf jacket."

Singly, also, the leaf is a thing of great beauty. Note the various shapes, graceful outlines, and veining. Although leaves are common, surely they are not commonplace, and the more we know them, the better we appreciate them.

It is very interesting to note their arrangement in definite order on each small twig. It is a wonderful fact that each of the thousands of leaves on a tree is so placed as to form a system of arrangement.

In the plant, the leaf has uses similar to those of the lungs and stomach in animals. The leaf is a device for exposing green tissue to the air and sunlight. Gases are taken in and pass out. The leaf thus really breathes, and it also changes the food in readiness for the uses of the plant. In many books of botany there are interesting experiments showing the work of the leaves.

If we tear a leaf and examine the



EDGE VIEW OF A LEAF CUT ACROSS THE MIDRIB.

BIG AND BEAUTIFUL MOTHS.

"You may keep the cocoons," wrote Mrs. Bel, who furnished the specimens for the illustrations in her article, "Gathering Cocoons," on page 455 of the March Nature and Science.

So the two were placed on the soil in a flower-pot on a table. There the conditions closely imitated those of nature, for the cocoons were kept moist by the dampness from the soil, and had a "rain-storm" every time the geranium was watered. A little later

than was predicted—in the first part of July—there came from the short

moth crawled up on the plant, and its limp wings hung like pieces of wet cloth; but in a few hours they unfolded and became firm as the fluids from the body passed into the veins of the wings and hardened. Sometimes the wings trembled, and again they opened and shut

slowly and gracefully.

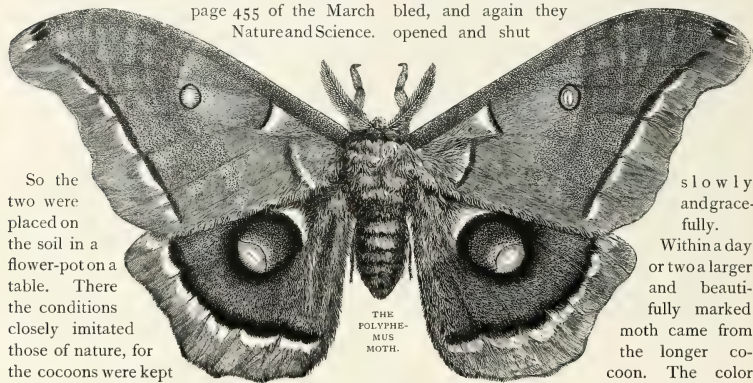
Within a day or two a larger and beautifully marked moth came from the longer cocoon. The color is not so bright, but

the cecropia is indeed a majestic and beautiful moth, and is largest of our giant silk-worms.

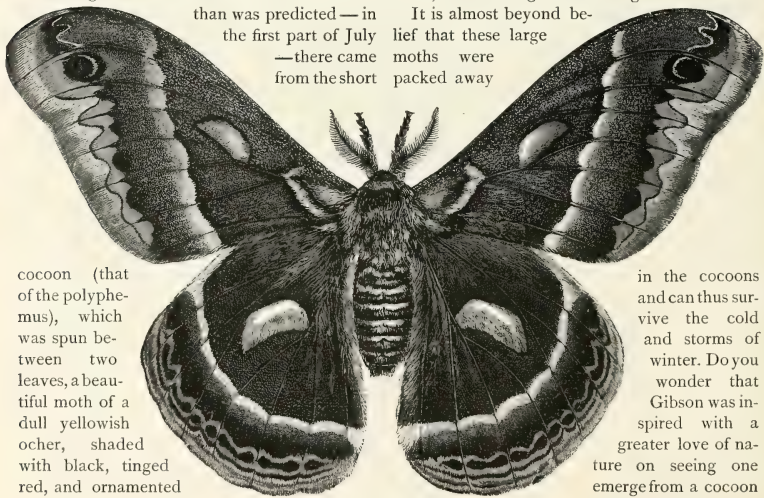
It is almost beyond belief that these large moths were packed away

cocoon (that of the polyphemus), which was spun between two leaves, a beautiful moth of a dull yellowish ocher, shaded with black, tinged red, and ornamented by eye-spots. The

in the cocoons and can thus survive the cold and storms of winter. Do you wonder that Gibson was inspired with a greater love of nature on seeing one emerge from a cocoon held in his hand?



THE
POLYPHE-
MUS
MOTH.



THE CECROPIA MOTH.

CHICKAREE.

OF all the little wild creatures none is quite so easy to make friends with as the red squirrel. How he pops forth, as you enter the woods,



THE CHICKAREE OR RED SQUIRREL.

and greets you with a challenging bark, for all the world like an excitable little dog! And, like the little dog, too, his subsequent conduct depends on how you treat him. If you

pass by with an indifferent air, or jeer at him, he will scold shrilly as long as he can see you; but if you sit down quietly near by, and assume a friendly, interested look and manner, he will soon grow quiet and seek closer acquaintance with you.

His advances are very pretty and amusing. First, he will dart from limb to limb, trying to get a better view of you. Then, having found the nearest and best limb for this purpose, he will advance along it by spasmodic jerks, flirting his tail and chattering nervously, as if to keep his courage up to the sticking-point. At length, when he finds himself partly screened by the foliage of the limb, he will suddenly become silent, and will sit watching you for a minute, thinking himself entirely concealed.

You must now keep perfectly still, if you wish to become more closely acquainted with him. As soon as he satisfies himself that you are harmless and well disposed, he will scurry back to the trunk of the tree and begin to descend it, now on this side, now on that, in short dashes, accompanied by much loud and defiant barking.

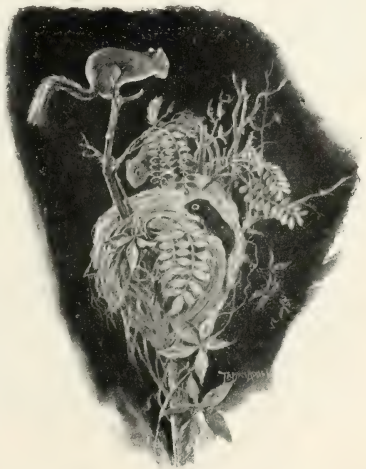
Having reached the ground, his first act will probably be to scamper off to another tree at the top of his speed, as if he thought all the boys and girls in the town were close at his heels. But you must be very patient, and his curiosity and natural friendliness will at length bring him close to you. He will scurry around the spot where you are sitting, making swift

flights between stumps and logs and tree-trunks, and stopping at every coign of vantage to peer out at you with his beady, shining eyes.

Everything now depends upon how you really feel toward him in your heart; for the red squirrel, like some other of our little wild neighbors, is a quick and excellent judge of character and motives. If you really love the little fellow, and would n't hurt a hair of his russet coat for the world, he soon divines it and will approach you fearlessly and affectionately.

But if one does not really love the inquisitive little red squirrel — is only curious to see what he will do when humored — he will simply play about his visitor for a while and then run away, his own curiosity satisfied.

I have always been particularly fond of little Chickaree, and I think he has come to recognize me as his friend, too, in spite of the fact that the first time I ever made his acquaintance as a boy, I was after him with an old muzzle-loading pistol filled with powder, paper, and shot. When I fired the pistol, it flew off into



THE RED SQUIRRELS AND NEST.

the bushes, and came near carrying my hand with it, while the red squirrel still sat just where

I had aimed at him, scolding terribly at my bad intentions and worse marksmanship. I was heartily ashamed of myself, and went home without picking up the pistol or waiting for Chickaree to finish his reprimanding lecture.

I wish every boy and girl might learn to know and love the red squirrel, for he is one of the jolliest, most entertaining and confiding little fellows you will meet with anywhere in the outdoor world.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

"BECAUSE THE EDITOR WANTS TO KNOW"

will you please write him at once?

TING-a-ling-ling-ring-ring-ling-ing-g-g-g-g.

No, I don't want to know what that is. I found out. I may not have known at first, for I was dreaming, and thought the sexton had lost his senses, and rang the chime of bells on the church till steeple and bells came crashing down to the ground, and no wonder! It did seem as if the alarm-clock set at 3.30 would not stop till it had not only awakened me, but had roused the whole family and neighbors, too, to rush in and inquire the cause of the noise.

But I was awake,—you may be certain that I knew that,—and the alarm-clock had so faithfully done its work, that it seemed as if I must have given it several extra turns in anticipation of a midsummer early morning three-mile tramp to a forest hillside near a pond, where the bird-chorus is especially enjoyable about sunrise.

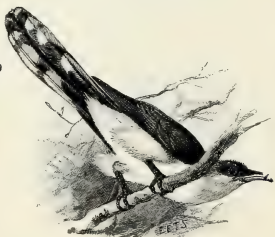
Looking up the road from the window to the

good bird-music, interesting insects, and a vasculum well filled with flowers.

And I was not disappointed. Upon arriving



NO. 1.



NO. 2.

home for breakfast at eight-thirty, I found that the five hours had gained memoranda on seventeen birds, the vasculum was well filled, and there were insects in the cyanide jar and some small soap-boxes sufficient to fill nearly half of a small-sized "Cornell" collecting-case.

I wish some of the writers of the "Because I Want to Know" letters on my desk had been with me—but the next best thing is to show them pictures of some of the most interesting things seen and collected. Here are two birds, No. 1 and No. 2, both long, slender birds with interesting peculiarities. What are they, and how can I distinguish, even if seen at a distance,



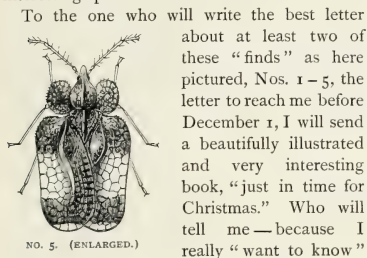
NO. 3.



NO. 4.

east, I saw that the sky was clear and the outlook especially favorable for an enjoyable tramp,

these long birds by their characteristic flight? Then here are Nos. 3, 4, and 5 — all very interesting specimens.



— what you have learned about these interesting things?

FROM THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BABY FLYING-SQUIRREL IN THE KITCHEN.
AUSTIN, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few evenings ago, my grandfather went into the dining-room, after dinner, to get something. On the floor he saw what he thought was a rubber ball; but as he stooped to pick it up it moved, so he took a goblet and placed it over the thing.

Then we took a light and got down on the floor to see what it was. At first we thought it was a bat, but we looked it up in the Natural History, and found it was a baby flying-squirrel.

So a piece of glass and a wire dish-cover were found, and we made a sort of cage. He would run up the sides of the cover, and eat bread and water. In the morning he was not so frisky, and would not eat. Then we made a little nest in an apple-tree, and gave him some warm milk.

He was about two inches long, not counting the tail, which was broad and flat. There was skin connecting the fore and hind legs.

I think there was a robin's nest near his nest, as an old robin chattered furiously whenever we went there.

WARREN S. CARTER.

Does the "flying"-squirrel really fly? Can it go from the ground up into a tree or straight across from one tree to another?

A young friend tells me that a family of flying-squirrels once made their home in an old boot in the attic. Will some other of our sharp-eyed readers please tell observations of this interesting little animal?

THE SQUASH-BUG.

PIPER CITY, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been interested in the squash-bug, which hides itself in any little out-of-the-way place, and lays its eggs on the under side of squash-leaves.

DELMAR G. COOK.



THE SQUASH-BUG.

This belongs to an extensive family of many species. The wings are peculiarly interesting in the form of the venation or pattern of the veining. Examine them very carefully.



THE FLYING-SQUIRREL IN FLIGHT AND AT REST.

PLEASE REMEMBER:

To read the prize offers for observations and drawings previous to October 1. Re-read "Sharp Eyes and Skilful Pens," on page 550 of the April Nature and Science.

St. NICHOLAS



VACATION days draw to a close;
Good-by to meadow, wood, and shore;
Ere long we'll hear the steps of those
Who hasten toward the school-house door.

A few more romps across the turf
To mountain dim or woodland cool,
A few more plunges in the surf,
And then, good-by! we're off for school!

VACATION is such a happy time that it always seems to end just a bit too soon. But it is the very fact that it does end, and of the work that comes before and after it, which makes it so sweet. We all think, sometimes, that a whole year of vacation would be jolly,—just for once, anyway,—but before the year was half through we would be wondering what to do next, and looking at the closed, empty school-house with longing eyes. And so vacation is made never quite long enough, in order that we may appreciate it all the more, and look forward and backward to the joys of summer-time through all the busy year.

MANY League members have been keeping up their League work and winning prizes during their rest days. They will come

home proudly wearing them, and those of their fellows who see and admire will be spurred to renewed efforts. We are beginning to work for the winter months now, and the first year of League competitions will soon be finished. The organization has been a success, greater even than was anticipated by the St. NICHOLAS editors. It has awakened a new interest in thousands of

readers, and has attracted attention all over the world, for League work has invited the notice and admiration of the greatest instructors in our greatest schools. We would like every St. NICHOLAS reader to register as a member and obtain the membership badge before the year closes, so that in after years he may say: "I joined the St. Nicholas League during its first year of existence."



"SUMMER" BY WOODRUFF W. HALSEY, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 9.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

POEM. Gold badges, Berta Hart Nance (age 16), Albany, Texas; and Leslie Groser (age 8), 600 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Silver badges, Angus M. Berry (age 14), Logan, Iowa; and Lucius A. Bigelow, Jr. (age 8), the Westminster, Boston, Massachusetts.

ILLUSTRATED POEM. Gold badge, Margaret Morris (age 13), 53 Edgehill Road, New Haven, Connecticut.

Silver badge, Isadore Douglas (age 12), Vintondale, Cambria County, Pennsylvania.

PROSE. Gold badges, Margaret Beatrice Child (age 13), 31 River Street, Oneonta, New York; and Myron Chester Nutting (age 9), 1808 Third Avenue, Spokane, Washington.

Silver badge, Ruth Linn (age 9), Humboldt, Nebraska.

A TEXAS SEPTEMBER.

BY BERTA HART NANCE (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

THE sun and wind have spent their force
 On earth, as dry as Gideon's fleece;
 And rushing rains have run their course,
 And yet the summer's end is peace.

Dim smoky haze hangs on the hill;
 The mesquits listen in the vale;
 A plover's call comes through the still,
 And down the valley drums the quail.

The Seven Stars march through the night;
 The Dipper wheels its silent round;
 The moon makes charming, with its light,
 The meanest weed upon the ground.

The air is cool at morn and eve;
 The wind is silent through the day;
 The travelers on the highway leave
 A cloud of dust to mark their way.

THE BEARS' BATH-TUB.

BY MYRON CHESTER NUTTING (AGE 9).

(Gold Badge.)

LEONARD HASTINGS' father was a civil engineer in the employ of one of the Western railroad companies. One summer, much to Leonard's delight, he permitted his little son to spend a month in camp with him.

Among the men of the party was an old hunter named Colby, who told Leonard many interesting stories of the animals that inhabited the woods.

One evening, when Colby came in to supper, he told Leonard that, as the party was at work that day in the thick brush, they could hear an old bear and her cubs.

"Do you know, Leonard," said he, "that when a mother bear finds there is danger at hand, she does not run away and leave her little ones to follow as best they can, but drives them along before her till they reach a



"A JULY DAY." BY SAMUEL S. BERRY, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

ILLUSTRATED PROSE. Gold badge, Sarah L. Wadley, Jr. (age 14), Great Hill Place, Bolingbroke, Georgia.

Silver badges, Charlotte Dodge (age 15), Honolulu, Hawaii; and Ora Winifred Wood (age 11), 14 Dwight Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

DRAWING. Gold badges, Seward H. Rathbun (age 14), 1622 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and Ursula Sutton Nelthorpe (age 14), Scawby, Lincolnshire, England.

Silver badges, Victor S. D. Sherman (age 12), 346 Belden Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; and Laura J. Aldrich (age 11), 423 Bluff Street, Beloit, Wisconsin.

PHOTOGRAPH. Gold badge, Woodruff W. Halsey (age 11), 144 Murray Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Silver badge, Samuel S. Berry (age 13), 220 East Olive Street, Redlands, California.

WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH. First (five dollars and gold badge), Howard S. Wheeler (age 15), Rockland, Massachusetts. Second (three dollars and gold badge), Percival W. White, Jr. (age 13), Milton, Massachusetts. Third (gold badge), Richard G. Halter (age 14), Lebanon, Pennsylvania.

PUZZLES. Gold badge, Mabel Miller Johns (age 15), Alta Avenue, Park Hill, Yonkers, New York.

Silver badge, Henry Goldman (age 14), 534 East Eighty-third Street, New York City.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badge, Elsie Fisher Steinheimer (age 15), Hotel Park, Roxbury, Massachusetts.

Silver badge, Marjorie Clare (age 9), 51 Willow Avenue, Plainfield, New Jersey.

TWILIGHT.

BY LESLIE GROSER (AGE 8).

(Gold Badge.)

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,
 The wind blows wild and free,
 And like the wings of sea-gulls
 Flash the whitecaps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
 There shines a ruddier light,
 And a little face at the window
 Peers out into the night.



"BY THE RIVER." BY HERBERT POST, AGE 16.



"IN PROSPECT PARK." BY ALEX. ATWORTH, AGE 17.

place of safety. To-day we could hear the old bear cuffing the little ones along, and the little fellows yelping a good deal like puppies. Perhaps they did not want to go, and their mother had to cuff them hard to make them run fast."

A few days later, as the party started out to work, Mr. Hastings said: "Come, Leonard, you may go out on line to-day. I have something to show you. We have found the bears' bath-tub."

The idea of a bear's bath-tub was so funny to Leonard that he thought his father must be jesting. But he was always glad to go into the woods and watch the men cutting the big trees and surveying the line for the railroad, and this morning ran happily along, wondering if bears really had bath-tubs.

When they reached the place where the men had quit work the evening before, Mr. Hastings turned to where the trees grew very tall and thick. Leonard kept close to him, and when they had walked about five hundred feet, sure enough! they found the bears' bath-tub and play-ground. At the foot of a big white spruce-tree, in the angle between two large roots, was a little pool of clear water, and the roots on both sides were worn smooth by the little bears as they scrambled in and out of their tub. The ground was tracked by their feet, and the small trees near by were smeared with mud where they had climbed them while their coats were wet and muddy.

"Oh," said Leonard, "how I would like to see the little fellows taking a bath!"

But papa said he had better not wish for too close an acquaintance with bears.

SUGGESTION OF NATURE.

BY LUCIUS A. BIGELOW, JR. (AGE 8).

(*Silver Badge.*)

GREEN grass growing 'neath our feet,
Blue space upward gaze to greet,
Birds' wings fluttering in the air,
Color, fragrance, everywhere.

Come, my brother, come away,
Through the misty dawn of day.
We will follow whispering leaves
To the haunt which summer weaves.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

BY MARGARET BEATRICE CHILD
(AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

MANY and beautiful are the legends my dear friend, the Spirit of the Wind, whispers to me in the still, gray twilight; but the one I love best she tells me every Christmas Eve.

And these are the words of the legend; but I would you might hear her voice, low and tender, yet musical and sweet, as she bends over me:

"Little Dear-my-friend, you know that each Christmas Eve Christ walks on earth in the form of a little child; but no mortal knows where he goes, or what happens after midnight, early on Christmas morning.

"The Christ-child goes to a great pine forest, and keeps his Christmas.

He stands beneath a beautiful pine, and as he stands there everything is changed.

"The pine-trees, laden with snow, are hung with millions of stars, shining with a sparkling, golden light; and beneath the pine stands the Christ-child.

"Little Dear-my-friend, I would you could see him. He is clad in purest white, around his head is a halo, and his long hair falls below his shoulders in masses of wavy, golden brown. His deep, star-like eyes shine with a happy light as he raises his hand and the stars sing.

"Little Dear-my-friend, I would you might hear that music. Surely it is the most beautiful Christmas carol ever sung on earth.

"Clear and joyous and ringing, it rises and falls on the still night air for many moments.

"Suddenly it stops, and the Child bows his head and prays — prays that the lonely and sad of earth, and all his people, may have a little part of his Christmas joy.

"Then the stars join in one inexpressibly joyous burst



"WHERE EAST AND WEST MEET." BY AGNES M. CURTIS, AGE 12.



"WILD GESE." BY HOWARD S. WHEELER, AGE 15.
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

of music. And so Christ keeps his Christmas festival. All of his people wake the next day happy and glad. But, though no one knows, this is their share of his Christmas joy."

Then, kissing me, the Spirit of the Wind says: "Good night, little Dear-my-friend, and a merry Christmas to you," and leaves me to dream of what she has told me.

SEPTEMBER.

BY ANGUS M. BERRY
(AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

SEPTEMBER days are growing old;
The maple shines in red and gold,

While on the wooded upland leas
Jack Frost begins to paint the trees
With yellow tints and scarlet hues.
Beneath the skies of deepest blues
The gentle zephyr stirs the leaves.
The harvester is binding sheaves
Of golden grain; while down the dale
We hear the song of thrush and quail.
By gentle slopes of pine-clad hills
Is heard the murmur of the rills
That gurgle by their mossy banks
And through the rushes' serried ranks;
While dancing down the valley fair
They sparkle as a mermaid's hair.
O sweet September! do not go,
Nor make way for the winter's snow;
But if you must, pray leave to me
A loving memory of thee.

A SEPTEMBER WORD.

UNDERTAKE work sincerely. Do it thoroughly. Finish it completely. There is no other way to succeed.



"WILD DUCKS." BY PERCIVAL W. WHITE, JR., AGE 13.
(SECOND PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

I think it would be well if all boys and girls would try to remember what the book told Robert, don't you?



"FROG." BY RICHARD G. HALTER, AGE 14.
(THIRD PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

THE BROOK.

BY NANNETTE F. HAMBURGER (AGE 10).

OVER the rocky highway,
Under the cave of stone,
Out through the fields and pastures,
A stream of water shone.

Bright in the golden sunshine,
Dark and quiet at night,
Winding through all the woodland,
The streamlet took its flight.

THE DON'TS OF A BOOK.

BY RUTH LINN (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

ONCE Robert brought a book home from the library. He treated the book very badly.

One night, after he was snug in bed, and the book lay on the table in his room, he heard it say: "Don't turn one of my pages down to keep a place, but put a bookmark in between my leaves instead. Don't handle me with dirty fingers, for remember, I do not belong to you, and I shall want to go to a great many other boys and girls when you are through with me; and some day I may get back to you, and would it not make you sad to see me torn and soiled, and know that you had helped to make me so?"

"Yes, sir," said Robert.
Robert's mother heard talking, and got up and went to Robert's room, only to find him talking to the book.

"Why, Robert," she said, "what are you doing?"

"Oh, hearing the don'ts of a book," said Robert.

In the morning Robert's mother said: "Robert, what did the book say to you last night?"

"Oh," said Robert, "it told me several things, but it was all in a dream, if I did answer them. But, nevertheless, I mean to fulfill the wishes of the book."



S. H. RATHBUN.
1900.

"FISHING BOATS." BY SEWARD H. RATHBUN, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY HELEN M. McLAUGHLIN (AGE 10).

THE automocow is chewing her cud
From off the mechanical grass;
Automoclover makes her breath sweet,
Automocarriages pass.

Automobirds are singing their songs:
"Annie Laurie" and "Home, Sweet Home."
Automoleaves they rustle so,
Automobutterflies roam.

An automosun shines over it all,
Automobreezes laugh.
And many and many an automocow
Is proud of her automocalf.

A PEEP THROUGH A MAGNIFYING-GLASS.

BY EDITH C. BARBER (AGE 13).

ONE bright morning at Mount Pocono, in the year 1897, father and I started to take a walk through the woods.

We went along a short distance, and then father cut down a little tree and made a mountain-staff for me by stripping the leaves from the branches, and twisting the branches around it, and after cutting some fancy work on it with his knife, he gave it to me.

I plodded along by him, quite pleased with my new staff, and was very sorry that we soon had to go home, as it was near dinner-time.

We were walking leisurely along, when father suddenly stooped down and exclaimed: "Look, is n't this curious!"

I hastily bent down to examine, and saw a little piece of moss, covered with tiny red objects that at first resembled microscopic poppies.

Father then selected a choice bit, and cut it out with his penknife; then he took out his pocket magnifying-glass, and examined the moss closely.

"Oh, let me look!" I exclaimed.

Father handed me the moss and the magnify-

ing-glass, telling me, as he did so, to be very careful, as the moss was extremely delicate.

When I had brought my eye to the magnifying-glass, it seemed as if I was in fairyland.

On what appeared to be a tiny green forest, several red, microscopic toadstools were seated, while, near by, a little green sprig had shot up its tiny branches, and, through the glass, seemed like a diminutive Christmas tree.

"Oh, how lovely!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, is n't it," said father. "Let us take it home to mother."

He accordingly wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and took it to mother,

who was very much pleased with it.

I suggested that we should take it home and keep it until school began, and then show it to the teachers. But the tiny plants on the moss soon withered and died, and it was useless to try to bring it home, as school did not begin until a week after our return to Philadelphia.

But I can never forget how beautiful that tiny piece of moss looked on the day I first saw it through the magnifying-glass.

TO NEW READERS.

THE St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers.

To any reader of the magazine, or to any one desiring to become such, a League membership badge and an instruction leaflet will be mailed free upon receipt of a written application, accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

There are no League dues.



"GOING TO SCHOOL." BY URSULA SUTTON NELTHORPE, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)



"CHICAGO LAKE FRONT." BY VICTOR S. D. SHERMAN, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY HELEN DUDLEY (AGE 14).

BACK in the woods, away from men,
He lived the first years of his life,
Preparing for those years to come
When he should end all civil strife.

He had a true and kindly heart;
He never wavered from the right,
But followed duty's thorny path,
With simple love and honest might.

He gave his country peace and joy,
And faith sustained him through all care.
Beloved and mourned by all, he died,
Yet dwells his presence everywhere.

LIFE STORY OF A BOOT.

BY LAURA M. WOODWORTH (AGE 11).

"No, I want that pair," said the little girl, looking in the shop-window. This was the first thing I could remember, and it was at me she pointed. I felt proud to be chosen (I was very young then), and tried to look my best.

After a great deal of questioning, such as "Will they wear well?" "Are they of the best leather?" which I thought was very stupid, for of course I was perfect, I was done up in paper and taken to her home.

I lived happily there until, one day, I was sent out to have a new sole put on. I never saw my mate again, for the repairer found me worthless, as I was fast coming to pieces, and I was put into the ash-barrel. When the ash-wagon came, as it was very full already, I was thrown on top. Then we jogged slowly out of the city and off toward some meadows with a river running through them. When we came up to it the ashes were dumped on the bank. I rolled down and reached the river.

I was glad to get away, for I did not like such company. How happy I was sailing gently on with the ever-moving water! and I began to sing:

"Sailing, sailing down the river blue,
Hark to the secrets I tell to you;
On the river's bosom wide
I float gently onward with the tide."

Here I stopped suddenly; what was the matter?
I was fast filling with water and sinking. In a min-

ute more only my toe was out of water, and soon that was gone, too, and I was sinking down, down, and all the time I was being carried onward with the rushing waters.

At last I floated gently to the bottom of the — ocean.
No more rushing now; all was quiet. Little fishes swam to and fro, and gathered curiously around me; and here I am, as I tell my story, resting on a cushion of seaweed, with the green water stretching away, away, as far as the eye can see. The fishes swim in me, out of me, and around me, but they do not notice me.

Now, still, I am very happy. Bit by bit I am falling to pieces — and this is my story.

NIGHT AND MORN.

BY HELEN C. MOODEY (AGE 13).

THE little stars in the sky are shining;
The leaves with the moonbeams are softly
entwining;

And the hush of night is slowly descending.

Quiet, quiet;
No riot, no riot;
The earth is asleep:

Good night!
Good night!

The light of the stars is fast dis-
appearing,
And the face of the jolly old sun
is a-nearing;
The beginning of day is now
swiftly coming.

Riot, riot;
No quiet, no quiet;
The earth is awake:
Good morn!
Good morn!

MY TRIALS.

BY JOAN OHL (AGE 10).

WHEN I go to Paris,
The children laugh at me,
Because I have my stockings
Going past my knee.

When I go to London,
The children laugh and tease,
Because I've no white stockings
To reach above my knees.

When I return to America,
I all the children please,
Because I have black stockings
Going both ways on my knees.



"BIRD-HOUSE." BY LAURA J. ALDRICH, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

NOTE.—In Paris the children wear socks, in London long white stockings, in America long black stockings like mine.

THE MAGIC WORD.



BY SARAH L. WADLEY, JR. (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge Illustrated Story.)

THERE once lived a king who had everything to make him happy. He had a wife who loved him, a daughter who was the fairest lady in the land, his palaces were known all over the world for their richness, he was beloved by his subjects and he was respected abroad; but yet he was unhappy. He wished to know what was the word that meant the most to all the world. Day after day he hunted in his great books, and night after night he studied and searched and questioned, but all in vain.

At last he decided to give his daughter Clarissa to him who could tell the king the magic word. As the question seemed easy, and Clarissa was very beautiful, many came.

The poet, with his ink-bedabbed fingers, said poetry, the musician said music, the wizard said magic; and many others came. But neither the king nor Clarissa was pleased—the king because he saw that the word that each suggested was only full of meaning to him who suggested it, and meant little or nothing to the rest of the world, and Clarissa because she was in love with Prince Clarence, of a neighboring kingdom, whom she was expecting every day; and she was not disappointed, for the very next day he came.

"O king!" the young prince began, as he stood facing the king in the great hall filled with people, "it seems to me you put a small price on your daughter when you give her for an answer to an easy question. In your childhood who was it who held the foremost place in your affections? Answer me this question, and you have an answer to yours."

"Mother! mother!" the people shouted. "'Mother' is the winning word, and the young prince has won!"

The king descended from his throne, and taking his daughter by the hand, led her to Prince Clarence, saying as he did so: "Yes, my son, you have won, and I bless you both"; and



THE PRINCESS CLARISSA.

then, turning to the vast crowd, he continued: "And you, my people, the wedding feast will be celebrated to-morrow, and all are welcome."

HOW HERO GOT HIS NAME.

BY ORA WINIFRED WOOD (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge Illustrated Story.)

HE was n't a particularly handsome dog, this Hero. He was black and white, with long, shaggy hair, and a jolly, good-natured face. But I think you will agree with me that he deserved his name, for all that, when you hear my story.

He was a stray dog found by the Carter children, and until the morning of which I speak had gone nameless, for the simple reason that each thought that the names chosen by the others were not good enough.

It was a sunny June morning near the last of the month, and little Marjory Carter was getting ready to stay a week in the country.

It was half-past seven, and they stood on the steps waiting for the carriage that would take them to the depot. All the time doggy sat watching them with eyes that said as plainly as could be: "Do take me with you." But Marjory said: "No, no, dear doggy; you must stay and take care of papa."

They arrived at the depot ten minutes too soon. Marjory and nurse were walking up and down the platform while mother got the ticket. Suddenly nurse, seeing some one she knew, started that way. Marjory did not like this; she wanted "to go watch for cho-cho car." Slipping her hand from nurse's, she turned to go and see for herself. She walked across the tracks to the one farthest away, but as there was a bend in the track just then, she could not see, so on she went. Suddenly a loud noise made her stop, and round the curve came a great engine right on poor little Marjory. She heard mother and nurse scream, but before she could realize what it was all about, a large black-and-white doggy came bounding toward her; taking her dress in his mouth, he bounded away again. In less time than it takes to tell she was in mother's arms, being kissed and cried over, and hearing nurse trying to explain things to papa.

When she went to the country you may be sure the brave doggy rescuer went, too, while mother declared that "Hero" was the only name good enough for him, and the others agreed so, too.



THE PAPAYA-TREE.

BY CHARLOTTE DODGE (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge Illustrated Story.)

ABOUT a year and a half ago, under the warm Hawaiian sun, lay a tiny black seed. It was one of some hundred or more that had been packed away in the hollow of the papaya fruit.

The rain came gently down at night, the cooling trade winds blew, and by day the sun warmed the little seed, till, one day, it began to stir about, and then timidly put out a tiny rootlet and a white stem with green leaves. These at first were thick, and not shaped at all like those of the parent tree; but little by little, as each leaf opened, it found itself more perfect than the one before it, until at last, when the tree was six or eight feet high, they were fine and large, over a foot across.

Then, just where all the leaves join the trunk of the



THE PAPAYA-TREE.

young tree, small knobs appeared. How proud the tree was! Its first blossoms!

But a little feeling of jealousy came over it as it watched its neighbor, just over the fence; for this other tree had three times as many flowers. How much prettier they were, and how sweet they smelled! Why, they filled the air all around with their fragrance! The other tree had its beautiful star-like blossoms in sprays, and they stood out that all might see them; and people, as they passed, ex-

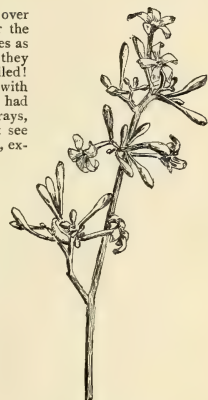
claimed at their beauty. Our little tree's few flowers grew close to the stem, and no one even noticed that they were there.

But one night a strange thing happened. All the lovely flowers on the neighbor's tree fell off and its beauty was gone. There was no fruit.

Soon our little tree lost its flowers one by one; but as each fell it left behind a small green ball, that day by day grew into a fine, large papaya. There were a dozen or more on the little tree, and this was its first season, too.

So the little papaya-tree learned that although its blossoms were not so handsome as its neighbor's, it still had

its own work to do, for it bore the large yellow-and-green fruit which the children all liked so much.



THE PAPAYA BLOSSOM.



THE DAY-DREAM.

BY MARGARET MORRIS
(AGE 13).

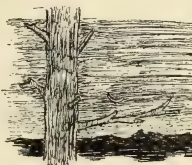
(*Gold Badge Illustrated Poem.*)

HERE 's a lady of degree,
Noble, tall, and fair to see,
With her eyes of dancing
blue,
And her lips of cherry hue,
And her cloud of golden
hair,
And her mantle wondrous
fair.

Who may be the lovely
dame?
For we all would know
her name.
Comes a call both loud
and shrill,
Waking echoes on the hill,

But 't is not for her, forsooth,
For it rings out—"Nancy Booth!
Go and call the cows at once,

I 've just heard from Farmer
Bunce
That they 've strayed to Meadow-
brook.
And you 'll have to go and look."
But it *is* for her, alas!
And the day-dream swift must
pass;
For the lady 's but a fancy
Of the farmer's daughter Nancy.



DUSK.

BY ISADORE DOUGLAS
(AGE 12).

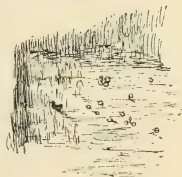
(*Silver Badge Illustrated Poem.*)

THROUGH the banks of
wet fern that grow
tall in the valley,
Like a swift-going shadow, a startled hare leaps;
Far in the dark arch of heaven above it,
Like a flickering candle, an early star peeps.

Down where the little lake sleeps in the shadows,
There is a sleepy bird chirping so late;
Deep in the rushes that grow by the margin,
Softly a water-fowl calls to her mate.

Low on the crest of the far western mountains,
Like a boat in the sky, hangs the pale crescent moon;
From the trees that stand back in the shadowy twilight
Thousands of katydid's drone out their tune.

Far to the northward a
screech-owl is hoot-
ing;
A whippoorwill softly
flits by to his nest;
Then slowly the wood
settles down into si-
lence,
And night holds the
sleeping earth close
to her breast.



THE ANTIEDILUVIAN WHALE.



BY J. E. BECHDOLT (AGE 15).

AN antediluvian whale,
With a wriggle and twist
Of his tail,

Observed to a smelt:
"I really shall melt
If we don't have some
Lightning and hail."

THE HORSE.

BY LORANIA BECKWITH (AGE 13).

THE surest way to make a horse snappish is to be unkind to him. Horses have a great deal of intelligence and are willing to work for their masters when they are well treated. There are two ways a horse may be broken in. One is to take him quietly, treat him kindly, and slowly get his harness on, one piece at a time. That horse is quite sure to be a fine-tempered creature. The other is to go at a horse with all the force possible, work him till he is tired out, and be unkind to him. That horse will be snappish. If a horse is snappish when he is old, it does not mean he has been all his life.

There are a few things about the harness that hamper the horse. One is the check-rein. There is no use in it except for fashion. A horse can hold his head up without its being held up for him, and

he cannot pull a load up a hill well with a check-rein. If he should stumble he could better pick himself up if it were not for his check-rein.

The blinkers are another part of the harness that sometimes trouble the horse. Horses can see very much better in the dark than men. That is the principal reason that blinkers are dangerous. If the road is dark and the horse has not blinkers he can pick out the best path, while with them he could not see his way so well. Another thing; horses with blinkers are apt to shy. The only reason they are used now is for fashion.

The worst fashion there is is docking horses' tails. Some States have laws against it. It will be a fine thing when all States have. What right have men to torture their animals? They have no right. They do it for fashion. Horses are annoyed dreadfully by flies, and they use their tails to brush them off. If the horse has a docked tail, and the flies bite, he has no power to get them off except by kicking and shaking himself. When he does that the driver whips him. When men sell their horses they never think they may be sold to some teamster who will not treat them well nor keep them covered in the stable.

NICE BITS FROM LEAGUE LETTERS.

WILLIAM COFFIN, Jr. (age 11), who has been spending some weeks at Atlantic City, writes:

I have seen the squids, which have arms with suckers that they can hold on to anything with. They also carry sacs of ink, with which they discolor the water when chased. I have seen the drum-fish, which, when inside the breakers, makes a noise like the beating of a bass-drum; and the little bottle-fish, who, when handled, blows himself up with indignation; and the sand-shark, who has a double row of fine, sharp teeth, and is quite dangerous; and the funny king- or horseshoe-crab, and many other fish that I will tell about another time.

Ruth S. Loughton says very kindly:

I think you are doing a great thing for all the young people of this generation. You are teaching us, by the League, self-reliance, and also that our own thoughts are not the only ones. I am sure that your magazine ought to be—if it is not—the center of every family all over the world.

This little girl thinks she lives too far away to belong to the League, but she does n't; and she writes an interesting letter:

TONGAAT, NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken in St. NICHOLAS for about a year, and like it very much. I should love to belong to the League, only I am afraid I live too far away. I live on a sugar plantation on the coast of Natal, about thirty miles from Durban.

When last I was in Durban we saw a good many soldiers. We went over a hospital-ship, and saw all the wounded men. They looked very comfortable in their swinging cots.

I have ten relations at the front. Two of my cousins went through the siege of Ladysmith; and one of my cousins, Captain Crewe, was killed in the relief force for Mafeking.

Before I close I must ask you if it is possible for me to join the



"WHEN GRANNY WAS YOUNG." BY CLARE CURRIER, AGE 15.



AFTER J. D. GIBSON
BY MILDRED WHEAT.

A CHILD'S VERSION OF "IS A CADDY ALWAYS NECESSARY?"

BY MILDRED WHEAT, AGE 13. (WITH MR. GIBSON'S PERMISSION.)

League. I am sure my friends would like to join, too.

I wonder if my letter is good enough to print. I shall be glad if it is. Hoping the League will have a long and happy life, I remain,
Your interested reader,

JOAN ACUTT.
(Age 13 years.)

This letter is from a little League member who has paralysis and suffers a great deal. You would not guess from her funny little rhymes:

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a true poem about my kitten "Daffodil."

DAFFODIL.

THE yellow kit sits on the hearth
Beside the oven door;
She does not find the knob too warm,
So holds it in her paw.

Her old brown ma she caught three rats,
And they were white as snow;
I think they must have run away
From some fine passing show.

We tried to get a photograph of the yellow kitten warming her paws on the stove; but she ran away, or was stolen, before we could get it.
Your true friend,

GRACE S. SMITH.
(Age 13 years.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you ever since I was eight years old; and my mother had you when she was a girl. I like all the stories you publish very much; but my favorites are "Arkichita: A Tale of an Indian Detective"; "Trinity Bells"; "The Dozen from Lakerim"; and all of Mr. Jenks's stories. And I enjoy reading Virginia Woodward Cloud's poetry ever so much.

From the heading of my letter, one might make the natural mistake of believing me a Northern girl; but I am from Key West, in Florida, and

this is my first visit to the North. I like St. Paul very much, but think I prefer my Southern home for "keeps."

I have visited many places of interest in and around Minnesota's capital, and I find everything very enjoyable. I admire the Falls of Minnehaha exceedingly. The water has to me the appearance of a silvery bridal veil, formed of countless shining dewdrops; and with the sun shining on it, it is a rainbow of exquisitely blended colors. Near the falls are many paths, which terminate by the banks of a large pool, called the "Witch's Pool." The water in this pool is deep and very black, with not a sign of life on its smooth surface. It is a rather gruesome but very interesting body of water.

Wishing you much success, I am,

Your admirer, ANNE COURTNEY.

From Hull, England, comes this gratifying letter, which many of the writer's American cousins will approve:

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although this is the first time I have written to you, I think of you as quite an old friend, because I have had the pleasure of reading you since the beginning of that lovely little story which came out in your pages—"Lady Jane."

I do think that your League is a splendid idea, and we should all feel proud to belong to it. I am so fond of your breezy, bright, intelligent American girls, and I think that your paper is far above any English children's one. I have got several numbers bound, including the one with "Lady Jane," and I don't care how old I live to be, I shall never cease loving that little story. My mother is also very fond of you, because she says that you are such a charming mixture of instructive and light reading. I think that some of your tales are fairly "ripping"—if you will excuse the expression. Now

I hope I have not written too much; but I felt that I could not lose the opportunity of expressing my hearty thanks to you for so many hours of delightful reading during the past ten years of my life.

Your little English cousin,

CONSTANCE CLARK. (Age 15 years.)



"WILD WEST." BY SANFORD TOUSEY, AGE 17.



BY GOODWIN HOBBS, AGE 16.

mouse would eat some of the bird's seed. The bird died, and the mouse went away and was seen no more."

Eunice Fuller thanks us for her gold badge, and says: "It is much better than I thought it would be, but that is always the way with St. NICHOLAS: each time it seems better than before. Its newest and best feature is the St. Nicholas League."

Helen Thomas writes: "I think the League perfectly fine. Your magazine is the finest published, and when it comes we always have a scramble to see who will get it first."

From Madeleine Isabella Neil of Glasgow, Scotland, comes a nice letter, as this brief extract will show:

"I always read all through the League department before beginning the stories. I think some of the contributions are very clever, especially those sent in by the very little children."

And Dorothy R. Lewis: "My pleasure is doubled because of the little society fast becoming a big one. It brings your readers closer together, I think."

That is the first object of the League. And Miss Dorothy is correct also about the growth of the organization. Every month adds thousands to our membership.



"THE ESQUIMAUX." BY DAVID M. POPE, AGE 7.

the last. In all these years there has been no organization to bind the readers together, and now that the League fills this office, a long-felt want is supplied."

Other welcome and interesting letters have been received from John M. Foote, Edna M. Duane, Ray Johnson, Dorothy Bates, Martha Washburn, Harry Edgar Aldridge, Gladys Hilliard, Cora Carleton, Mabel Everhart, Helen R. Matthews, Charles Jarvis Harriman, Marion S. Miller, Augusta H. Wood, Minnie Reese Richardson, Elizabeth Stoddard Stevens, Carolyn C. Stevens, Marion Woodworth, Miller R. Guernsey, Louis F. May, William Coffin, Jr., Marguerite Helene Soule (with interesting extract about her gran'pa), Laura W. Platt, Marjorie D. Weldon, and from Margaret P. Wotkins and her mama (with nice photographs).

Florence C. Clark of Willoughby, Ohio, sends this incident: "I will tell you a story of our canary-bird and tame mouse. The tame mouse ran up and down our curtain every night and morning, and we had the canary in a cage. The mouse used to sleep in the cage with the bird. Every night, at a certain time, the mouse would run up the curtain into the cage. The mouse would eat some of the bird's seed. The bird died, and the mouse went away and was seen no more."

ROLL OF HONOR.

BEING a list of those whose work, though not used, has been found well worthy of honorable mention.

POEMS.

Katherine Gaul Rusk	Caroline Clinton Everett
Bertha Cassidy	Ruth A. Watson
Allen Chase	Harriet H. Thomson
Doris Webb	Elizabeth Goolidge
I. St. J. Tucker	Gertrude Kaufman
Lois Lehman	Herbert L. Williams
Eleanor Hollis Murdock	Ruth Phelps
Carolyn S. Cobb	Louise Ruggles
Katherine T. Bastedo	Dorothy Dominick
Charles Upton Pett	Rose Kellogg
Louise Elder	Robert D. Hays
Floy De Grove Baker	Margaret Stevens
Mildred Andrus	Helen Stetson Jewell
Leigh Sowers	Asa B. Dimon
Dorothea Davis	Lillie Marion Shannon
Christine Payson	Elsie Wells
Alice King	Gladys Sellow



BY MOORE MEIGS, AGE 8.

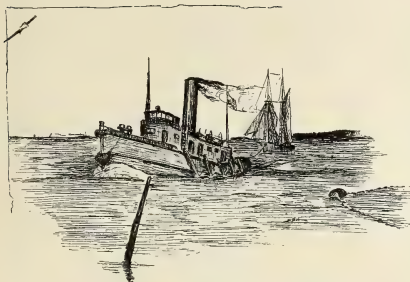
Margery Foster Johnson	Wynonah Breazeale
Grace Phelps	Vere Kupfer
Grace Burr, Coolidge	Frances Bickford Howland
William G. Wendell	Sam Smart
Alice B. Rodgers	

PROSE.

Oliver Wolcott Roosevelt	David M. Cheney
Dorothy Garrison	Ethel J. Watson
Leon Guggenheim	Rachel Gitchel
Edna Bennet	Agatha E. Gruber
A. Gertrude Brown	Hilda Millet
Philip S. Comstock	Caroline Gillis Sawyer
Kate Acheson Spencer	Ruth Lowery
Bessie Greene	Mary P. Parsons
Jessie Murray	Arthur Edward Weld
Karl W. Kirchwey	Leila Kurtz
Eirian F. Chittenden	Anne F. Preston
	Charlotte Forsythe
	Margie C. Wurtzburg
	Edwine Behre
	Elford Eddy
	Alice H. Friend
	Mary C. Tanner
	Eleanor Myers
	Etta Stein
	Shirley Willis
	Arthur Clampitt
	Helen S. Ferrer
	Lucille E. Rosenberg
	Grace S. Croll
	Lucille Owen
	Hazel Irving Fischer
	Geraldine McGinnis
	Martha Deinet
	William E. Woods



BY CATHERINE LEE CARTER, AGE 12.



"ALMOST THERE." BY STUART B. WATKINS, AGE 16.

Rosabel Horton
Effie Sammond
Katherine L. Roosevelt
Gussie Schwartz
Sarah M. Hay
Louise D. Powis
Katherine A. Perry
Howard P. Rockey
Janet S. Townsend
Louise Sharp

Alexander Proudfit Rusk
Harry H. Spofford
Herbert Wallack
Gretchen M. Franke
Rachel Elsie Love
Gertrude L. Cannon
Ruth Osgood
Jeanne Maude Pattison
Calm Morrison Hoke
George Fitts

DRAWINGS.

Clarence E. B. Grossman
Eleanor Stuart Upton
Mary Newman
Elizabeth Norton
Lloyd Lemon
Ruth B. Hand
David Challinor
Irene R. Tucker
Florence Gardiner
Margaret Sizer
Frances Amelia Cutler
Rowena Sizer
M. A. Challinor
Dorothy C. Cooper
Ethel Pollard
Junior Wood
Rose C. Huff
Elisabeth C. Hayne
Mary Shoemaker
Alexander McAndrew
Mabel Carr Samuel
Nicholas Roosevelt
Herbert P. Nathan
Amy Peabody
F. Kerr Atkinson
Grace Tetlow
M. Hazeltine Fewsmith
Arthur D. Fuller
Warren H. Butler
Helen Hasbrouck
W. Bradford
Margaret White

L. Hein
Margaret E. Conklin
Laura Gardin
Susan Jamson Sweetser
Mary A. B. Williamson
Charles C. Hill
Katherine Keeler
Mildred Curran Smith
Ysabel Garcia
Constance Fuller
Jeannette Van Cleef
Catherine Stearns

Sara E. Philips
Edna L. Marrett
Linda Houghton
Melton R. Owen
Mercedes Garcia
Arthur W. Kennedy
Raymond Calkins
May B. Cooke
Emily B. Aldrich
Helen A. Cogshall
Helen L. F. Schulte
Henry G. Adler
Helen Pauline Croll
Olive Carpenter
Mabel Edith Gross
J. Elmer Burwash
Kate Colquhoun
Arthur W. Bell
Emily Colquhoun
Carol Bradley

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Conrad Lambert
Carl S. Tieman
Paul Moore
Willie Berry
Percy Lawrence Young

Carl C. Tallman
George Allen
Paul B. Moore
John Philip Hart
Dwight Tenney

Grace Kellen
Arthur Light
Rachel L. Manners
W. D. Miller
Walter P. Schuck
Thomas MacIver
Florence S. Sutro
W. Irving Saul
John F. Reddick
Edith Spaulding
Stanley Randall
Grace Fletcher Eddy
Anna C. Biggert
Douglas Peck
Nettie Rushmore
George S. Jackson
Edward C. Little
William S. Allen
Walker Smith
Natalie Bird Kimber
Ruth Lane Daniels

Lilla A. Greene
J. Donald Cassels
S. L. Brown
Harold R. Singer
Adrian Formel
Frances E. Boyer

Charles Almy, Jr.
Winifred Jones
Margaret P. Wotkins
Sally Orris
Lucille Sledge Campbell
Morris Duncan Douglas
Thomas A. Cox, Jr.
Larned V. P. Allen
Josephine H. Howes
E. H. Coy
Josephine Blaine
Clara Dooner
Carol G. Boyer
C. L. Whitman
John M. S. Allison
Ellen Burditt McKee
Marion Hefron
G. D. Strathern
Arthur L. Besse
Gerome Ogden
Philip Roberts
Doris Fracklyn
Helen Peabody
Edmonde Whitman
G. Gates Sanborn
Gertrude Whittimore
Edith H. Patterson

PUZZLES.

Bruns Lawrason
Leonard A. Watson
Marion E. Moreau
Maurice P. Dunlap
May E. Maynard
Henry Goldman
Jessie Dey
Louise L. Kobbe
Lillie Knollenberg
Helen Bigelow
Ruth Allaire
Marie H. Whitman
Elinor Kaskel
Randolph M. Dunham

Florence M. Flint
Almy Miller
Rosabel Horton
Bertha L. Florey
Olivia Taylor
Emily E. Howson
Emily C. Crawford
Helen Brokaw
Emily Breitenfeld
Mary Ross
Volant Vashon Ballard
Sarah Bobbins
Margaret Taylor
Margaret Sammond



BY JEAN OLIVE HECK, AGE 14.

The prize puzzles and others selected for publication, as well as the list of puzzle-answerers, will be found in the regular "Riddle-box."

DON'T COPY.

WORK drawn for the St. Nicholas League should be only from life or from the young artists' imagination.

CHAPTERS.



BY MADGE SMITH, AGE 12.

A GREAT many League members are scattered now, and fewer chapters have been reported in consequence. In September, however, our young people will be getting back to school, and chapter work will be renewed with fresh interest. Please remember that in forming chapters teachers or members may have a number of badges and leaflets come in one large envelope, post paid.

No. 127. May A. Chambers, President; J. Wheaton Chambers, Secretary; four members. Address, 46 Broad Street, Freehold, New Jersey.

No. 128. Gertrude Johnston, President; Kathrine Liddell, Secretary; nine members. Address, Highland Park, Montgomery, Alabama.

No. 129. The "Squirrel Hill." Laurence Reiman, President; H. P. Smith, Secretary; six members. Address, 1401 Weightman Street, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. The program of No. 129 is: roll-call, minutes, "then a story from your dear magazine," stories from the different members, and a "good, hearty play at the last."

No. 130. Pierre Gaillard, President; Frances Newcomer, Secretary; ten members. Address, 2139 N Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

No. 131. Lucile Topping, President; Odette Grow, Secretary; seven members. Address, Fenton, Michigan.

No. 132. The "Fort Meyer Chapter." Mary B. Morgan, President; Margaret C. Brooks, Secretary; sixteen members. Address, Fort Meyer, Virginia.

No. 132 is an "army" chapter, and its main work will be to gather reading matter to send to our soldiers in the Philippines, where many of their brave relatives are fighting.

No. 133. Helen Wallace, President; Lillian Anderson, Secretary; thirty-four members. Address, Franklin School, Goethe Street, near Wells Street, Chicago, Illinois.

No. 134. Officers not elected. Four members. Address, 1712 Webster Street, San Francisco, California.

No. 135. "The Searchers." Marion Stoddard, President; Mrs. E. H. Smith, Secretary; nine members. Address, Milan, Ohio.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 12.

COMPETITION No. 12 will close September 22. The awards will be announced and the prize contributions published in *St. Nicholas* for December.

POEM. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and should relate to the Thanksgiving season.

PROSE. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and should be appropriate to December.

DRAWING. India or very black ink on white paper. Subject (may be expressed in any manner), "A Cold Day."

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints. Subject (interior or exterior), "September."

PUZZLE. Any sort, but the more original in form, the better.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and

No. 135 will take a tramp once a week to study nature, and will have a meeting once in two weeks to read *St. Nicholas* and examine specimens.

Officers of some chapters have written us concerning the proper form of constitution; by-laws, etc., and as we have just received from the secretary of No. 105 a copy of their constitution, we print it in full as an excellent example for others to adopt in such form as seems to fit their needs:

CONSTITUTION OF THE HAPPY-GO-
LUCKY CLUB

(CHAPTER 105 OF THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE).

ARTICLE I.

The name of this chapter of the St. Nicholas League shall be the Happy-Go-Lucky Club.

ARTICLE II.

Officers shall be President and Secretary. No member shall hold office for more than one year.

ARTICLE III.

Dues shall be five cents per month. They shall be paid to the Secretary at the first meeting of the month.

ARTICLE IV.

Meetings shall be held on alternating Wednesdays of the month, except during July, August, and September.

ARTICLE V.

The President shall preside at all meetings and entertainments of the club, and shall have general direction of its affairs.

The Secretary shall keep the minutes of all meetings of the club, and a list of the names and addresses of all members. She shall conduct all correspondence of the club, and act as Treasurer.

All members of the society not holding office shall each consider herself personally responsible for her full share of the welfare of the club; she must be loyal and true in every sense of the word.

most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of *St. Nicholas*.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun:

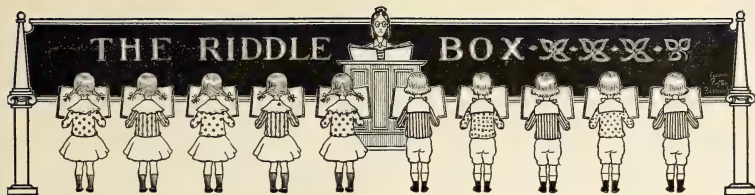
For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, the League gold badge.

Remember, every contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square,
New York City.



BY VANCE B. MURRAY, AGE 12.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. 1. Spoon. 2. Niche. 3. Onion. 4. Tabby. Primals and finals, transposed, Tennyson.

TRANSFORMATIONS. 1. Bar, Barr. 2. Pen, Penn. 3. Pit, Pitt. 4. Hog, Hogg. 5. Grim, Grimm. 6. Brag, Bragg. 7. Bur, Burr. 8. Par, Parr. 9. Kid, Kidd. 10. Web, Webb.

OVERLAPPING WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Uvula. 2. Visor. 3. Usury. 4. Lorea. 5. Aryan. II. 1. Rowel. 2. Ochre. 3. Where. 4. Error. 5. Leers. III. 1. Eager. 2. Anile. 3. Gives. 4. Elect. 5. Rests.

A FLIGHT OF STAIRS. From 1 to 10, mosquitoes; 11 to 13, ant; 13 to 15, too; 15 to 17, off; 17 to 19, few; 19 to 21, wee; 21 to 23, eve; 23 to 25, era; 25 to 27, aid; 27, 28, de.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from M. McG.—Katharine and Carolyn Sherman—Erlenkotter and Co.—Mabel M. Johns—"Hiawatha and Wabeka"—Kathrine Forbes Liddell—Rose B. Weber—The Pansy Club—Edith L. Lauer—Nessie and Freddie—Edith M. Thompson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from G. B. Dyer, 6—C. Hickok, 1—F. Kuntz, 1—Evelyn F. Keisker, 3—No name, Brooklyn, 4—M. R. Richardson, 1—L. Nowland, 1—Paul J. Ramsey, 2—Beatrice Reynolds, 2—Louis Washburn Fish, 5—Florence and Edna, 7—Pierre Gaillard, 7—J. C. Chase, 1—A. M. Richards, 1—"Damages," 5—Annie E. Whitlesey, 6—H. W. Lawrence, 1—Elsie Fisher Steinheimer, 5—M. Louise Nowlan, 2—Marjorie Clare, 4—H. A. Knowles, 1.

DIAMOND.

1. IN diamond. 2. Possessed. 3. Pertaining to the moon. 4. A number. 5. A spring flower. 6. A favorite. 7. Part of a harness. 8. A domestic animal. 9. IN diamond.

JOSEPH M. O'BRIEN (League Member).

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



EACH of the seven small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly

DIAMOND. 1. F. 2. Ala. 3. Flask. 4. Ask. 5. K.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA:

The quiet August noon has come;
A slumberous silence fills the sky.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Dray. 2. Raja. 3. Ajar. 4. Yard. II. 1. Flag. 2. Lane. 3. Anna. 4. Year. III. 1. Dale. 2. Apex. 3. Levi. 4. Exit. IV. 1. Rope. 2. Opal. 3. Palm. 4. Elms.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Alfred Dreyfus.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Achilles. 1. Arch. 2. Cat. 3. Horse. 4. Ice wagon. 5. Links. 6. Lamp. 7. Eye. 8. Scales.—CHARADE. Mosquito.

guessed and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the surname of a man who has distinguished himself.

Designed by ALFRED JAMES GOZZALDI
(League Member).

EMBEDDED SQUARE.

(First Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

O	O	O	O
O	O	O	O
O	O	*	*	*	*	.	.
O	O	*	*	*	*	.	.
.	.	*	*	*	*	O	O
.	.	*	*	*	*	O	O
.	.	.	.	O	O	O	O
.	.	.	.	O	O	O	O

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Likewise. 2. To jump. 3. A feminine name. 4. A precious stone.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A small bed. 2. A letter belonging to the written language of the ancient Norsemen. 3. Public houses. 4. Most excellent.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Water falling in drops. 2. An old word meaning "although." 3. A large bird. 4. A snug dwelling.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An old word meaning "to check." 2. A number. 3. An old word meaning "of a bright blue color." 4. Busy insects.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An island. 2. A support. 3. Recent. 4. Parts of the body.

MABEL MILLER JOHNS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

(Second Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I.

My primals, read downward, spell the name of the founder of the British Empire in India; the finals, read upward, spell the name of a famous American patriot. Both were born in September.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A coarse cloth. 2. A rich soil. 3. One of the United States. 4. A tramp. 5. A riddle.

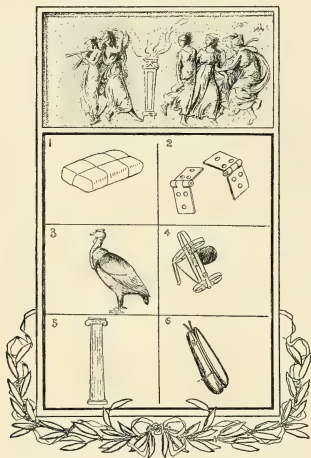
II.

My primals, read upward, spell the name of a famous queen; the finals, read downward, spell the name of a French nobleman who was a friend to the United States. Both were born in September.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A small elevation of land. 2. A garment worn by ancient Romans. 3. A little sprite. 4. A tropical fruit. 5. A city in the State of New York. 6. A girle. 7. To teach. 8. To mourn. 9. To make very angry.

HENRY GOLDMAN.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending at the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a Greek lyric poet.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. GLAD tidings. 2. The whole diatonic scale. 3. Not easily moved. 4. An inclosure. 5. To show. 6. An account-book.

MARIE B. REICHENHART.

MUSICAL CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the central letters will spell the name of a great composer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A musical term denoting increase

of sound. 2. A great composer. 3. The mother of the Muses. 4. The art of forming melody. 5. A name for the clarinet. 6. A stately dance peculiar to the country of the composer who is named by my centrals.

BARBARA ELEANOR SMYTHE (League Member).

CHARADE.

My *first* is dangerous, full of spite,
That should be fled from — out of sight;
It also has a charm untold,
And owns my *second*, all too bold.

My *next* is sometimes good to eat,
Yet may be poisonous — all deceit;
Can kill, yet save from hunger, too,
And oft is seen about a shoe.

My *whole* is on the mountain found
In May, when snow has left the ground;
Is dainty, horrid, broad, or slight —
Fills one with fear, or else delight.

IRIS L. MUDGE (League Member).

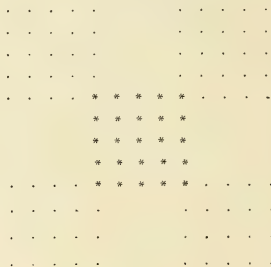
FAMOUS BATTLES.

FILL in the blanks with the names of famous battles. The names of the battles are divided into syllables.

1. Please give me some — — —; I am not well.
2. Elspeth let the — — — while she cooked the scones.
3. Give me my other gloves; this — — — too shabby.
4. Did you — — — ride the wild colt?
5. It was amusing to go to the pasture to see the old — — —; he was very clumsy.
6. I have seen a — — — shoeing horses.

M. E. FLOYD.

CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To sing slowly. 2. Fun. 3. To entertain. 4. Certain features. 5. A lock of hair.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Condition. 2. An instructor. 3. To expiate. 4. A strengthener. 5. Upright.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. To frighten. 2. A song. 3. To get up. 4. A product of the pine-tree. 5. A feminine name.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Selected. 2. A refuge. 3. Open. 4. To wait upon. 5. To go in.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A church dignitary. 2. To find fault with. 3. More degraded. 4. Signs. 5. Concise.

M. W. J.



"THE OFFICER GAVE THE ORDER, 'SALUTE UNCLE SAM AND THE AMERICAN COLORS!'"

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVII.

OCTOBER, 1900.

No. 12.

TOMMY'S FOURTH OF JULY IN IRELAND.

BY ANNIE B. JONES.

As Tommy swung for the twenty-third time on the gate-post, he remembered something.

"Cracky!" was all he said. Then he bounded away between the hedge-rows so fast that the sheep in the pasture looked up in surprise. But Tommy paid no attention to them. He made straight for the long, low farm-house, and darted through the kitchen and into the dairy, dancing about like a little Indian, and waving his cap above his head.

"Mother! mother!" he cried, "do you know what day it is?"

"Tuesday, my dear. Tommy! be careful, my son, or you will upset the cream."

"But, mother, what day of the month is it? That 's what I want to know!"

"Let me see," said his mother. "First, second—oh, it is the fourth."

"Fourth with a capital F! Fourth of July! And we must celebrate. May I have some money for firecrackers and punk and a few other things?—you know, everything for Fourth of July. May I, mother?"

"Firecrackers in Ireland, Tommy? I am afraid you won't find any. I had forgotten to-day was the Fourth; but we must do what we can to celebrate, certainly. Take a shilling

or two from my purse, and see what you can find that will make a noise."

"Oh, they will keep firecrackers at Dempsey's," said Tommy, confidently. "Everybody over here likes America so much they will be sure to celebrate a little, I guess. I'll get a few torpedoes and things, and then I'll get some of the boys over, and show them what Fourth of July is like."

"Tommy," said his mother, looking fondly at the excited little fellow, "where are we spending the summer?"

"In Kilkenny County, Ireland," answered Tommy, promptly.

"Well, my son, here they do *not* parade the streets singing 'America' on the Fourth of July, even to make little boys happy; so don't set your heart on that. Run down to Dempsey's after your crackers, and if you can't get them we will try to think of something else."

Tommy was ten years old. He had come to spend the summer on a big, prosperous farm not far from Londonderry, and the first three weeks of his life there had been full to the brim of delights. Everything was new, and, as he expressed it, "funny"; but, though he had no fault to find, nothing quite came up to the

things at home, and America was growing larger and more wonderful in his memory, and in his speech, every day. He revolved several of its glorious features in his mind as he ran down the lane; they seemed to be a confusion of hurdy-gurdys, military funerals,—which Tommy particularly admired, and which he looked upon as pertaining to himself, in a measure, since he meant to be a general,—police patrol wagons, and the “Star-Spangled Banner.” This last brought to his mind the fact that he ought to have his flag, so he turned back long enough to get the little silk emblem his father had given before he sailed from New York, and then he set out once more for Dempsey’s. It was a long walk, so, the better to break up the tedium of it, he sat down just beyond the last hedge-row of Squire Burke’s farm to make out a list of the things he wanted. First there was the bothersome task of finding out how much money he had. He spread out the coins on his handkerchief, and pulling out his note-book, put down, as he used to do in school:

£	s.	d.	halfpence.
0	2	3	1

“Now, let me see,” he said, figuring; “that is: no dollars, fifty cents, six cents, and one cent.

“Fifty-seven cents,” he announced, pretty well satisfied. “Now, crackers are five cents a pack, I suppose; and I’ll get three packs, and two giant crackers; that’s twenty-five cents. An’ the rest I’ll put into punk and fireworks. It won’t be such a bad Fourth of July, after all.”

But alas! for Tommy’s hopes. Dempsey had no crackers, no giant crackers, no torpedoes, no fireworks, no punk.

Tommy was indignant. “Why, Mr. Dempsey,” he said, “in America *every* little country store not half as big as this keeps fire-crackers!”

“I don’t doubt you, sir,” said Mr. Dempsey, with a twinkle in his eye; “but you see I am not in America. I took a notion once to keep fireworks, but I was always having to set them off for samples, and they’d not make much of a show in the daytime, so nobody’d buy; and there I was spending money to entertain the

public, as if I was a squire giving a public holiday to my tenants. And that was not respectful to the gentry, as you can understand.”

But Tommy did not understand, and he was very much disappointed.

“Have n’t you *anything* that will go off and make a noise?” he urged.

Mr. Dempsey thought he had not, since Tommy was not allowed to use a gun. He was very sorry. Was n’t there anything else he could show him? Tommy shook his head, and turned away crestfallen and unhappy.

He traveled slowly up the long hill on his homeward way, casting about in his mind to find a way for celebrating. But he might—yes, he *might* have a bonfire! Of course! Why had n’t he thought of that before? All the boys would help, and they could roast potatoes in the ashes, and pretend it was a barbecue. The thought brought the smile back to Tommy’s face, and a merry tune to his lips, and he swung along the highway, making so much noise himself that he did not hear approaching music until he had nearly reached the top of the hill. Then he stood still, the whistle dying on his lips, his eyes as big as moons. Could it be? It was! Undoubtedly, the stirring, soulful music of a fife and drum was coming toward him from the other slope of the hill.

Tommy sped like a rabbit to the brow of the ridge, and scrambled up to the top of one of the great gate-posts at the entrance to the squire’s park, the better and sooner to see. Presently there came into view a horseman in uniform, then another soldier, and a third, and at last there tramped into the little American’s glorified vision a company in full regimentals. Tommy’s heart stood still, and he gave himself the order:

“Don’t fire until you can see the whites of their eyes.”

It was glorious sport to be for a moment the American army on Bunker Hill. His teeth set and his breath came hard as the lines advanced, and he waited for the order to fire; but he was brought back to reality by hearing the sharp command, “Halt!”

The troops, having reached the top of the hill, halted and came to a standstill directly in front of Tommy’s reviewing-stand. He felt that

he could not repay them for their kindness, but he wanted to do what he could, so he pulled off his cap, and waved his American flag at them, shouting lustily, "Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The captain, a young man with a fine mustache and merry eyes, rode up, and said, "Where did you get that flag, my boy?"

"I brought it from New York," answered Tommy, proudly, glowing with the pleasure he felt in being spoken to by a man who wore such a splendid uniform, and rode such a prancing, beautiful horse.

"This is the Fourth of July, you know," Tommy went on; "and I can't get even a firecracker at Dempsey's. What do you think of that?"

"Firecracker!" exclaimed the officer, laughing. "What do you want of a firecracker?"

"Why, everybody shoots off firecrackers in America on Fourth of July! Did n't you know that?" asked Tommy; "and I want to do *something* to celebrate. I am glad you came along, because this seems like a real Fourth of July parade at home, and to-night I can have a bonfire, and roast potatoes—but that's not really as good as firecrackers."

"No, certainly not," the officer assented. "But why do you celebrate Fourth of July? Is it the President's birthday?"

"It's Independence Day," explained the surprised Tommy,— "the day the Declaration of Independence was signed."

"Independence? Of what?" asked the officer, very much interested.

"The United States declared themselves independent of England," answered the boy, stoutly. "She shut up Boston, and put a tax on tea, and — and — lots of things."

"I see," said the officer. "But do you think it is right to wave the American flag at the British army? Her Majesty the Queen may look upon it as an unfriendly act on the part of Uncle Sam."

"Oh, the Queen is all right, and so is the British army!" said Tommy, graciously; "and I don't believe the Queen would mind my waving the American flag, because it's Fourth of July; and, besides, when you see soldiers — well, you just *must* wave something!"

The officer laughed outright and held out his hand.

"You are quite right, Uncle Sam," he said. "I don't believe the Queen would mind. She admires loyal subjects in any country. Hold up your flag!"

Tommy waved the Stars and Stripes above his head. The officer wheeled about, faced his men, and gave the order: "Attention! Right face! Carry arms! Salute Uncle Sam and the American colors!"

The company saluted, though not without a look of surprise and a smile as it took in the situation. But Tommy saw neither the look nor the smile. Standing on the broad top of the gate-post, the colors floating above his bared head, he was the nation's standard-bearer, and conscious only of his dignity.

"Uncle Sam," the officer said courteously, as the arms of the soldiers were brought again to rest, "my men would be gratified if you would acknowledge the salute by a speech."

Tommy straightened himself upon his stand, and telegraphed to all parts of his mind for an idea. Then he bowed slightly, and began:

"Gentlemen and fellow-citizens: I am much obliged to you for your salute. It came in finely on Fourth of July. I am much obliged to you, and — and — if you ever come to America, I will do all I can to get up a parade for you on St. Patrick's Day!"

Every helmet came off, and a shout greeted Tommy's climax. Three rousing cheers followed that, and three more. The officer saluted Uncle Sam, and Tommy returned the salute as nearly as he could, the company wheeled into line, and, a moment later, mingled with the tramp of many feet, there was borne to Tommy's tingling ears the strains of "My Country"! It was the last drop of joy in an overflowing cup, and in the exultation of the hour he sprang to do handsprings on the grass. What matter if to British hearts the tune was "God Save the Queen"? To Tommy it was "My Country, 't is of Thee," the greatest land in all the world, in Tommy's thoughts, and to which he supposed the whole earth paid respect on her glorious birthday, the Fourth of July.

The Fred Avon Tournament.



BY LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

"I WONDER what Walter is doing," said Mr. Rogers, as he laid down his newspaper. "It's been fully two hours since he went away."

"Walter's all right," replied Uncle Tobias. "I'll go on his bond for good conduct."

"Oh, you are boys of one feather, and I hardly think your bond would be worth much."

Uncle Tobias was rather an old-looking boy. His head was nearly bald, and what little hair he had was gray. He was Walter's uncle, and he was fully three years older than his brother, Walter's father. But he was one of those bright, sunshiny natures that do not care for the increasing years as long as they are able

to make somebody happy. Uncle Tobias had come to the Rogers farm for a stay of several months, and had brought a fine horse to Walter, his nephew, aged fourteen. The two "boys," as Mr. Rogers called them, often went off for a day's riding, and beyond the fact that they entered the big strip of woods called Piney Forest no one knew their travels. Sometimes Walter would go alone, and an hour or so afterward Uncle Tobias would ride out and come home with him.

"I believe I'll go and find him," said Uncle Tobias, looking at his watch; and he called the negro servant Ephraim to get his horse ready.

Before the horse came three girls ran out on the porch.

"Where 's Walter?" they asked in chorus.

"Gone away to escape from *you*, girls," replied Uncle Tobias.

"What have we done?" asked Miss Bartie.

"What have you done? Who put chestnut-burs in his bed last night? Who sewed up his pockets? Who set his alarm-clock at two in the morning? Who —"

"Well, please tell us who sent us a box of caramels made out of soap, and who put the pumpkin scarecrow at our window?"

"Yes; who gave him cotton muffins for breakfast?" continued Uncle Toby. "And who — yes, you young beauties — who woke Uncle Toby — poor old Uncle Toby — at four o'clock in the morning and told him that there was fire in the house?"

"So there was — in the kitchen range," said Mary.

"Oh, was there? I have a great mind to punish you all right here and now."

With a scowl he walked toward them, as they huddled together for a moment in mimic dismay, and then with shrieks of laughter scattered, and fled away from him in different directions.

"Now don't you feel ashamed of yourselves? Don't you? If you don't I 'll punish you again — I will indeed," he called after them. "But here 's my horse. I 'm going to find Walter. Out in the woods we 'll have some peace, and maybe we 'll build a hut and stay there."

The three girls waved their handkerchiefs and threw unnumbered kisses at Uncle Tobias as he rode down the lane. When he got to the big gate, he turned and shook his riding-whip at them, but they greeted his action with a great flourish of their big hats, and one or two screams which were lost on the air.

Uncle Tobias used to say to Mr. Rogers that these three girls were enough to make any man love the entire female sex. He was never happier than when joining in their merrymaking or threatening them with all sorts of terrible things. He seemed to feel neglected unless they teased him or played some little prank upon him at least once a day. And they "adored" him.

The girls were just suited to one another. Their ages ranged from twelve to fifteen. Mary was Walter's sister. Bartie, her school friend, and Lucy, her cousin, were making her their usual autumn visit of two weeks. When they got together in the house, and had Uncle Tobias and Walter as their subjects, they took complete charge, and Mr. and Mrs. Rogers quietly submitted to their rule.

The two boys did not submit; they carried out their part and added to the jollity of the home. Walter thought he was ahead of Bartie, but the night before, when he jumped into bed and found he had some chestnut-burs for company, he said to himself that he would have to get even for that or his reputation would be ruined.

"Girls," asked Mr. Rogers, after Uncle Tobias was gone, "why do you and the boys make so much noise?"

"They have a secret," said Bartie, "and we want to know it."

"What makes you think they have a secret?"

"Oh, we are sure of it. They go away to Piney Forest every day and stay there for hours, and when they come back uncle's horse looks as fresh as ever, while Walter's is tired and worn out."

"Walter rides more, that 's all."

"Oh, no, it is n't. Uncle always knows where to find Walter, too. And they won't tell us anything. They 've got some secret, and we are going to find out what it is."

Two hours afterward Walter and Uncle Tobias came out of the woods.

"Uncle," said Walter, "I 'll race you to the big gate."

"Now, don't, Walter; it is n't fair to tempt me."

"I 'll give you twenty yards."

"Now, stop, Walter; don't tempt me," he called back.

"There, you 're twenty-five ahead. Are you ready? Go!"

And both horses flew down the road, each rider urging his steed to its best. Gradually Walter gained, and just before the gate was reached, he dashed by Uncle Tobias, exclaiming:

"Uncle, I 'm ashamed of you!"

"And I 'm proud of you, my boy. You ride

better than I ever did. Not a word about it, now, remember. We 'll give them a surprise."

At supper the girls tried their best to get the secret out of the two boys, but the more they tried the worse they succeeded. Then, giving it up, they turned the conversation on the tournament which was to take place the next day. It was the great event of the fall. It was not a mere exhibition given by outsiders, but a real contest of the horsemanship of that section. The young men who were to take part in it belonged to the leading families, and the sharpness of the rivalry made every home excited and interested long before the date for the riding. For years the tournament has been a pleasant institution in Maryland and Virginia, and to-day it is as much of a social event, with all the chivalry of the olden times, as it ever was. The tournament at Tred Avon was particularly attractive because Tred Avon is the center of a splendid grazing section, and the horses are noted for their speed and beauty; and, what is more, the handsome young men are there to ride the horses, and to crown the "Queens of Love and Beauty" who reign so delightfully in the neighboring homes.

The Rogers household had been fully interested in the tournament, and had discussed it for days. This was the night before it came off. They talked it all over, and the girls spent the evening in guessing about it and trying to name over the people they would meet.

The morning came. Everybody was up early. The servants had the baskets loaded with fried chicken and cake and Maryland biscuits and pies and fruit and a lot of other things, for there must be an abundance not only for the party but for the friends whom they would invite to share the luncheon. The girls came forth looking, with their new dresses and rosy cheeks, as beautiful as fresh flowers. Walter was there, too. He went up to Bartie and asked to look at her scarf. As soon as he got hold of it he quietly wound it around his arm and marched off.

"Bring that back," she commanded.

"Oh, not now. Let me have it awhile."

Just then the other members of the family appeared, and Mr. Rogers, who was always particular to be on time, called out:

"Here, girls, get on board or we shall be

late. Help them up, Tobias. There, mother" — he always called Mrs. Rogers "mother." "Now, Tobias. Walter! Where *is* that boy?"

"Master Walter told me to tell you, sah, that he was goin' to ride down on his hoss, sah, and not to wait for him, sah!" said Ephraim.

"Let him come with us."

"Oh, nonsense," put in Uncle Tobias. "Let the boy go as he wishes. The carriages are heavy enough now."

"Very well," said Mr. Rogers. "Go ahead, Eph."

They arrived at the tournament grounds in good time, and secured a fine position. What a crowd it was! All the neighborhood was there — fathers, mothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, families, sweethearts, children, and city folks.

There were hundreds of carriages, hundreds of horses — all the people dressed in their best, and all chatting and talking away and guessing at the results of the contests. In front was the level field with the three arches, from the center of each of which hung a little red ring. The knights were to run their horses full speed through this course in turn, each trying to take all three of the rings upon his lance. The sky was bright, the air glorious, and the crowd ready and eager for the riding.

"Here they come!" shouted somebody down the line.

There, over the crest of the hill several hundred yards away, rode the knights, mounted on the finest horses of the country, wearing brilliant colors and waving plumes, and balancing their long spears with graceful precision.

"I wonder where Walter is?" asked Mr. Rogers.

"Never mind," said Uncle Tobias; "you shall see him soon."

Slowly the knights came, two by two, while the band played stirring music. A pattering of applause accompanied them. Suddenly, as they reached the stand, they wheeled in one long line, and, with caps off, saluted the orator of the day.

But before he began his speech, which was the charge to the knights, something happened to our party.

"Do my eyes deceive me, I wonder?" ex-



"THE KNIGHT OF PINEY FOREST" TAKING THE THIRD RING. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

claimed Uncle Tobias. "Who is that little fellow near the end of the line?"

"Why! — it 's Walter," cried the others, in a chorus, and a quiet laugh rippled over the face of Uncle Tobias as he enjoyed their surprise.

"He 's wearing my scarf," said Bartie.

"I do hope he will win," said Mary.

"And so do I," said Lucy.

"Well, you 'd better dismiss your hopes," said Uncle Tobias, and he smiled again as he saw their faces lengthen for a moment with the thought of disappointment.

"Father," says Mrs. Rogers, "you are not going to let him ride, are you?"

"I have n't anything to do with it, my dear. This seems to be the exclusive arrangement of Tobias and Walter."

"Of course he is going to ride," said Uncle Tobias.

"But —" persisted Mrs. Rogers.

"There are no buts about it."

"Quiet over there, please," said some one across the way. "Listen to the speaker."

Yes; the gentleman in the frock-coat is getting eloquent. He is telling the Sir Knights about the chivalry of the olden days, about the fair fame they must maintain, and about the lovely young ladies whose beauty must spur them on. And at last, with a great flourish of adjectives and a shower of compliments, he bids them ride to win.

The band plays. The knights salute and wheel into parade. Slowly they march to the lower field and take their places in one long line, the horses side by side, eighteen noble beasts with eighteen gaily costumed and athletic riders. Walter gets plenty of attention, for he is a boy among young men, and his handsome, manly bearing merits comment and praise, while the pretty scarf fluttering in the breeze makes him a bit more picturesque than his rivals.

"The Knight of Northampton, prepare to charge!" shouts one of the judges.

The knight's horse jumps from the long line into the open field with his head turned toward the arches.

"Charge, Sir Knight!"

Down he comes through the course at full speed. He misses the first ring, gets the second, misses the third, reins up his horse, and takes his position at the right of the third arch. Then other knights make trial for the rings, with varying success, but none taking two rings until the Knight of No Name is reached. He is the most famous rider in the country, and everybody is watching him. He justifies his fame—for he secures all three rings. The next knight gets two, the next one; and then the big man with the big voice calls out:

"Knight of Piney Forest, prepare to charge!"

Walter's horse leaps forth. The girls trem-

ble with excitement. Uncle Tobias risks a broken limb by climbing to the highest seat.

"Charge, Sir Knight!"

Ah, how splendidly the horse responds! There is no halting, no shambling, but a clean, swift, steady run. Like a flash he darts toward the first arch, Walter erect and cool, the scarf flying, and the lance straight and firm. All eyes follow him.

"One!" counts the crowd in chorus.

On the horse goes—Walter calm, the scarf flying, the lance steady.

"Two!" counts the crowd, louder than before.

Swifter sweeps the steed—Walter calmer yet, the scarf in a straight line, the lance firmer than ever.

"Three!" shouts the crowd, and the applause breaks forth from hundreds of throats and resounds in a thousand clapping hands.

"Good for Walter!" bellows Uncle Tobias.

"Oh, I 'm so glad!" "Is n't it lovely?" cry the girls.

"The boy can ride," remarks Mr. Rogers.

"I 'm really proud of him," says his mother.

"Don't get too proud yet awhile," answers Uncle Tobias. "It is n't quite over."

Walter's good start might mean a bad ending. In fact, it looks very much that way in the second tilt. The Knight of No Name takes three rings again. When Walter's turn comes there is the same excitement. He starts down the course superbly.

"One!" Yes, he gets it.

"Two!" No, he misses it. Uncle Tobias groans.

"Three!" He takes it; and the crowd cheers again, although not so loudly as before.

"What a shame!" grumbles Uncle Tobias.

"I think he rode very well," said Mrs. Rogers, coming to the rescue of her boy.

"Of course he did, of course he did; but he had no business to miss that ring."

"I believe they put it on crooked," says Bartie, and the girls echo her sentiments.

"Well," says Uncle Tobias, "let us be quiet and hope for something next time."

They hope. The Knight of No Name misses a ring and takes only two, making his score eight. When Walter's turn comes everybody is in a hubbub. Will it be a tie? Uncle Tobias

forgets all about the people around him. His eyes and ears are all concentrated on Walter.

"Knight of Piney Forest, prepare to charge!"

"Steady, now, my boy, steady," mumbles Uncle Tobias.

"Charge, Sir Knight!"

At full tilt comes the horse, with Walter the coolest person on the field.

"One!" counts the crowd.

"Two!" it says again.

"Three!"

"I knew he'd do it!" shouts Uncle Tobias.

"A tie!" exclaims the crowd.

And the cheers go up and the applause drowns all conversation, as Walter and his opponent ride up to the judges' stand.

Of course the tie causes great excitement. Sixteen knights retire from the field. The Knight of No Name, a handsome man of twenty-seven, and the Knight of Piney Forest, a manly fellow of fourteen, are the contestants. Walter has the larger share of sympathy, but the crowd is disposed to encourage both with plentiful applause.

The Knight of No Name charges. He makes three rings. There is great cheering. Uncle Tobias groans, and the girls tremble with fear.

The Knight of Piney Forest charges. He makes three rings. Uncle Tobias cheers, and the girls clap their hands in delight.

It is another tie.

The Knight of No Name rides again. He gets the first—the second—and misses the third. Uncle Tobias remains perfectly still, and the girls hope and hope.

The Knight of Piney Forest prepares to charge. A thousand eyes are upon him. He is as calm as a statue. Like the wind his horse dashes down the course. The scarf flies straight, the lance is steady.

"One!" says the crowd.

"Two!" it almost shouts.

"Three!"

And now there is a wild cheer sure enough. Uncle Tobias pounds with his big stick and cheers with his hearty voice. The girls clap their hands until they are red as the roses in their cheeks. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers look very happy, for their friends crowd around to congratulate them on their son's riding.

When Walter reaches the stand he is in the midst of a babel of compliments. All want to shake hands with him, and his schoolmates almost pull him off his horse. For the first time in the day he begins to get flustered, for he cannot take all this praise half so well as he could take the rings.

After a while, with many handsome words, the judges give him the first prize, a pretty arrangement of white fancy-work, and he makes his way over the field to join his party. He holds the wreath behind his back in one hand and carries Bartie's scarf in the other. His mother greets him with a good, sound kiss. "Well done, my boy," says his father. "Oh, Walter, who would have thought it!" exclaims his sister. Uncle Tobias says nothing, but stands behind the girls and winks.

And then Walter says to Bartie, "I'd like now to pay you back for those chestnut-burs," and he holds the scarf toward her; she reaches for it, and Uncle Tobias quickly removes her big hat, and almost before she knows it Walter has placed the wreath upon her head, and she is crowned Queen of Love and Beauty.

She blushes a great deal, and Walter blushes too, and Uncle Tobias laughs aloud, and the people who are looking on from a distance smile and applaud, and the band plays, and everybody seems very happy indeed.

A jolly party discusses the victory at the luncheon in the carriages, and hosts of friends come up to talk and compliment the hero of the day; and when all are on the way home Mary says: "Uncle, we knew you two had a secret. You were out there in Piney Forest practising every day."

"Oh, were we?"

"Yes," puts in Mr. Rogers; "you, Tobias, are responsible for all this."

"Well," remarked Uncle Tobias, "I don't see anything to be ashamed of. Walter rides better than I ever did."

Mr. Rogers recalls the days when his brother Tobias used to win so many tournaments, and he remembers the first lady he crowned was Bartie's mother.

All reach home after dark, tired but happy, and vowing that they will never forget the Tred Avon Tournament.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

By BELLE MOSES.



PENELOPE brought her book out on the sunny veranda, and prepared to enjoy herself. There was just a touch of chilliness in the fall air, that made the scarlet jacket very comfortable, while a jaunty tam-o'-shanter kept certain rebellious curls out of her eyes. She snuggled down cozily in the big rocker among innumerable cushions, and laid a couple of rosy-cheeked apples and some salt in a paper on the broad, table-like arm of the chair; then she lost herself in the last chapters of a deeply interesting story, absorbing, in the process, slow and luscious bites of the apple and salt.

It was a beautiful clear morning, and, being Saturday, Penelope rejoiced; for in the afternoon the Athenian football team was coming over from a neighboring school, to play the Spartans on their own ground, and a score of the home girls had promised to view the struggle and encourage the heroes — meaning, of course, the home boys. Penelope finished her book with a little sigh of satisfaction, and was biting away at the second apple when a whistle broke the stillness. It was a familiar signal, and Penelope answered it in the same way. Then a bicycle shot around the corner, and a broad, boyish figure scrambled out of the seat, took a flying leap over the fence, sprang up four steps at a time, and landed breathless at Penelope's elbow.

"Hello, Pen! How fares the noble damsel on thisauteous —" but here Pen interrupted.

"Have a bite," said she, hospitably offering the untouched side of her apple.

"You're rash, young woman. If I did that, you'd wish that you'd taken the bite yourself, and left me the apple. This is better." He took out his knife, and, cutting off a generous slice, hoisted himself on the railing of the veranda, to enjoy it leisurely.

"I say, Pen, that's an amazing jacket of yours; you don't look half bad in it."

Penelope laughed. "Thank you, Teddy. How is Aunt May?"

"Resting quietly — toning up for the game, you know. Poor dear! she expects to see me brought home on a shutter. That's the trouble of having only one cub. Now, Aunt Julia is equal to her three; they seem to balance the shocks all round and steady her nerves."

"Three!" exclaimed Pen, indignantly. "I'll have you understand, Ted Thornton —"

"Dear, dear! I meant nine — for you'd make half a dozen of the fellows, Pen, if you *are* a girl."

Pen eyed her cousin suspiciously, — compliments were scarcely in Ted's line, — but he beamed back at her innocently enough.

"How does the practising come on?" she asked, looking across the distant fields, where black specks moved restlessly, like long-legged sparrows.

"Finely, Pen. If we're only cautious, we'll

whip the Athenians; it all depends on the choice of goal, and which side gets the kick-off."

"Nonsense!" said Pen, contemptuously, "that has n't a thing to do with it. *You* call football a luck game. *I* don't; I think it has just as much to do with the head as with the feet."

"Not if you saw my shins," said Ted, with a sigh. "But of course," he added, "I'm captain, and I'm naturally anxious to have all the advantages. Those Athenian kids are pretty well drilled—best full-backs and left-tackle you ever saw."

"Oh, *you* 'll get through all right," said Pen, confidently.

"Maybe so. It's well not to be too confident. I hate to brag, you know."

"Well, anyway, our boys look the best. I think the black and yellow make a fine show. The Athenian blue is such an ugly color."

"Yes; we'll look pretty, I fancy. But I nearly ruined my togs in the field yesterday. We had a lively scrimmage, and they got some mighty tugs."

"Too bad! Is there anything we can do?"

"No; mother patched them well enough for every day. But for this afternoon—well, yes; there *is* something you can do. It strikes me Jack had new riggings when he was captain of the team last year, did n't he?"

Penelope nodded, and her face brightened. "Why, of course," she began.

"Of course," repeated Ted, "he'd have no use for them at Yale; I wonder if Aunt Julia would lend them to me for a day."

"I'll see," cried Penelope, as she slipped out of the rocker and ran into the house.

She came back beaming. "Mother says you are quite welcome to the suit, and you can go right up in Jack's room and take possession; you'll find everything hung together in the closet, on the back peg."

"Thanks," said Ted, graciously. "I say, Pen, you dear little soul, would you mind getting them for me? I'd rumple up things, sure."

Penelope stared at him for a moment in some surprise, as she settled herself back into the rocker. "I think I *would* mind," she said, with a flash of her eyes. "You know just where

they are, Ted; you've seen them hanging there dozens of times. Don't be lazy."

"Don't be disobliging," retorted Ted, as he swung his legs and looked at her provokingly. "I should n't undergo unnecessary fatigue; I ought to save every step. You surely would n't have me risk the chance of winning, would you?"

"Certainly not," said prudent Pen. "I don't know but what you may be more accustomed to the *old* things and play better."

"That was n't the way I meant to put it. Besides—the old things won't do at all. I'd rather have Jack's."

"Well, run upstairs and get them," said Penelope, leaning back in her cushioned nest.

Ted bent forward; there was an obstinate little pucker on Pen's smooth forehead, and the Spartan captain drew his brows together. "I prefer not," he said slowly.

"So do I," she returned; then they both laughed.

"Come, we'll begin again," suggested Ted. He slid off the railing, and knelt becomingly before her. "Oh, most gracious damsel, give ear to my entreaty; hasten with your light footstep—your airy grace—and bring to me my heart's desire."

"Arise, Sir Knight," said Pen, with twinkling eyes. "To give you what you ask is beyond a poor maiden's power of bestowal, but something within this heart of mine bids me tell you where to find it; mount above, and in Jack's closet, on the back peg—"

"Fiddlesticks!"

"No, I did n't say 'fiddlesticks,'" retorted Pen, mildly; "get up, Ted, and don't be ridiculous."

"Well, here's Tom; perhaps he'll be more obliging."

Tom was a first-rate "fag." Ted always found the smaller boy compliant.

"Not if he's *my* brother," remarked Penelope.

"Wait and see"; and Ted shook himself to make ready.

"Hullo!" he called, as the knickerbocker legs hove in sight.

"Hullo!" called Tom.

"Hurry up," said Ted; "I'm waiting."

"What for?" asked Thomas, cautiously.

"You go upstairs and get Jack's football

things out of his closet, if you 'd like your bread buttered, youngster."

"But if you want jam on it — don't!" warned Penelope.

Tom placed himself between the combatants and looked curiously from one to the other.

"What's up?" he asked. "A row?"

"Oh, no," said Ted, with a forced smile. "Just run up, sonny, and get the things; I can't wait any longer."

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Jocelyn, from the doorway. "Could n't Ted find the things, Penelope?"

"I have n't tried, ma'am," said Ted, with a grin.

"Too lazy," added Pen.

"Lazy!" flashed Ted. "I could run a mile this minute, Penelope Jocelyn. But if you think I'm going to give in now, you're much mistaken; I'd rather play in my old clothes, thank you."

Penelope telegraphed a look to her mother, who nodded her reply.

"Aunt Julia," persisted Ted, who had not seen the look, "won't you send Tom up for those things, please? I'm in an awful hurry."

But Tom had caught the look, and the thought of jam planted him on the other side.

"My dear Ted, it's only a few steps upstairs, and you'll find everything in Jack's closet, on the back peg," urged Mrs. Jocelyn. "What is the use of making a point of it?"

Ted shrugged his shoulders and smiled helplessly.

"I thought you all cared for the honor of the town. Never mind, Miss Pen; I'll play the game in Jack's clothes, if I die for it."

"If you decide to come for them," remarked Pen, as he bowed in his most dignified manner, "you'll find them —" But he was off on his wheel.

An hour later, a messenger boy rang the Jocelyns' bell.

"A note for you, Pen!" called her little brother Ernest, from the foot of the stairs.

Penelope came flying down. She laughed as she opened it. It contained only a few lines:

DEAR PEN: Will you kindly send Jack's football rig by bearer? I'd come up myself, but I find we will be busy until the last moment.

Ever yours,

TED.

Penelope scribbled an immediate reply:

DEAR TED: I'm sorry to put you to so much trouble, but if you want the rig, you'll find it, if you'll come up, in Jack's closet, hanging on the back peg.

Yours ever,

PENELOPE.

The boy lingered after she had handed him the note, and said timidly, "I was told to bring back a bundle, miss."

"No; there's nothing to send," said Penelope; and the Jocelyns made merry as Ted's answer went back to him.

They were prepared for any demonstration on Ted's part, and Penelope kept a watchful eye on the premises. Toward noon she peeped in Jack's room. Thinking she heard a sound, she pulled open the closet door. Mary, the housemaid, gave a start and a little shriek as she dropped a black-and-yellow bundle on the floor.

"You scared me, indeed, miss. I'm after Mr. Jack's clothes. Mr. Ted's waiting for them down at the corner."

"Put them back, Mary, where you found them, and tell Mr. Ted if he has time to come for them himself, he is quite welcome to them." And Penelope went away to talk it over with her mother.

During the next hour the Jocelyn bell kept up a vigorous ringing. Small boys on bicycles left supplicating notes; the milkman, the butcher, and even the expressman were bribed to see what they could do. But Penelope, backed by her mother, and flanked by her two brothers, was firm. It was nearly two o'clock, — the game was booked for three, — and Jack's clothes still hung unmolested in his closet.

The Jocelyns' veranda presented an animated scene. All the girls had decided to go together, and they were waiting to cheer the Spartans as they went by on their way to the field.

Penelope felt that the battle was not yet over, for as the wagon, with its black-and-yellow freight, drove up amid cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs, Ted's voice rose above the din:

"Pen, Pen!" he called, in his cheeriest tone, "if you've got that bundle handy, just fling it over the fence, and I'll thank you forever.

These old things look pretty shabby for a crack game."

"It would be ever so much better, Ted," answered Penelope, with her sweetest smile, "if you ran up in Jack's room and put on the things right there; you'll find them in the closet, on the back peg."

"Hurry, hurry! we've no time to lose," cried the Spartans, to a man.

Ted looked about him dolefully. It was hard to give in. If only—but the sharp contrast between his frayed, patched clothes, and the fresh black and yellow of the other boys, was the finishing stroke.

"All right; I'm coming!" he shouted; and, jumping from the wagon, he dashed upstairs.

Penelope gave him one little glance—that was all; she had no time for more, for Ted made a lightning change in the room above, and rejoined his mates without a word.

The Spartans won the fight after a long struggle.

"It's a victory and a half!" cried one of the vanquished Athenians, "for when Greek meets Greek, it's a tug of war sure enough."

"Three cheers for our captain!" roared the Spartans. "Three cheers for Ted Thornton, who always wins!"

"Not always," said Ted, modestly, mopping his heated face; and he cast a wrathful glance at Penelope, who only smiled at him and waved her tam-o'-shanter.



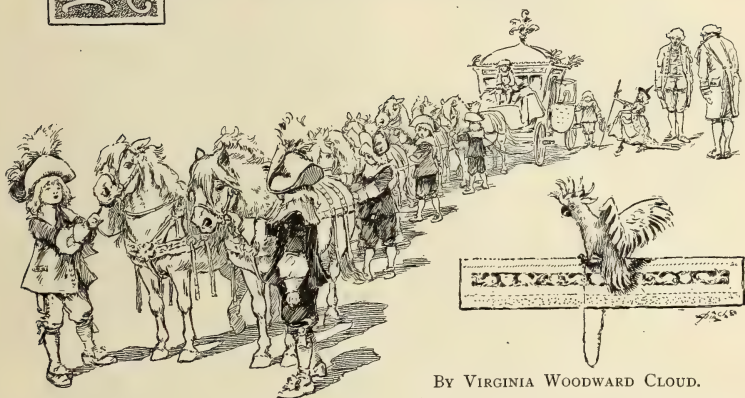
A MEMORY OF THE SUMMER DAYS—TROLLING FOR BLUEFISH.



"'I AM THE PRINCE VON FETIVKIN, MADAME, I 'D HAVE YOU KNOW!'" (SEE PAGE 1066.)



is Godmother



BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

THE little Prince von Pettykin—somewhere
across the seas—

Was one of those unfortunates who do just as
they please—

The uncomfortable people who say just what
they think,

Before whom no one owns his head or dares
so much as wink.

There was no one in that
palace, from the lap-dog
to the King,

From the Grand Duke to the
pastry-cook, the parrot
in its ring,

From page to royal Cham-
berlain, but trembled in
his skin

At mention of the mighty
name of Prince von
Pettykin.

The Queen, his mother, with a frown could
make a kingdom fall;

At one stamp of her august foot fled courtiers,
one and all,

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And each austere Prime Minister would quake
for his own sin—

But she really could not manage the Prince
von Pettykin!

So she held a consultation, that perplexed and
harassed Queen,

With a dame who at the chris-
tening of each royal
prince is seen—

The Imperial Fairy God-
mother, who, as we all
have read,

Can scatter any army with
one tap upon the head.

This obliging little God-
mother she sniffed her
vinaigrette,
And summoned Prince von
Pettykin, and raised her
gold lorgnette,

And scanned him up and scanned him down,
with show of mild surprise;

Regardless of his tumbled hair and his rebel-
lious eyes,



"YOUR NAME IS NOW FIDELE."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Regardless of his doubled fists and angry, scowling mien,
The muttered words, the quaking
page, the trembling of the Queen,
Said this cunning Fairy God-
mother: "My pretty little man,
I wish to know your little name; so tell me, if you can!"

Oh, but he swelled him up with pride, and strutted to and fro.

"I am the Prince von Pettykin, madame, I 'd have you know!"

And, for the rest, I 'm *Heinrich-*

Charles-Augustus-Wolfering-Gottespruggen-Wilhelm-Hansberg, and I 'm going to be a king!"

Said his pretty Fairy Godmother: "That little name sounds well,

But you 've made a trifling, small mistake; your name is *now* Fidele!"

And you 're nothing but a wretched little lap-dog, sir!" she said,



"HE WAS A FRIGHTENED PASTRY-COOK."

"And I the Prince von Pettykin."
She tapped him on the head.

And lo, a woolly lap-dog whined before her on the floor;
Oh, but she tweaked its little ears, and flogged it o'er and o'er!

"Take *that!* And *that!* And learn, sir, what a little dog may win

By living in the palace with the Prince von Pettykin!

"And now I'll show you, just for fun —" Another little tap;

He was a frightened pastry-cook, with tarts and paper cap;

And he was struck and fought and scratched from floury hair to shin.

"Learn what it means to be a cook to Prince von Pettykin!"

"And *now* —" She rapped him fiercely, regardless of his cries.

The royal Chamberlain knelt there, with snuff thrown at his eyes,

With sneeze and cough, with wig torn off, with torture out and in.

"Learn what it is to serve in state the Prince von Pettykin!"

"And now, once more —" oh, but he wept! — "just for the sport, we'll see

What 't is to be a plaything to princes such as he."

A struggling, squawking cockatoo; she held it by the wing,

And pulled its pretty feathers out, and left it whimpering.

"*Now*, sir!" A sharp and stinging rap.
The little prince stood near;



"THE ROYAL CHAMBERLAIN KNELT THERE."



"A STRUGGLING, SQUAWKING COCKATOO."

He cringed in wonder, shrank in pain, and
sobbed and shook with fear.

"Prince Heinrich-Charles-and-all-the-rest, you
may run off to bed;
But please recall hereafter this tap upon
the head!

Which at any time and season I am ready
to repeat,

And will change you to each creature you
may happen to ill-treat!"

Then she shook her little ruffles out and
curtsied to the Queen,

And nodded to the lookers-on, with sweet,
benignant mien,



"HE SOBBED AND SHOOK WITH FEAR."

As for the mighty Heinrich-Charles-Augus-
tus-Wolfering-
Gottespruggen-Wilhelm — history says he
lived to be a king;

But long before that time, 't is told, the
palace held within

No one who had so many friends as Prince
von Pettykin!



WHITE MAGIC IN A BICYCLE WHEEL.

BY HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS.



It is likely that when you first tried to ride your bicycle it seemed to be possessed of an evil spirit. The way it headed for trees, rocks, mud-puddles, and other undesirable stopping-places, justified the thought that it had a will of its own. Afterward, however, it quieted down into the most docile of domestic animals, and won your entire faith in its good character.

Now I purpose to show that your kind, good wheel still contains a strange spirit. The doings of this

spirit I call "white magic," as being different from the works of the other that tumbled you into anything it could find that would injure your skin or hurt your feelings, which, of course, was "black magic."

Sometimes one of the wheels of a bicycle has to be taken off to clean the bearings. The next time this happens, make a fork of your arms, and grasp the axle at the ends with your hands, as shown in Fig. 1. Raise one hand and then the other so as to tip the wheel from side to side—very easy to do, is n't it?

Now run the wheel along the floor, or have a friend grasp it by the rim and start it spinning, slapping the tire afterward with his hand to make it revolve quickly. When it is going at a good rate, try to tip it over. I think that you will be an astonished boy or girl, for instead of gently going over as you thought it would, that wheel will struggle and twist and

try to get out of your hands as if it were a living wild thing. The sensation is very strange. I could hardly believe my own arms, the first time I tried it.

As a variation of the above experiment, while you are holding the wheel steady, support its weight a trifle more with one hand than with the other. You will notice that the axle tries to swing around a circle horizontally, with the hand that holds the weight acting as a pivot, and that the direction of the turning is reversed when you change hands.

If you try to tip the wheel slowly you will find that you can do it without much trouble; but it must be very slowly; any haste, and its wild-horse capers begin.

Now for another experiment, and one I think is a very pretty that you can hold upright, as is shown axle resting on one end, and at the only by the crook Nothing could be

one: Do you know the whirling wheel in Fig. 2, with the nothing but air at other supported of your forefinger? easier to do—al-

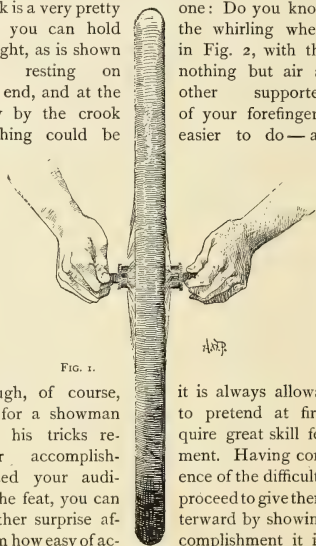


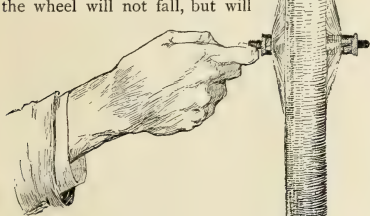
FIG. 1.

though, of course, ble for a showman that his tricks re- their accomplish- vinced your audi- of the feat, you can another surprise af- them how easy of ac-

it is always allowa- to pretend at first quire great skill for ment. Having con- ence of the difficulty proceed to give them terward by showing accomplishment it is.

But to come to the trick and its explanation:

Give the wheel a good spin while holding it in both hands; then place your bent finger under one end of the axle, and let go with the other hand. Don't be afraid; the wheel will not fall, but will



HP

FIG. 2.

BICYCLE WHEEL REVOLVING ON THE FINGER.

stand straight out as long as it keeps even a moderate speed of revolution.

You will again notice that the axle swings horizontally around a circle of which the finger is the center. You must turn around, too, in time with this motion, or the axle will twist itself off your finger.

Slip a loop of cord over one end of the axle before you spin the wheel. Fasten the other end of the cord to a support, and give the wheel a good start; then walk away. This will remove any doubt in the spectators' minds as to the wheel's ability to keep its position without help from your muscles, as it will stand as rigidly upright hanging from the cord as it did before (Fig. 3). If it slows down, slap the tire and speed it up again. Do not be afraid of knocking it off the string—you could hardly do so if you tried.

One caution while performing these tricks. Keep your fingers away from the bearings or you may unscrew the cones, and then you will have a merry chase after countless little steel balls that have a marvelous faculty for hiding themselves.

The next thing in order, I suppose, is an explanation of why these things happen. The performances of the wheel are due to what is called "gyroscopic action," and the wheel itself is simply a large gyroscope. Doubtless

many of you have seen the toys sold on the streets called gyroscopic tops.

The wheel will support itself, instead of falling, as you would think, because any object that is revolving tries to keep on doing so at the same angle in which it started. The earth is a large example; while it swings along its path of millions of miles around the sun, its poles point ever in the same direction, held in their place by this same gyroscopic action.

A rifle-bullet,—which receives its twist from spiral grooves cut in the gun-barrel,—a spinning top, or a rolling hoop illustrate the principle.

The reason is not hard to understand. You know that anything which is traveling at great speed is hard to turn aside from its path—for instance, a cannon-ball. If you fire a cannon at an elevation, the ball will describe an arc in the air. Now, if you will consider that arc as the edge of a large imaginary gyroscope, which is revolving at the same rate of speed at which the ball travels, and consider the ball itself as a small part of the gyroscope, the explanation becomes easy. That cannon-ball can be turned to the right or the left only by the use of great force; if there were a solid stream of cannon-balls to make up the rim of the gyroscope, much more force would have to be used to alter their course.

The revolving bicycle wheel is a myriad of little "cannon-balls," known as "molecules," traveling in a circular path. When you try to tip the wheel they resist; when gravity tries to pull the wheel down they resist. Now this is a very brief and unscientific explanation. If you want to find out all about it, look up "gyroscope" in one of the large encyclopedias.

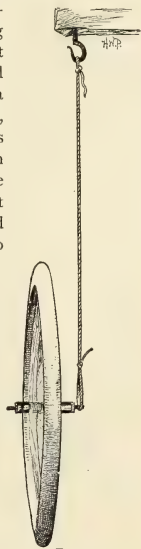


FIG. 3.

REVOLVING WHEEL SUPPORTED BY A CORD.

THE SEA AND THE MOON.

BY VIRNA WOODS.

THE tide comes in and the tide goes out,
Making a wonderful tune;
We hear it at morning, at night, at noon,
Now a murmur and now a shout.
"Sea, O sea, you gray old king,
What is the song you sing?"

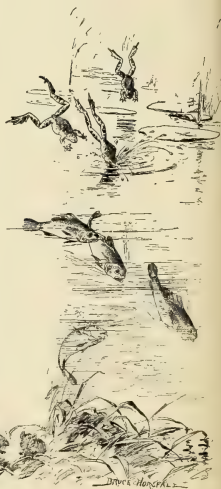
"This is my song with its wonderful tune:
I am chained to earth, but I long for the moon;
I turn and follow her all about
Her path in the skies.
But I never rise
Above the flood of the tide.
And I can't find out, oh, I can't find out
What she looks like on the other side."

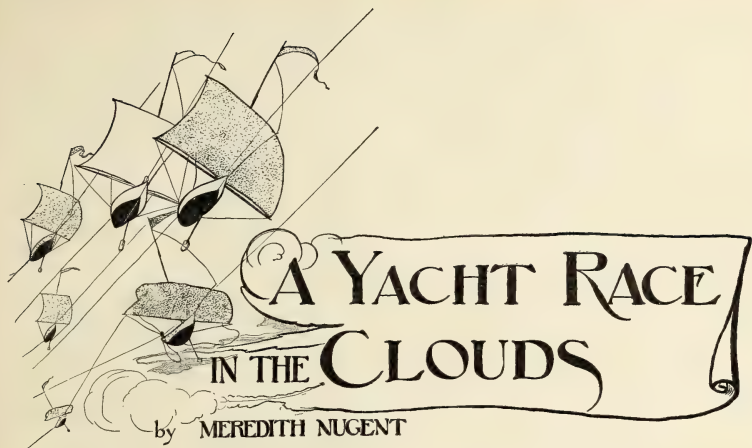
THE SAND-HILL CRANE.

BY MARY AUSTIN.

WHENEVER the days are cool and clear,
The sand-hill crane goes walking
Across the field by the flashing weir,
Slowly, solemnly stalking.
The little frogs in the tules hear,
And jump for their lives if he comes near;
The fishes scuttle away in fear
When the sand-hill crane goes walking.

The field folk know if he comes that way,
Slowly, solemnly stalking,
There is danger and death in the least delay,
When the sand-hill crane goes walking.
The chipmunks stop in the midst of play;
The gophers hide in their holes away;
And "Hush, oh, hush!"
the field-mice say,
When the sand-hill
crane goes walking.





The fifth race to the sky and return will be sailed this afternoon at three o'clock, wind permitting.

By order HARRY BARNES,
FRED MOORE,
Regatta Committee.

A WILD cheer greeted the posting of this announcement. The rains of a week had given way to sunshine, the breeze was fresh at ten knots an hour, and every boy in the Green Hemlock Hotel just danced with excitement. "Hurrah! 'Flyaway' will win sure!" "No; 'Aërolite'!" "It's 'Whirlwind's' race easily!" and "How about 'Lightning'?" were the ecstatic exclamations which now noisily swept through the quiet mountain retreat.

The actual "first cause" of all this commotion was a case of malaria. "Yes," the doctor had said; "Will Dyer must give up his boats and live for a while in the mountains, far away from ponds and waters of every sort." A pretty sentence to pass upon an enthusiastic yachtsman, and commodore of the Junior Bay Yacht Club at that! You should have heard Will's account of his first week's experiences in this land of promise: How, with a boat under his arm, he climbed uphill, slid downhill, scrambled over boulders, plodded across pasture lots, and crawled under fences in search of a greater sea than a watering-trough and something less

of a landlubber than a farm-hand. "That's a pretty ocean!" he would scornfully conclude, pointing to a wild vista of old stumps, stunted spruce-trees, and gray rocks. "A fine course to sail a boat over!" A sea-gull in a gilded bird-cage would have been hardly more out of place, yet what was our commodore to do? He cared nothing at all for baseball, said croquet was tame enough for girls, and that kite-flying had n't any "go" to it. Something, however, he must find more exciting than breathing still mountain air, and the chance accident of witnessing a "messenger" sail up a kite-string furnished a clue to all he could desire, for the circular bit of paper had not reached its destination before Will bounded to his room like a deer, where, excepting for meals, he stayed the remainder of the day.

The next morning Commodore Dyer was actually flying a kite, and just as the other boys were wondering at this unusual performance, something was seen to shoot up the kite-string for a few feet and swiftly descend again. What this something was could not be made out from the broad piazza, beyond the fact that it carried a sail; and by the time the boys—who ran tumbling over each other—reached Will's side the mysterious craft had ceased its journeyings, and lay in a heap on the ground.

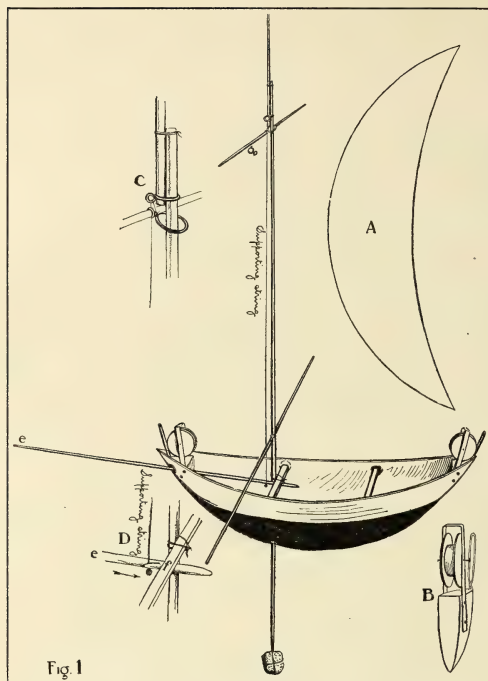


Fig. 1

Early next morning Will was kite-flying again, and those boys fortunate enough to be about had the pleasure of seeing a beautiful little yacht sail up the kite-string, the whole length of it, and then lower its sails, and return to its owner again.

Six weeks later the notice mentioned at the beginning of this article was posted in the corridors of the Green Hemlock Hotel. Meanwhile practically nothing had been talked of but kite-yachts. It was the theme for all day and half of the night, for girls as well as for boys, and the old mail-driver was so loaded with orders for cardboard, copper wire, string, etc., that he would gladly have sought refuge in a distant clime. Nor did the older people escape the yachting fever; for, besides organizing

the Green Hemlock Yacht Club, with a list of fifteen yachts in commission, they had purchased a beautiful silver cup to be awarded the winner of a series of races, and it was the fifth race for that trophy which was to be sailed this very afternoon. Flyaway, Will's boat, had already placed two victories to her credit, Aërolite two, and Whirlwind one. The other boats, although having plenty of adherents, could hardly be classed with these for speed.

It is just five minutes of three. Everybody is at the starting-point, and every available yachting cap and blouse is donned for the occasion. Bang! goes the gun. Instantly fifteen yachts fly before the wind amid a wild pandemonium of fish-horns and cheers, and waving of flags and handkerchiefs. Aërolite, with her immense sail, quickly takes the lead, but Flyaway is a good second. On they all speed before the

freshening breeze, with their sails of every hue.

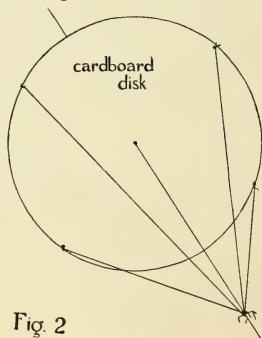


Fig. 2

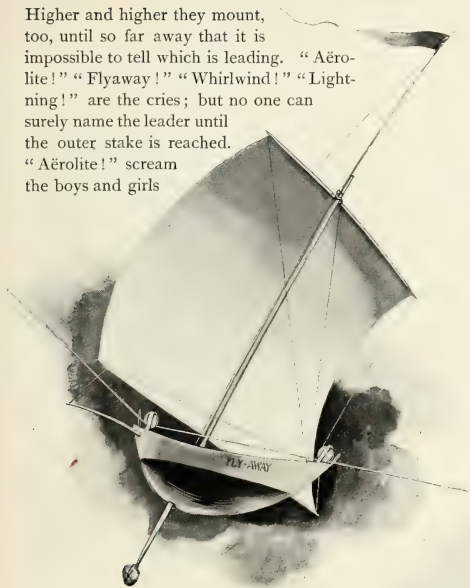
Higher and higher they mount, too, until so far away that it is impossible to tell which is leading. "Aërolite!" "Flyaway!" "Whirlwind!" "Lightning!" are the cries; but no one can surely name the leader until the outer stake is reached. "Aërolite!" scream the boys and girls

lite's. Still the latter appears to lead. Now they come in plainer sight. If Aërolite is leading it is only by a few inches. "Aërolite!" "Flyaway!" "Aërolite!" "Flyaway!"

"FLYAWAY!" And amid a deafening roar of cheers and fish-horns the swift little boat wins the cup.

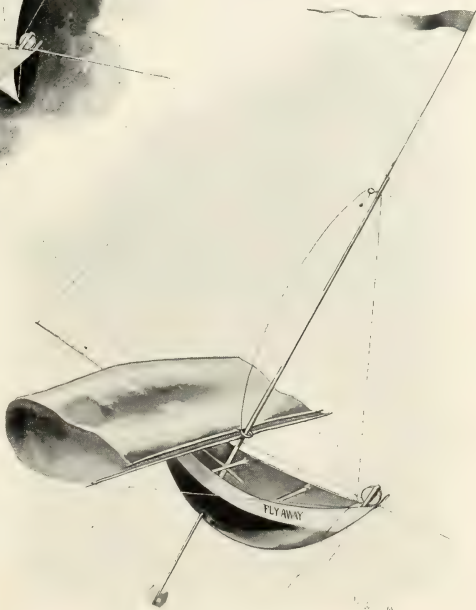
HOW TO MAKE KITE-YACHTS.

Cut out two pieces of stout cardboard, each twenty-three inches in length, in shape as shown in Fig. 1A, and sew their outer curves together with very strong thread. Then tack two strips of wood, one five and the other five and a half inches in length,



THE FLYAWAY, UNDER FULL SAIL, MOVING UPWARD ON THE KITE-STRING.

around Jack Barnard, whose hand suddenly jerks forward as his yacht strikes the stake. The sails of this boat fall almost immediately, and she is returning on the downward trip. Another yell. Flyaway's sail has dropped like a flash. The leaders are racing for home! Every boy and girl is jumping excitedly; the old people are waving handkerchiefs and shouting. "It's Aërolite!" "It's Flyaway!" are the cries from every side. Onward they come with ever-increasing speed. Flyaway is gaining, and no mistake. Her sails are more compactly folded, thus offering less resistance to the wind than Aëro-



THE FLYAWAY, WITH SAIL DOWN, DESCENDING THE KITE-STRING.



THE BOATS RACING IN MID-AIR.

crosswise inside of the boat. The longer one of these strips fasten in position about eight inches from the bow, and the shorter one six inches from the stern of the boat (see diagram, Fig. 1); now cut out two circular pieces of wood each three eighths of an inch in thickness, and attach to both sides of these, with sealing-wax, a stiff cardboard disk one and a half inches in diameter (Fig. 1B). After this take two strips of tin, half an inch wide and six inches in length, and punch six holes into each of them, one near the ends, the next half an inch higher up, and the next one and three quarter inches from the ends. Afterward bend these tin strips into shape as shown in Fig. 1B, and fasten wheels in position with small wire nails. Now cut out two blocks of wood, each three inches square and one inch thick, and shape them with a penknife so that they fit snugly into the ends of the boat. Then affix these blocks to the ends of the strips of tin, as shown in Fig. 1B, and at the pointed ends of

the blocks fasten stout wire loops so as to prevent the kite-string from slipping off the wheels. Fasten these blocks in the boat with tacks, as shown in diagram, Fig. 1, and cut a hole in the cardboard bow for bowsprit to pass through.

Make a stout mast forty inches in length and pass it through the bottom of the boat until one foot of it projects below the keel, then fasten it with string to crosspiece one inch from the center. Tie the slender topmast in position, and place a small wire ring at its base (Fig. 1C).

In a slender bowsprit twenty inches long make an incision as shown in Fig. 1D, then pass bowsprit *e* through hole in bow of boat until the end rests under the crosspiece *f* (Fig. 1D). For the yard-arms two sticks, one twenty-eight, the other twenty-four inches in length, are required. To the center of the shorter one (*g*, Fig. 1) fasten a circle of wire large enough to slide up and down the mast easily. (See Fig. 1C.) Tie the lower yard-arm to the mast about two inches above the body of the boat. Place the upper yard *g* in position, and tie a long piece of thread to it, which should pass through the ring on the mast. Make a tissue-paper sail twenty-five inches in height, twenty-eight inches in width at the bottom, and tapering to twenty-four inches in width at the top. Paste the

edges of the paper over a light string, leaving a few inches of this hanging free at the corners so as to fasten the sail in place. Then tie the sail to the ends of the yard-arms, haul it up, and make a knot in the lower end of the hoistingstring. Now slip this string with the knot underneath and into



KITE-FLIERS AND YACHT-RACERS.

the excision in the bowsprit (Fig. 1D), and the sail will remain standing. Fasten guy-ropes from the ends of the yards to wire loops in the stem of the boat (as shown in the picture of the boat sailing up the string). Stones tied to

should fit the incision in the bowsprit so lightly that it will be released the instant the bowsprit strikes the cardboard disk. This disk of cardboard, about fifteen inches in diameter, should be fastened, in the manner shown in the dia-



ONE OF THE LITTLE BOATS STARTING UPWARD ON THE KITE-STRING. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

the lower end of the mast will serve as ballast. Stout wire fastened to the base of the mast and curved backward will give greater power to weight. The amount of ballast necessary can be ascertained only by trial. The bowsprit should move back and forth at the gentlest touch, and the thread which holds up the sail

gram, about thirty feet from the kite. When the yacht sails up the string the bowsprit *e* will strike the cardboard disk so that the hoisting-thread will be instantly released by being pushed against the crosspiece *f*. As soon as the thread is released the sail lowers itself at once and the boat returns downward upon the string.

THE JUNIOR CUP.

BY ALLEN FRENCH.

[This story was begun in the June number.]

CHAPTER VII.

AT last came for Chester the real beginning of the struggle. One morning, when but a week of camp was left, as the boys all left the breakfast-table, George sought Chester in the crowd, and bade him be at the boat-house at ten promptly. "Bring Rawson, if you want to," he said; "but be on time." And so at ten, with Rawson at his heels, he went down the path through the grove to the boat-house, and found the two big boys awaiting him. At sight of them Chester knew at once what he was to do, for George held a bottle of oil in his hand, and Jim was looking at an object which Chester recognized at once as Mr. Holmes's stop-watch. His heart beat faster as he realized that the time had come for him to swim Terror.

"Strip, my boy," said George, "and let's get at it quickly. The wind is rising, and so will be the waves. You have a poorer day than Marshall, who had a wind behind him, while yours is across; but we can't wait longer: it is too near the sports."

Chester stripped and rubbed his joints with the oil, not to help him through the water, but to keep him warm. Then, while the others got into a boat, he took his stand at the edge of the water, and stood waiting.

"Now, remember," said George, as the final word, "don't think of anything but just one thing, and that is your stroke. Go along quickly, but without hurry, for as soon as you are nervous, you will get tired, and will give out. Take a steady pace and hold it. Now, Chester, when Jim says 'three.'"

Jim, who was holding the watch, studied it for half a minute in silence. Then he said: "Ready? One, two, three!" And at the last word Chester dived into the water. "Steady, now!" said George, as he rose and struck out.

He took the side stroke, and began to swim toward the distant shore. A little behind him followed the boat, George rowing, Rawson in the bow, Jim in the stern, holding the watch.

There began now for Chester an experience which he never forgot. The swim which he had taken to the Island but a short time before had not tired him very much, and since then he had grown stronger and more skilful, so that he entered upon the task with confidence. The water was warm, the day clear and bright, the waves not too high. He swam low in the water, his head making way for him, breathing through the mouth, as one must when one swims. Only his left shoulder and the left side of his head protruded from the water, as, giving himself up to the friendly element, he took his bearings by a distant hill, and swam with a strong and even stroke.

He heard occasionally the sound of a voice behind him, as the boys in the boat talked in low tones. Once in a while he saw them, as a twist of his body turned his head farther about, or as the wind sent the boat to leeward. But more of the time it seemed as if he were alone in the world, down there in the lake. He heard only the splash of the waves and the sweep of the wind, and it seemed that only the birds overhead, with the mountains and hills, were alive to watch him swimming. The water beneath him rocked him with a gentle movement; sometimes a wave rolled right over his head; but shaking always the water from his eyes, and ejecting it from his mouth, he swam steadily onward. The loneliness was not terrible. He seemed to be with friends, the wind and the water and the hills; all wished him well. And gaining at last what the athlete knows as the second wind, it seemed to Chester, enjoying the force of his muscles and intimacy with nature, as if he could swim there forever.

His progress was fast. Minute after minute put behind him rod after rod of the tossing blue

water. The dark spot on the lake which was his head, with the white cleaving shoulder that followed it, and the green glancing body seen through the water, left behind it at last its furlongs and its quarter-miles. To the boys in the boat who kept the time, and noted the distance made (by the Island and marks on shore), it was evident that he was making good time. And Chester, down there in the water, quite alone, as it seemed to him, swam along with delight.

He knew when he passed the half-mile, for the Island was behind him. Then he could see, from his position on the surface,

the hills, low in the distance, and the mountains standing above them. Tallest of all, the mountain which their party had attempted stood clear to view. On its summit was the scar of the landslide, of the color of ocher, like yellow clay gleaming in the sun. And as Chester watched it, he saw again, in his mind, the dreadful landslide, and imagined himself standing above the mass of stones and trees heaped at the bottom of the

gloomy gorge. But that was past. Then it was night; now it was broad day, and the sun and the bright water and the smiling sky were around him. So he swam steadily.

But as onward he went, his feet and hands

doing their work regularly, it was soon evident to him that the wind was becoming very strong, the waves very high. The water tossed him less regularly, and the waves broke more frequently over his head. Water came into his throat, and he had to cough to get it out. Each time after he lifted his head and cleared his eyes and throat, he laid his ear again in



"ALL OVER!" CRIED GEORGE. "HOW MUCH TIME, JIM?" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the water and swam onward. But the increasing uncertainty of the waves, moving at last in an angry little chop, made swimming more difficult. He was not so sure of each stroke. Presently, by a nervous instinct, he tried to avoid the breaking waves. He lost speed, his stroke was less regular, and those in the boat said to themselves: "He is getting tired."

Still onward he swam; but the water, only

now so friendly, seemed finally to dispute his passage, and the feeling arose in Chester's mind that it was struggling with him. It cut off more often by its tossing waves his view of the distant hills, so that at last he could be sure of seeing only the tallest mountain of all, with its bright scar. And that scar seemed to speak to him of destruction and death — of death which might once have come to him; and in his struggle with the water, death suddenly seemed to be not so very far away. He did not know how close behind was the boat. How easy to sink exhausted in the water, which seemed to be growing colder! He thought of the depths below him — how cold and rayless they must be, where only the mussels grew. And so that boy, lately so joyous in his swimming, now was struggling to put from him the fear of death.

Those in the boat could not read his thoughts, but they knew that he was flagging. And so into Chester's vision came suddenly the boat, which George was rowing faster. As it was abreast of him, George leaned over, and spoke cheerily: "Take a brace, Chester; you are trying too much to lift yourself. Give yourself to the water, swim low, and keep it up steadily. You are almost there, and ahead of time."

But, instead of being cheered by the words and the news, Chester raised his head and said: "I don't believe I can finish, George."

"Nonsense, Chester," said George, with energy; "you must finish!"

And so Chester laid his head again in the water and struggled on. "Take the breast stroke," said George. Turning obediently, he swam for a while with the other stroke. His fear of drowning was now gone, with the sight and the voice of his friends, but weariness remained. To his tired shoulders it appeared after a minute that the side stroke was easier, and he turned again on his side. He began to be cold, and he turned his eyes on the friendly boat.

George divined what was in his thoughts, and spoke distinctly. "Listen, Chester," he said, "you can't get into the boat. I will not take you in."

And Jim, breaking his silence, said: "No, Chester; you must finish. Listen, my boy.

You have come very well, so far, and have less than two hundred yards to go in five minutes, in order to make less than three quarters of an hour. Brace up, Chester!"

He heard, and understood, and so, setting his teeth, he determined to go on till he sank. So, fighting his fatigue and his cold,—fighting, too, the baffling water,—he urged himself onward till to his blurred sight trees began to rise above him from the shore which was so close. "A little more," cried Rawson, from the boat. A little more! He pushed himself onward till the branches overhung him, till bushes showed on the water's edge. How much farther?

"All over!" cried George, suddenly. "Stand up!" The boat ran in close beside him.

Chester put down his feet and found the firm bottom just beneath him. He attempted to stand, and half raised himself from the water. But his muscles refused to work; he fell forward; and while in vain he tried to support himself on his hands, he plunged beneath the water. Then George, dropping the oars, all clothed as he was, leaped into the water, and raised in his arms the choking boy.

"All over!" he cried. "How much time, Jim?"

Jim snapped the watch and put it in his pocket. The others listened for his answer, and even poor Chester, with singing head, tried to catch the words.

"Forty-four minutes and fifty seconds," said Jim,— "thirty seconds less than Marshall's time. That means five points for the Cup!"

CHAPTER VIII.

As the sports approached, the last day which was to test all the work, all the lessons of the summer, there passed letters between Mr. Holmes and Chester's father. The final one is of interest.

"I am glad that you are coming to the sports," wrote Mr. Holmes, "and I agree with you that it is wise to keep out of Chester's sight till they are finished, for the additional excitement might make him too nervous. Whether you see him win the Cup or not, I am sure that you will be satisfied with him, for I think all has been accomplished that you hoped. His experiences of

the summer have taught him modesty, and I am pleased to notice that he is carefully cultivating good nature. He has become very popular, and all the camp, except a few boys, are partizans on his side in the approaching contest."

And Mr. Holmes's report was true, for Chester had become a different boy. The two accidents that had put it in his power to save life had given him a position of importance which he was not slow to improve. While he was training his body for the coming competition, he did not forget to discipline also the peevish disposition that had previously got him into trouble. He found it not so very difficult, now that the minds of all were prepared to receive him at his best, to prove to others, even before he had proved it to himself, that he was good-natured. So the little boys whose attachment he had begun to cultivate in his loneliness were his stanch friends in his prosperity, and the whole camp, except that little knot that held aloof, grew fond of Chester.

The morning of the sports came, and with it trouble; for soon after breakfast George Tenney, seated by his bed in the shanty, heard his name called, and turning, saw Chester coming to him with distress and anger in his face.

"George!" called Chester, again.

"What is it, my boy?" said the older lad.

"Oh, George," cried Chester, in despair, "my running-shoes are gone!"

"Gone?" cried George, springing to his feet. "Where can they have gone?"

"I have looked everywhere," said Chester, "and I have asked everybody. Rawson is hunting for them now. I kept them right on the shelf by my bed, and anybody might take them."

"Anybody?" George sat down again. "Then of course we know who took them," he said calmly.

"But what good does that do?" asked Chester.

George thought. "None," he said after a while. "If he has taken them—you know whom I mean—he has been clever enough to hide them well. You must run in rubber soles, Chester."

It was true. There were but four or five pairs of spiked shoes in the camp, all, except those belonging to Chester and Marshall, the property

of the older boys. Consequently they were all too large.

"I am sorry," said Jim Pierce, when he was called into the consultation. "That puts you at a great disadvantage, Chester, if Marshall runs in spikes and you without. It may cost you the Cup—as it was meant to," he added meaningly. And after a moment's silence he spoke again.

"The Senior Cup is mine," he said. "George won it last year, and by the rules he can't compete again, so I am sure of it. But I would gladly give it to you, Chester, if you are beaten out by this trick."

"It is no matter," said Chester, at last, gulping his disappointment. And then he looked the two big boys in the face, and uttered what he thought: "If I don't win the Cup, I have won more than the Cup, because I have you fellows for my friends, and so I shall be satisfied."

"Brrr!" said George, with an assumption of anger. "Go lie down, young fellow!" And Jim stooped to tie his shoe, so that Chester might not see his face. But both were pleased at his words.

The shoes, though sought for everywhere, were not to be found. Not for a year did they turn up, carefully tucked away in an unused corner of the boat-house.

Chester did go and lie down, as George told him, and kept himself quiet all the morning and for an hour after dinner, till the sound of the bugle. Then he rose, and, ready for the struggle, went down to the field. At one part, so placed that they could best see everything, was a little crowd of spectators—fathers and mothers and relatives of the boys, or those interested in the camp; and among them, though he did not know it, was Chester's father. The boy's heart was beating fast as, with a crowd of others, he entered the big field. Other boys surrounded him, talking nervously. At the sight of the place where he was to compete, and of the people that were to watch him, Chester himself began to be very nervous.

But George and Jim, with Rawson, took him apart from the rest to a place where, in the shade, they had formed of blankets a screen from the wind, and had brought a mattress for him to lie upon. They had a sponge, a towel,



"THE CUP WAS WON!" (SEE PAGE 1084.)

and a bottle marked "Alcohol." At a little distance, Chester noticed, Marshall had laid down blankets for himself to lie on. Behind the screen, which also cut off the view of the spectators, the two big boys rubbed Chester down, and made him ready for the struggle.

Of the events of the day I shall describe only those that were for the Junior Cup. The Senior Cup fell, as was expected, into the hands of Jim Pierce, who won it with ease. The real contest was between Chester and Marshall. Let us take it as it happened, without noticing the one-sided events between the older boys.

"Remember," said George, as he rubbed his protégé, "the quarter-mile comes last, and for that you must save yourself. In everything else go easy when you can. Never finish your fastest so long as a race is yours. Remember, in the hundred yards and the shot you must have first place. In the hurdles and the running high you must have second. So long as you beat every one else, let Marshall win in these. In putting, the quarter, and in the running broad jump, do your best." And as George was concluding his summary, Mr. Holmes summoned the contestants to appear.

The hurdles were the first event, and four boys came to the mark for the race.

"Remember," whispered George, at the last, "pay no attention to Marshall at all. Get a good start, and run easily, taking pains only to beat Jack, here. He is the next best."

Chester stood at the scratch for the first real race of his life. He dug the holes for his feet, and tested them once or twice, as the older boys had showed him; then he stood and waited. He was at one edge of the track, Marshall was at the other, and between them were the two other boys. Before them were the rows of hurdles. Chester felt himself nervous, and glanced at the others; the two were fidgeting visibly; but Marshall was cool, and stood waiting, looking straight ahead. In spite of his remembrance of all the troubles of the summer, and, most recent, the loss of his shoes, Chester could not repress a feeling of admiration for that graceful figure.

"Get ready!" said Mr. Holmes. "On your marks!"

Chester placed his toes in the holes he had

dug, and stooping, placed his fingers on the line drawn in front of him.

"Get set!"

He half straightened his legs, so that his weight was thrown forward on his hands, and, with his arms trembling under the strain and the excitement, awaited the signal.

There was a sharp report from the pistol, and the four boys leaped forward. Running for a few steps stooping, and with a quick step, Chester straightened in a moment, and lengthened his stride. Then, crooking his forward leg across his body, he rose for the hurdle. The four boys cleared it together.

The next ten yards showed how the race was to go. Marshall drew ahead, and jumped at the fourth stride for the second hurdle. He hurdled equally well from either foot, and for him the distance was too great for three strides, too short for five. Chester rose almost at the same moment and from the same foot, with the same twisting body and dragging leg; but he was behind. The two other boys were already in the rear. A third and a fourth hurdle put distances between all four. Then Chester slackened pace, and paying attention only to the boy behind him, taking care also to clear the hurdles without a fall, he finished the race at his ease. Marshall crossed the line a couple of yards ahead of him.

"Did you see," said George, as he drew Chester out of the crowd, "that Marshall was laying low? He slowed up just as soon as you did, and merely kept his lead. Oh, he is a clever one!"

Next came the hundred-yards dash, run only with enough pause to clear the hurdles off the track and run the race for the older boys. As in the hurdles, there were four boys entered for the race. Of two Chester had no fear; of Marshall he had his doubts; for already in the hurdles he had missed his spikes. It would be easy to slip. But he took his old holes, which were assigned to him by lot, and made himself ready with as much composure as he could for the thought that was dinning in his head—this race I *must* win! As they arranged themselves, Marshall was now the second from him, and Chester was conscious of his presence, but he did not look at him now. Instead, he

caught the eye of the boy next to him, who smiled faintly, and then he nodded to little Rawson, who, while George and Jim had gone up to the finish, remained to watch the start.

"Get ready!" said Mr. Holmes again; and Chester turned to the track. "On your marks! Set!" The four backs were bent, the legs and arms were quivering.

Again the report, and the four leaped forward; but the treacherous earth, never firm enough for a good track, slipped under the rubber, and Chester was behind, a yard lost in the first second, and confused in his stride. With that disadvantage it took him twenty yards to recover himself. In another twenty he had passed the two slower boys, but Marshall was ahead. He strained to overtake the flying figure, the fierce scratch of whose spikes on the track, and whose quick, panting breath, he noticed even in the fury of the race. Inch after inch he drew up on him, but the distance was so short! They reached the first of the crowd that lined the track on the two sides; Chester was conscious that he was flying past people who were shouting, and he knew that at last he was at the shoulder of the figure that but now was in front of him. A final effort, with lunging arms and head dropped low on his chest. He felt the rush of air on his face; he knew that the crowd was roaring; then he felt the slight pull of the worsted across his breast, and he knew that the race was over. He threw up his hands to throw himself out of his stride, then slowed up and stopped, while the others ran on slowly a few more yards. He turned—who had won?

A familiar figure, which yet he could not recognize for the surging blood that throbbed in his head and confused his vision, came running toward him. But it spoke, and he knew the voice. It was George.

"A good race, Chester!" The tone was joyous—then it must be all right!

"Who won?" asked Chester, out of a dry throat.

"Why, you did, by a good foot!" And so the judges presently declared, and Chester was led away to his mattress.

Then came, among tedious waits, what George called the "mere formalities" of the field events.

They were foredestined, and every one knew it. First the broad jump went to Marshall, Chester following. Then Chester took the shot-putting, with Marshall second. Last, in the high jump, Chester left the contest as soon as all had fallen out but Marshall and himself. He remained for a moment to watch Marshall jump; but he, clearing the bar but once to insure his place, took up his sweater and walked away to his blanket.

"Oh, he is a clever one," said George again. "He is n't going to waste any strength in exhibition jumps."

Chester lay on his mattress, while for the last time George rubbed his legs. What he thought in those moments was enough to make him nervous, for everything depended on that last short contest, lasting only a minute, which was soon to come. The score was even between him and Marshall; who won the race won the Cup. The work of the summer, his own efforts, with the careful schooling of the older boys, all would be tested by that single race. And the Cup itself, the beautiful piece of silver of which he had caught but one glimpse the day before as it was unpacked from its wrappings, would then either be his own, to take home and show to his father and keep always, or would go to Marshall.

But he was content. Excited as he was, and hopeful, he kept repeating to himself one thing: that he had had a happy summer, that he had gained the friends he wanted, and that nothing else mattered. For, with an intuition almost beyond his years, he had come in the past few days to know what meant the lessons of the summer, and to understand, if vaguely, the value of his new friends. He understood at last what Mr. Holmes had meant when he said: "There is little that any one of us can accomplish alone." It is not well for a boy to think too seriously on these things, lest he become old before his time, and, fortunately for him, Chester did not know much beyond this: that what he had learned he was never to unlearn, and that good friends were the finest things that a boy could have. So, in spite of excitement, he waited the final race with contentment at the result.

And Marshall? We have not seen much of the workings of his mind, which would perhaps

be an unpleasant, even if profitable, study. It is a little difficult to guess what he thought as, apart from the crowd, he too lay and waited for the race. Did he think of the other boy, whom he might have kept for his friend, who now was engaged with him in earnest competition? If Marshall, too, reviewed the summer as he lay, did he, too, congratulate himself on its close? No; bitter was his soul as he rose for the last race; sullen was his resolve to win — to win!

"Jim has won the Senior Cup!" cried Rawson, appearing before George and Chester.

"I am glad!" cried they both.

"And it's time for Chester," added the little fellow. "Mr. Holmes is calling for the Junior quarter-mile."

They rose and went, and presently all the contestants were gathered at the starting-place. There were seven in all, a large number for the narrow track, where for a straightaway but four could run comfortably abreast. Yet Mr. Holmes knew that to run them in heats was too severe a strain, and he knew also that in a moment after the start they would be spread in a line around the curve of the track. Therefore he decided to run them in one race, and shook up in a hat their names on pieces of paper, to draw for positions. Chester drew the inside place, giving him the advantage, and Marshall was the one next him at his right hand. The other five boys were spread out across the track.

For the last time Chester scraped the holes for his feet, and looked to the lacings of his shoes. He was intensely conscious of all that was going on about him. At the inside of the track, close to his elbow, was a group of the older boys and the judges. On the outside, close to the line which was at once starting-point and finish, were the visitors. From them came a continual murmur, with the rustle of dresses. Behind him stood Mr. Holmes, who gave Chester one glance of encouragement when their eyes met. And at his side were the other boys, employed as he himself was, while close to him, almost touching, was Marshall. It happened that the two boys turned toward each other at the same moment, perhaps not accidentally, and looked each other in the face.

Chester tried to smile, but there was a cold glitter in the other's eye, and a hard expression at his mouth, as he turned away.

"Get ready!" said Mr. Holmes. The boys all stooped; the spectators pressed up closer; the timers stood waiting, their watches in their hands. "On your marks! Set!"

Close to Chester was Marshall, his elbow touching the other's side. Chester felt it, Mr. Holmes saw it, but each said to himself: "It can't be helped; the other boys are just as close together."

Mr. Holmes gave the signal.

A scramble, a panting rush, and they were off — what? All but Chester, who had fallen at the side of the track. None had seen the shrewd push that had sent him sprawling in the grass; none had seen, but some suspected, and, wild with rage, George sprang forward and pulled Chester to his feet.

"Will you claim foul?" he roared.

"No!" answered Chester, equally furious; and springing to the track, he touched his foot to the line and was off after the rest.

But what a handicap! Fifteen yards divided Chester from his nearest competitor, and a bunch of five boys shut him off from Marshall, who was already leading. Yet now he neither missed his spikes, nor counted the distance as anything, for the black anger that surged in his breast. His legs were springs, his feet shod like those of Mercury, as, scarcely feeling the ground, he sped after the rest. His muscles were tense, his sinews like bowstrings, as, stride by stride, he gained on them. They were at the turn; he saw Marshall already on the curve; but he himself was closing up, and in a moment was ready to pass the boy next in front. He had to take a wider curve, and so to run a longer distance than the rest in order to pass the close huddle. But one by one he cut them down, and left them struggling behind; as he came out on the straight, Marshall only was in front. Spurred by the sting of his anger, foot by foot he crept up; nearer and nearer the leader heard the footsteps behind him, until at last the two boys were running shoulder to shoulder.

A burst of applause, faint in the distance and soon silenced by the rushing air in his ears,

came to Chester from across the field. Stride for stride, yard for yard, he held his place till they had passed the half-way mark and were at the second turn. Now was the test; after that tremendous spurt could he yet hold out? He was sure of it. His steadfast will, trained through all the summer, was holding well in hand, like mettled horses, his muscles and his burning resentment. Round the curve the two boys swept, their feet striking in unison, their hands swinging low, their eyes on the track. Side by side they swung into the straight. In a moment there were but fifty yards more, and Chester knew that he could finish.

"Now!" said he aloud. There was a thrill of challenge in his voice, and Marshall heard him. Their superbly regular movements changed suddenly into the splendid broken action of the sprinter. Each was nearly at the end of his powers; each was putting forth now what final force he could call to his aid; and Chester summoned more than Marshall had. The caldron of his passion was still boiling, and its heat and its force gave unconquerable energy to his light-moving limbs. With grim joy he saw that he was gaining. Still he rushed forward; but Marshall could not respond. At his utmost speed Chester crossed the line, but, breathless and tottering, Marshall could scarcely finish.

The Cup was won!

And so the great day was over, and the contest was finished, and everybody cheered and waved and made fools of themselves. Chester's face was covered with confusion as he was led forward to receive the Cup, but his happiness was running over when he found himself in the arms of his father. And so he and all the rest must slip out of our sight, for the story is done. Yet, while we dismiss Marshall without further words, though with pity in our hearts, let us give a last glance at Chester and his friends.

As soon as he could, Chester introduced his father to his three friends, Rawson and George and Jim. "These are my friends, father," he said, somewhat moved, "without whom I could not have won the Cup, and whom I prize more than the Cup."

"Nonsense!" muttered George, digging with his foot in the ground, for he was abashed in the presence of Chester's father. He did not wonder at the way in which Chester spoke, for he knew the boy's affectionate disposition. Yet he did wonder, and the others wondered, too, that Mr. Fiske's voice trembled as he thanked them for what they had done for his son.

But Mr. Holmes, who stood by, smiled to himself, and wondered not at all.

THE END.

ONE'S WILL.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

ONE day a little wave—indeed, he was n't	So the sun came shining gladly, and the wind
naughty,	came blowing madly,
Though the others tried to hush and keep	And the little wave leaped up to catch the
him still—	light;
Said: "You must n't think, my comrades, that	And for half a glorious minute, with only sun-
I 'm quarrelsome or haughty,	shine in it,
But I want to be a rainbow, and I will!"	He flashed in seven colors on the sight.

So when behind your task the harder ones come trooping,
 While the senses only peace and pleasure crave,
 And o'er the humdrum work your heavy head is drooping—
 Just bethink you of that rainbow and that wave.



A LETTER ABOUT CHINA.

MY DEAR DON: Before I start upon my long return trip to China, I will tell you something about that country, and of the cause of the troubles which make me leave you long before I intended.

China is of about the size of the United States, but it has five people where this country has one. We have now about eighty millions of inhabitants, whereas China has about four hundred millions. Most of the Chinese work hard, save their money, and obey the law.

But the Chinamen whom you see here come from the south of China, from Kwang-tung, or, as we write it, Canton. They are much smaller in size than the people of northern China, who are well built and strong. But, from the north or from the south, all the Chinese are peaceable, and ask nothing but to be left alone.

The Chinese nation is so old that the people have come to consider themselves as the oldest, the best, and the greatest nation on earth. Boasting and bragging are two very bad habits. You know that a boy who always boasts of what he can do usually fails, and, instead of being praised, is very often made ashamed. It is the same with a people. If, instead of boasting, they would strive to improve, they would be happier and more respected.

I do not say that the Chinese have nothing to boast of. Nobody can deny that China is really the oldest nation. Just look at this: Their history begins four thousand years ago. It tells of the Flood, and, what is strange, gives almost the same year as that mentioned in the Bible. There is a difference of only thirty-seven

years. How many famous empires have come and gone while China remained! You have heard of Egypt, Greece, Rome, and oh, so many other nations, of which we remember little more than the names. China is older than any of them, and still it continues to exist.

China is a highly civilized country, and was so even at the time when England was inhabited by savages. But China was satisfied with its civilization, and did not care to make any further progress. That is where it made a great mistake. It is the same with a boy, a man, or a people. As soon as a boy or a man begins to think that he knows it all, somebody else is sure to go on learning, and to know more. As boys, as men, as a people, we must go on learning. If we do not do so, we are sure to lose our place in our class, in society, or among other nations, and at last shall be told to take a lower place. That is exactly what is being done to China now; and that is why I have been told to return there, to tell the people here what China is going to do about it.

China is a very rich country. Long, long before the people of Europe had learned how to weave and spin cotton and wool, and when they dressed still in skins of animals or in the hides of cattle, the Chinese made silk. They planted the tea-shrub, and used its leaves to make tea. The people were satisfied and happy. Their wants were few, but they had all they needed.

A people so hard-working as the Chinese is sure to have more than it needs. It likes to trade what it does not need for other things which are not found in the country, or for

money. The silk of China was known at Rome two thousand years ago. It was carried all the way overland to Arabia, and from there to the capital of the Roman Empire.

The first European to visit China was a Venetian named Marco Polo, about the beginning of the thirteenth century. Venice, at that time, was the richest city of the world. Its merchants bought the productions of India, and carried them overland to Arabia, whence they were brought by ship to Venice, and sold all over Europe. The merchants of Venice were always looking out for more trade and for new goods. So Marco Polo made his way overland into China and to Peking,* where he was well received by the Emperor. He stopped there for several years, and when he returned, he wrote a book about China, which country he called Cathay.

At that time the art of printing was unknown in Europe, and there were very few people indeed who could afford to buy a manuscript, which had to be copied from beginning to end. The Chinese, at that time, printed from wooden blocks, exactly as they do still. It seems strange that Marco Polo did not introduce this art into Europe; but as he did not, his book did not do much good until after it had been printed and people could afford to buy and read it. This was after the year 1423, when Lawrence, a beadle in the church of Haarlem, Holland, or Laurens Coster, as the Dutch call him, accidentally discovered the art of printing. The more people read, the better educated they grew, and, of course, the more they wished to know.

You know, my dear Don, that when Columbus started on his voyage he hoped to find a shorter route to Cathay or China.

Have you forgotten how I taught you to remember the principal dates?

1492. Columbus discovers America.

Six years *before*, in 1486, Bartholomew Diaz (pronounced Dee-ath), a Portuguese, had discovered the Cape of Good Hope, which he called Cabo Tormentoso, or Storm Cape, because it always blows hard there; but the King of Portugal changed the name to Cabo di Bona Speranza (pronounced Cah-boh dee Boh-nah Spay-

* *Pe*=north; *king*=capital; hence, Peking, Northern Capital.

ran-tha), or Cape of Good Hope—"Because," he said, "we have now a good hope that we shall find the way to India and Cathay."

Indeed, six years *after* Columbus had discovered America (in 1498), Vasco da Gama sailed around the Cape of Good Hope, and arrived in India. The three dates, therefore, are easy to remember.

You see also from this that the Portuguese were the first explorers, and they were also the first to open a direct trade with China. They founded a colony at Macao, near Hongkong, which is one of the few still owned by them.

The English began to trade with China long after the Portuguese. They bought tea and silk, and obeyed the laws of China whenever they were at Canton, which was the only city where they were permitted to come. For many years this commerce was carried on by the East India Company. In the beginning of this century that company began to carry opium to China, and to sell it to the Chinese. It is a very dangerous drug, and the Chinese government did not want the people to become opium-smokers; this led to a quarrel with the British merchants. At the same time the British government wish to discuss the business with the government of China. The Chinese Emperor at Peking had been taught that his country was the greatest, best, and wisest on earth, and that all other nations must respect and obey him. He was quite willing that England should send somebody to Peking to discuss the business; only whoever came must first own that the Emperor of China was the ruler over all nations, and kowtow before him. That is, such a man, or ambassador, as he is called, must kneel before the Emperor and knock his head three times against the floor. The British thought that their Queen was as good as the Emperor of China, and would not consent to such a thing; so the Emperor refused to receive an ambassador at Peking, and war broke out between the two countries.

The Chinese, armed with bow and arrow, and with but a few old cannon in their forts, were no match for the British. They were defeated, and compelled to pay for the opium which they had taken from the British merchants and destroyed. The Emperor at Peking

took a violent dislike to the British. If the government of China at that time had taken warning, and raised an army and navy, it could have defied every nation on earth; but it did not do so. Instead, it continued to boast of its greatness.

Other wars followed, and every time China lost. Still the government at Peking refused to admit foreign ambassadors unless they kowtowed before their "Son of Heaven," or Tien tsz' (pronounced tee-yen ts'), as they call the Emperor. In the year 1860 Great Britain and France undertook to compel him. They sent a fleet to the mouth of the Pei-ho (pronounced Pay-ho) River. The Chinese defended the forts at Taku (pronounced Tah-koo) gallantly; but at last they were taken. The allied armies landed, and marched upon Tientsin (pronounced Teen-tseen), which they captured. They then continued to advance upon Peking, seventy-four miles northwest. The Emperor had posted men, within hearing distance of one another, all the way between Tientsin and Peking, to give warning of the approach of the barbarian army. When it was reported to him that the foreigners were advancing upon his capital, he and his court fled in hot haste to Yeh-ho (pronounced Yay-ho), or Hot Springs, about eight days' journey from Peking. Among those who fled with him were his two wives, the Empress of the East and the Empress of the West, as they are called by the Chinese.

Now, my dear Don, I want to explain to you something about the Chinese, by which you will understand the cause of all this trouble. All the Chinese are very superstitious—that is, they believe in all sorts of spirits, ghosts, and spooks, and are afraid to do anything in the world without first consulting the men who pretend to understand the spirit world, and of whom there are many who really believe that they do so.

Among these superstitions the fung-shui (pronounced fung-shoo-ee) is the most dreaded. The word itself means "air-and-water." The Chinese believe that the earth possesses a living spirit; that this spirit, or fung-shui, is friendly in certain places, and a terrible enemy in other places. Therefore, when a Chinaman is going to build a house, the first thing he does is to

ask a fung-shui man how he must build it that the air-and-water spirit may be favorable to him. It is this fung-shui man who tells him where to put the door and the windows, and how the house must face the street; and not one Chinaman would think of disobeying him. If any wall or pole should be erected in a street or village, there would be a great rush to the fung-shui man, to find out if it would interfere with this spirit. That pole or wall would have to come down, or there would be a riot, if the fung-shui man should decide against it. Do you understand now why the Chinese will not permit the building of railroads? Because the telegraph-poles and the rushing of the locomotives would disturb the fung-shui.

Now I shall go on with my story. When the Emperor, reigning in 1860, whose name was Hsien Feng (Seen-fêng), arrived at Yeh-ho, he recollected that his grandfather, the Emperor Chia Ching, had died there. The fung-shui men were at once consulted, and they agreed that this was very bad. The Emperor was seized with a great fear. Peace was made with England and France. But he did not return to Peking. He postponed his departure from Yeh-ho, and died before the spring of 1861.

The Empress of the West had a son six years old at the time of his father's death. This child was placed upon the throne as the Emperor Tung Chih (pronounced Toong Chee), which means United Rule, because the two empresses had agreed to be his guardians—that is, to take care of him and rule the country for him so long as he remained a child. The widow of an emperor is called a dowager-empress, and so the two dowagers began to rule the country.

You can easily understand that these two ladies were just as superstitious as the Chinamen. They believed that the air-and-water spirit was angry because the Emperor had gone to Yeh-ho; and when there came a flood, and famine, and a dreadful disease, they believed it all the more. But Tung Chih grew up, until he was sixteen years old, when it was thought time that he should marry. A wife was selected for him by his two guardians. Tung Chih had been a bad boy, and would probably have grown into a bad man; but two years

after his marriage (in 1874) he caught the smallpox and died.

Once again the throne was vacant, and the two dowagers selected Tsai-tien (pronounced Tsie-teen), the three-and-a-half-year-old son of Prince Chung, to succeed Tung Chih. The child's name was changed into Kuang Hsu (pronounced Kwang Soo, breathing upon the *s* of Soo), which means "Illustrious Successor." The two dowagers were once more to be guardians of the child, and again directed the government of China.

But now something happened which caused the two empresses to tremble from fear. There are two cemeteries where the emperors of China are buried, one to the east, the other to the west of Peking. The fung-shui men were consulted, but they would not say anything. To the questions, "Must Tung Chih be buried in the eastern cemetery?" or "Shall we bury him in the western cemetery?" there was only one answer: they shook their heads. This was not very satisfactory, for he must be buried somewhere. None of the fung-shui men would decide, but at last the Emperor was buried in the eastern cemetery. The next year China was visited again by floods, famine, and sickness. The fung-shui men shook their heads, and whispered, "I told you so."

All this made the two dowagers dreadfully afraid of the fung-shui, and this fear has increased until at present the surviving Empress of the East is in terror of her own shadow. The other Dowager is dead. In the meanwhile, Kuang Hsu grew up, and in due time was proclaimed Emperor. He trusted all the business with foreigners to the wise old viceroy named Li Hung Chang (pronounced Lee Hoong Chang) until the war with Japan broke out in 1894.

Japan, at that time, had a population equal to about one tenth of that of China. But the Japanese love fighting; they had their soldiers drilled for many years, first by French and then by German officers, and therefore had a fine army, whereas China had no soldiers at all. Of course, the Japanese won. When China asked for peace it had to pay to Japan many millions of dollars and give it the island of Formosa, in the China Sea, almost opposite Hong-

kong. Japan also wanted land in China, and that country could not say no. But then Russia, France, and Germany told Japan that she must not take land on the continent of Asia. The Japanese were very angry, but did not wish to fight three big nations at once. They gave way, but promised themselves to have it out with Russia at some other time. They were made more angry still when they heard later that Russia herself had taken the same land which Japan had demanded from China.

Poor Kuang Hsu could not understand how it was that the Great Middle Kingdom, as the Chinese call their country, could be defeated by a small nation of men whom he called *wo jen*, or pigmies. Then somebody whispered into his ears that the Japanese had railroads and all the new inventions of our time. "Very well," said Kuang Hsu; "then we must have them too." "But," said this voice, "the Japanese have learned everything that the barbarians can teach." "Well," replied the Emperor, "then we must learn that too." So the Emperor made laws ordering the Chinese to establish schools, and to have their children learn the same studies which you are learning now. He gave orders also to commence the building of railroads.

This alarmed the people, and especially the old Empress Dowager. The first law which all Chinese must obey is, Honor thy father and thy mother; and although he was not really her son, she had adopted him. So when the Empress commanded poor Kuang Hsu not to make any more laws, but let her do it, the poor man could not refuse. It was this fung-shui superstition again! The Empress ordered that no one must obey Kuang Hsu's laws, and did all she could to stop the building of railroads.

She was told by the ambassador of Russia that she was right. Why? Because Russia wanted to take all of China for itself, and if the Chinese made progress as the Japanese had done, China would be strong enough to defend itself. Japan advised the old Empress that she must do as Kuang Hsu had done. At last the Empress became so angry that she ordered the people to buy arms and to drive the foreigners out of China. Now the whole world is sending men-of-war and soldiers to China, and, after the

Chinese have been defeated, Russia and Japan may, perhaps, wage war with each other to see who shall take the most of that country. The United States has also sent soldiers to China. There are many of our citizens in China, and

our government must take care of them when the Chinese attack them. I shall write to you about my journey and tell you how I am getting on.

Sincerely your friend,

R. Van Bergen.




A SMALL STORY.

EIGHT small children for busy Bess —
Eight to feed and wash and dress.
Four small girls and four small boys
In one small house make no small noise;
And so, to have them out of the way,
She's sent them off to the woods to play.

"Don't quarrel, nor tease, nor fret, nor frown,
But come back home when the sun is down.
And if you see the chipmunk small,
Don't throw stones at him—that is all;
For he's just as busy as he can be,
And I know how that is, myself," said she.

Joy Allison.



The Stork that was Late

BY
CHAS.

DAVID STEWART

IN the city of Rotterdam, in Holland, there stands in the middle of an arched bridge over the public canal a black statue. It was once a good likeness of a famous man named Erasmus. But in the course of time the countenance slowly changed—so slowly that the busy market-folk who clattered across the bridge with their dog-carts laden with milk and vegetables did not notice that the statue grew less like Erasmus every day.

One morning an old burgher of the town stopped on his way across the bridge to inspect the statue, which he had not closely observed since he gave his final approval of it on the day it was erected. He opened his small eyes wide, and his grave and stolid expression changed to one of wonder and amazement. Then he hurried away as fast as his short legs would carry him to the public gallery where the picture of Erasmus was. When he realized that his eyes had not deceived him, he hurried back to the statue, and stood before it, more perplexed than ever. Erasmus had surely changed.

Now, if the old burgher had not noticed this, the story I am going to tell about Dederick Schimmelpennick and his good wife, and the stork Peyster, would never have been told.

One evening, about a year after this happened, old Dederick Schimmelpennick and his good wife sat in the doorway of their house, looking at the statue of Erasmus in the distance. Dederick's evening pipe was neglected, and he held his wife's hand in his, for they were in great trouble. For many years it had been their custom to sit thus and look at the statue of Erasmus as it shone brightly in the sunset. And why should they not look with pride upon the shining statue, for was it not Dederick who had kept it bright these many years? But this evening, and for many evenings past, the statue did not gleam with the luster that had lent brightness to their lives. It had grown to look darker and darker in the sunset; and the hopes of Dederick and his wife had grown darker day by day since it was discovered that the frequent scouring of the statue had changed Erasmus—eyes, nose, and ears. And at last their life was as dark as the statue itself, for their little savings were almost exhausted, and Dederick was old.

Dederick pressed his wife's hand and they sat thinking in silence, for they had been talking about their only son, who had sailed away many years ago to try his fortune in the world.

"If Peter should ever return," said the wife, "I know that as he comes up the canal and sees Erasmus looking so dark he will think that we are dead. I wonder if we shall ever see him again?"

"I doubt not," said Dederick, "that some day, when he has made his fortune, he will return and be the comfort of our old age. But alas! he does not know that I am no more allowed to scour Erasmus and earn the daily bread."

"Yes," answered the good wife; "if Peter knew that, he would come to us now, for he was a dutiful son. But he must come soon or it will be too late. Before another month has passed our last guildler will be gone, and I fear we shall have to leave the house."

"Yes," said Dederick; "already the storks are returning from the south, and the time when we shall have no home is near at hand. To-day I looked up at the chimney-top to see if Peyster had arrived, but the nest is still empty."

"I fear," said Mistress Schimmelpennick, "that Peyster is too old to make the long flight again. Last year he was almost exhausted. Do you not remember, Dederick, that when we saw him coming the young stork supported him on his back and helped him along?"

"Yes, I remember it," said Dederick. "And do you not remember that when old Peyster was young he helped his mother back after his first flight, and put her in the same nest in which she had raised and tended him the year before?"

"And do you remember, Dederick, how our little Peter said, 'Mother, when I am able to go out into the world, I will be like Peyster and support you when you are old and weak?'"

"I do," said Dederick, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand. "Peter is a dutiful son, for he is a true Dutch boy. And is it not the Dutch who shelter the stork on their roof-tree, and hold him in reverence because of his care for the older birds? But I fear that old Peyster, like us, is almost beyond help. Last year his lame leg was very weak. And if Peter does not come soon neither old Peyster nor we will be here to greet him."

In the middle of February all the storks

came flying back from Egypt and Palestine and the plains of North Africa, and occupied once more their nests on the roof-trees and chimney-tops of Holland. But still the nest on the Schimmelpennicks' chimney-top was empty. There were still no tidings of Peter, and the hope of the aged couple seemed more desolate than ever.

"I cannot understand," said Dederick, "why the young stork does not come to the nest. Maybe he has been delayed in helping old Peyster, and we shall yet see them both. For does not the good book say, 'The stork in the heavens hath its appointed times?'"

As old Dederick had no work to do, he sat by the window and watched the storks arriving from the south. He waited three long days after the time that Peyster had always returned; and although no more storks were to be seen in the sky, he still kept watch.

On the fourth day Dederick cried, "Look, look!" and his good wife hurried to the window.

"It must be they," said she.

The two birds were flying slowly, and now and then one of them darted under the other and supported it in its flight.

"I know it is Peyster," said Dederick. "See how his leg hangs down."

Sure enough, it was Peyster and the young stork. They lowered their flight toward the nest, and Dederick and his wife ran out into the yard. As the young stork left Peyster to fly alone, he wavered in the air. As he gathered in his wings and settled on the edge of the roof, with one leg he struggled to keep his footing, and flapped his wings wildly and fell to the ground.

"What is this?" exclaimed Dederick, as he took Peyster's leg and examined it tenderly.

"Poor old Peyster, there is something the matter with his other leg," said Mistress Schimmelpennick. Somebody had evidently been caring for Peyster, for his leg was carefully bound up in red silk.

When Dederick loosened the threads and began to unwind the bandage, his nervous fingers could hardly work fast enough. He discovered that he had in his hands the silk handkerchief which the mother had tied around



"DEDERICK LOOSENEED THE THREADS AND BEGAN TO UNWIND THE BANDAGE."

Peter's neck when he left them to go on the ship. But what was his surprise, when he had the handkerchief loose, to find his hands full of bank-notes, and with them a letter. He was so amazed that he held his hands in front of him and stood looking at them, stock-still. For a moment he did not move any more than if he had been the statue of Erasmus set up in his own yard.

You may be sure it did not take Mrs. Schim-melpennick long to bring Dederick his spectacles; and this is what Dederick read aloud to his wife:

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: I send you my love. Since you heard from me last I have visited many strange lands. I have not been able to write to you for the reason that in the part of Africa where I have been I had no opportunity to send mail to Holland. I have just arrived in Egypt, and as soon as I can settle my affairs here I will come home and start in business in old Rotterdam, for I have been very prosperous. I have often wished

that you could share my good fortune. One day shortly after I arrived here, I sat watching the storks, and thinking how soon many of them would be in my fatherland, for it was the season for them to fly. What was my surprise to see old Peyster standing on one leg on the bank of the river, where he had been catching frogs. I knew him by the way his lame leg hung down. He had his head tucked between his shoulders, taking a nap, and was resting, I imagined, for the long flight he had in mind. I believe I should have known Peyster had he never been lamed. When you get this you will know what came into my mind the minute I saw dear old Peyster. And now, my dear father, you must give up your work of keeping the statue clean, for by the time this money is used I shall be home to care for you. For a long time I have been worried with the thought that you were too aged for such dangerous employment. I am sure this will reach you, and I thank God that he has given me the means of relieving you at once.

Your dutiful son, PETER.



PETER DISCOVERS OLD PEYSTER AMONG THE STORKS IN THE RIVER NILE.

PRETTY POLLY PERKINS.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

[This story was begun in the May number.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

POLLY IN THE CITY.

THE 20th of October was set for the return to the city home, to which it had been decided by Mr. and Mrs. Perkins that Polly was to accompany Mr. Temple and his family, there to spend the winter, or possibly even a longer period, if, as they fancied, her talent proved to be worth the cultivation they proposed to give it; for both her father and mother felt that such an opportunity might never again come into their little girl's life, and both realized into what a delightful home she was to be transferred.

And so the last weeks slipped away, the older people thinking and planning for the younger people, as they will think and plan as long as mothers and fathers live and sons and daughters flourish.

It seemed to Polly as though the last two weeks at the old farm-house flew upon the wings of the wind, and when the morning of the 20th came, she could hardly believe that her day for departing had really come.

Mr. Temple and Uncle Bert had arrived two days before, in order to help collect belongings and escort the precious charges homeward.

Polly's mite of a trunk stood all ready in the front hall, and Polly herself, in her pretty new blue serge dress, with a big white collar like Mabel's, was trotting about, eager to give the last touches to the dear old home, which seemed to have suddenly become dearer now that she was to go away from it.

Half an hour later, good-bys were being said, and all were packing themselves in the conveyances which were to take them to the railroad station.

A few more hearty hand-clasps, a few more words of merry farewell, and off they started, the little phaëton leading, followed by the car-

ryall, with the great farm-wagon thumping along behind; for Lady was determined not to be outdone, and nearly tugged herself in two in order to keep up with the others. And thus Pretty Polly Perkins took her first "little journey in the world."

As the train drew near the great city Polly could do nothing but look out the window of the luxurious parlor-car at the marvelous sights which were opening before her.

"What is it, pretty Polly?" asked Uncle Bert, as the train crossed the bridge over the Harlem River, and began speeding along through the upper portion of the city, with its row upon row of houses.

"Is all of this New York?" asked the bewildered child — "all these rows and rows of houses? And are there enough people in it to fill them all?"

"All those, and hundreds and hundreds besides," said Uncle Bert. "It's a pretty sizable town, Polly, and you won't see one tenth of it this afternoon."

In a few minutes the train rolled smoothly into the Grand Central Depot, and poor little Polly found herself in more of a hubbub than she had ever dreamed could be; for people darted hither and thither, baggagemen slammed trunks about as though determined to reduce them to fragments, and cabmen cried out at the top of their lungs: "Cab!" "Carriage!" "This way; step right this way!" till the child fancied they were ready to tear each other to bits, and she clung to Uncle Bert's hand in terror.

But her escort piloted her safely to the carriage which was awaiting them.

Seventy-fourth Street was soon reached, and in a moment more Polly found herself entering a beautiful house in which the appointments were more wonderful than she had ever pictured in any of her fairy dreams.

Following Mabel up the richly carved stairway, she entered the room which she was to

share with her, and which communicated with Mrs. Temple's on one side and Molly's little snugery on the other.

It was a dainty room, all in the softest of old-rose tints. To Polly's unsophisticated eyes it was an apartment fit for the princess of whom she had so often read, and oftener dreamed, and she stood stock-still, clasping her hands in rapture.

"Oh, Mabel, Mabel! am I *truly* to live in this beautiful room with you, and sleep in that lovely bed, and use all those pretty things?"

"Of course you are. When Mrs. Perkins said you might come to New York with us, mama and I planned it all out, and it was such fun to do it, and to think how surprised you'd be! I wanted everything to be just exactly like the things I'd had before, and we had awful work matching them, for mine had been given to me at different times, and we did n't know where they came from. But we got them as near like mine as we could, and I'm so glad you're pleased."

"And I can keep my clothes in that chest of drawers, and write at that desk? And oh, I don't know how I'm ever going to get to sleep, with so many lovely things to look at!" And she darted from one object to another.

Just then the luggage was brought upstairs, and Polly's little trunk seemed to look even smaller in its new surroundings.

Molly came into their room to help them lay aside their belongings and to ask:

"Well, Polly Perkins, do you think you will find your new nest a snug one?"

"I never saw anything so pretty in all my life. I think everything's magic here," replied Polly, "'cause no matter which way I look, I find something I am to use, or else you tell me it belongs to me."

"Now, my dear little people, you must let me make you tidy for dinner; so slip off your frocks and put on fresh ones," said Molly.

"Dinner," said Polly, looking puzzled. "I thought we had our dinner on the train."

"That is another one of New York's queer ideas, Polly, for down here we take our dinner at six o'clock instead of twelve."

"I hate to take off my pretty dress," said Polly, as she prepared to obey Molly. "It is

the nicest one I have, and I feel so like Mabel when I have it on. Mama packed my last winter's plaid dress in my trunk, and said I could wear it when I was indoors, but to save this one for Sunday and when I went out with Mrs. Temple and Mabel."

"Very well," said Molly; "shake it out well and hang it in your closet; we must take good care of our prettiest things. The closet at the left of the chiffonier is yours, and the other one is Mabel's."

Polly walked over to the closet to hang up her dress, and opening the door, stopped short.

"Oh, I've got the wrong one, have n't I? This is full of Mabel's things." And she turned to open the other door. But this closet held even more than the other, and little Polly was in a quandary.

"Why, they are both full," she said; "shall I take them out of the other one and put them all in this?"

By this time both Mabel and Molly were laughing heartily, for Polly never grasped the true state of affairs, and did not suspect that the pretty little frocks hanging upon the hooks or the shoes in the little shoe-bag hanging upon the door were her own.

"Polly! Polly Perkins!" cried Mabel. "Don't you see that the shoes and dresses are not nearly big enough for me? They are *yours*, and mama had them all made for you as part of the surprise."

"For me!" screamed Polly. "All those lovely, lovely dresses for my very own self? Oh, it *can't* be true!"

Simple enough they were, but tastefully and well made, and to Polly they seemed marvels.

"Ah, me! I hope I sha'n't grow proud because I've got such riches," said Polly, when she had looked at all her things. "How I wish they knew all about it at home, and that I could go halves with Ruth! Would n't she love to see all these things! May I sit down and write to her after we come upstairs?"

"Not to-night, deary; you and Mabel will be too tired; but to-morrow you may. Now make haste, dears, for dinner will be served in five minutes, I know."

At half-past eight that night two tired children were tucked snugly away in their beds.

How quickly the days slipped by! It would be impossible to describe Polly's surprise and delight, her chronic state of wonder, or her odd remarks. Had New York City indeed been an enchanted one it could not have held greater marvels for Polly.

At the earliest possible moment Mrs. Temple

And so the time sped by until the holiday season approached, bringing with it all the joys that belong to little people at Christmas-tide.

Nor were Polly and Mabel idle during all this period of secrets, but were determined to make it a gala-day, if the busy brains and hands of two small maids could accomplish it.



THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

made arrangements for Polly's art lessons, and very soon a teacher was engaged, and Polly began work in earnest.

Two afternoons of each week were given up to the work, and Polly's progress was really surprising; for the first time in her short life she found herself congenially occupied, and she threw herself into her work heart and soul.

But Polly's financial resources were limited, and how to carry out her part of the plan without even a small bank-account was a puzzle which Polly was determined to solve.

At last Polly remembered that her drawing teacher had spoken of having so many Christmas orders that she would need assistance. At the first opportunity, Polly modestly offered her

aid, and it was gladly accepted. Busily she worked over the Christmas cards, and was able to earn what to her was a large sum.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

"It will never stay put—I know it won't," said Polly, as she tried in vain to make the stocking hang upon the mantel by resting a paper-weight upon it, on Christmas eve.

"Here, I'll fix them," said Mabel; "let me have yours, and I'll tie it to mine with this piece of ribbon, and then we can swing them around this pillar of the mantelpiece, and I'd like to see them tumble down!" And Mabel soon had the two limp black stockings hanging side by side.

"Now, let's do up our parcels and then run down and put them under the tree. Why, Polly, how did you ever get such a lot of things!" she cried in surprise, as Polly opened her chiffonnier drawer and disclosed a goodly supply of pretty gifts.

"I can't tell you a thing about it till after Christmas, so please don't ask me"; and Polly began to take her treasures out of the drawer.

Mabel's gifts for her dear ones were also her own work, and two very happy children laid their neatly tied parcels beneath the great tree that a few hours later they would help to dress.

"Well, chickabiddy," said her father, as they sat at dinner, "I've a bit of pleasant news for you as a Christmas gift"; and he took from his pocket a letter. "This came to-day, and I thought I'd save it as a sort of dinner relish."

Opening the letter, he began:

"Tell my bonny Mab and pretty Poll that I propose to add a very remarkable article of decoration to the big tree that I know they mean to dress on Christmas eve, and that they may expect it to arrive about nine o'clock. It will be delivered by the Pennsylvania Railroad."

"Now, what do you suppose he means this time?" cried Mabel.

"Where does the railroad come from?" asked shrewd Polly.

"People come from the West by it," replied Mr. Temple.

"Then I just believe it's Mr. Uncle Bert himself"; and Polly gave a little bounce of

rapture at the prospect of having her friend with her.

Promptly at nine o'clock, and while the family were busy decorating the beautiful tree, came a ring at the door-bell, and before it was wide open in bounced Uncle Bert with a regular cow-boy shout.

"Here, hang me up quick! I'm already rigged for it." And, indeed, he looked rigged for a tree, for his coat was covered with snow-flakes, and his hat had turned white. He executed a sort of an Indian dance down the big library; for Uncle Bert was still a boy at heart, although a man in sound sense and stature.

It was a merry Christmas eve for them all. Molly was in her element, for nothing gave her so much pleasure as sharing the family merry-makings, and feeling, as she expressed it, "that I have some place in the world where I belong and am wanted."

By eleven o'clock the great hemlock, upon whose top branch, which just escaped the high ceiling, danced a dainty little Christmas fairy, presented a brilliant spectacle; for icicles sent forth their sparkles from dozens of branches, tinsel moss flashed back the rays of the gas-jets, and the thousand and one fascinating trifles that the German people love to make and send over to our country decorated it from its topmost branches to the floor. The candles would not be lighted till Christmas night, but Polly felt sure that the illumination could not make it more beautiful than it already was.

"Now, my little maids," said Mrs. Temple, when the big "grandfather's clock" which stood in the hall had rung its musical chime to tell all good people that it was eleven o'clock, "whisk away to your beds as fast as you can go, or you will never be able to waken for your half-past eight breakfast, and the frolic to follow."

The children danced away upstairs, Molly following to see that all was in order.

When Mr. Temple had gone to his den to write a letter Mrs. Temple and Uncle Bert seated themselves before the glowing fire to have a quiet chat; for Mrs. Temple was deeply attached to her young brother-in-law, and had striven hard to fill the place of the mother whom he had lost when only a young lad.

After talking for a while upon general topics, he rose from his chair, and kicking a hassock beside her, sat down upon it.

"What have you to confess, sir?" said Mrs. Temple.

Uncle Bert turned his head, with a queer smile creeping about the corners of his mouth, but the eyes did not lose their seriousness.

"To tell the truth, I don't know whether there is anything to confess or not; but I've about made up my mind that there is one Christmas present I'd rather have than any other you and Ned can give me, and yet it is so valuable that I'm scared to ask for it."

"Do you think we would consider any gift too valuable for you?"

"No, I honestly believe you would n't; for you've already given me more than I deserve, and no fellow ever had more done for him than you and Ned have done for me. But I fear I do not deserve this one."

Mrs. Temple started slightly, and then, taking his face in both her hands, turned it toward her, and looked into the big blue eyes, which never wavered as they returned the look.

"Is the very precious gift now in the house?" she said, a wonderfully tender look creeping into her face.

Bert nodded, but said nothing.

"Then no man can have a more precious one, and though it is not ours to give, you shall have our heartiest good wishes. You know the old saying—'Faint heart,' etc.," said Mrs. Temple, as she bade him good night.

"My heart is n't faint, but I don't seem half good enough to be trusted with the care of such a gift, even if I have the luck to get it," said Uncle Bert, seriously. "Good night and happy dreams."

CHAPTER XX.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

LONG before daylight on Christmas morning Polly was wakened by something tickling the end of her small pug nose, and upon opening her eyes found Mabel standing beside the bed, holding a very hummocky stocking in each hand, and letting the one which she held directly over Polly's head scratch the end of

her small nose, which happened to be turned most invitingly into the air.

Polly blinked at her for a second or two, and then, getting wide awake, cried in a suppressed voice:

"Oh, quick, quick! let's sit down here and see what we've got in them."

After the treasures of the stockings had been fully enjoyed, they went down to wish "Merry Christmas" to all the household. It was a jolly party which paraded down the broad hall to the dining-room, upon the threshold of which Polly and Mabel stopped stock-still. And no wonder; for seated at either side of Mr. Temple's chair were Ruth and Bob, with the dignified butler mounting guard between them!

For one brief instant Polly stood speechless, and then, with a wild cry of "Ruth, Bob! Ruth, Bob!" she tore down the big room and straight into Ruth's outstretched arms.

It would be vain to attempt to describe her joy, for the surprise had been a complete one, Bob and Ruth having arrived late the previous night, and been tucked away for safe-keeping until needed. Poor Bob was painfully self-conscious, but Ruth was her own sweet, serene little self, and soon chatted away very happily, telling Polly all the home news and how she had left the dear ones who remained there.

It was a merry meal, and one which Bob long remembered as the first he had ever eaten in New York City; for Uncle Bert soon managed to make him forget his shyness, and before he realized what he was doing he was chatting away as happily as though the handsome dining-room had vanished, and he was seated with Uncle Bert under the old elm-tree upon the lawn at home.

As soon as breakfast was over, all repaired to the cheery library, where stood the monstrous tree with its mysterious parcels lying underneath it.

Knowing well that the children were on tenter-hooks with impatience, and that the servants, who were called in to share the Christmas good will, were quite as eager to know the contents of the neatly wrapped parcels, Mr. Temple at once began to distribute the pretty Christmas gifts which had been so affectionately and wisely chosen.

It was, indeed, a happy morning, and when the excitement had somewhat subsided, Uncle Bert said:

"Now, big folk and little folk, suppose you give me your attention, for I've a mind to have a voice in this Christmas fun. Follow me."

And he strode off to the front of the house, with Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Molly, and the four children pressing close behind him.

"What do you think of *my* Christmas chimes? Did n't know I was a musician as well as a cow-boy, did you?" he said as he drew aside the heavy curtains at the reception-room window, that all might look out upon the snow-covered street.

"Uncle Bert, oh, Uncle Bert!" cried Mabel, as she threw her arms about him, "when did you do it, and is n't it just too sweet for anything!"

And indeed it was; for there stood little Tony, with bright yellow plumes waving on either side of his headstall, yellow plumes erect upon his back, on either side of the beautiful little chime of bells which tinkled merrily every time he stirred, and yellow plumes upon the dashboard of the exquisite little Russian sleigh to which he was harnessed, and in which the warmest of fur rugs lay; and last, but by no means least, Jesse, in a fur cape nearly as big as himself, and oh, joy of joys, a high hat, in whose side was stuck the most fascinating atom of a yellow cockade.

Jesse tried his best to preserve a dignified attitude and expression; but the grin *would* come, and, in spite of Herculean efforts, he could not help crying out:

"Chris'mas gif'!"

It did not take long for the children to scramble on their wraps and run out for a closer inspection of Uncle Bert's surprise; nor could he for one moment suspect that it had proved a failure.

"An', Missy Mabel, ain't yo' t'ink we ought ter tak' Massa Bob and Miss Rute fer a drible roun' de park? Dey ain't got no kin' idee o' what it lak," said Jesse, who was consumed with a desire to display his magnificence.

"Just the thing!" cried Mr. Temple. "Take Ruth first, and then the others in turn, and it will be a fine airing for you all."

A moment later the chimes proved Uncle Bert to be capable of choosing a musical instrument, whether he could play upon one or not, as Tony dashed down Seventy-fourth Street, with his bells ringing, plumes waving, and Jesse sustaining the dignity of the entire turnout.

"Come up and see our room, Bob," cried Polly, when Mabel and Ruth had disappeared around the corner; "it's the sweetest one you ever saw, and I've loads and loads of things I want to show you"; and Polly caught hold of Bob's hand to lead him away to her earthly paradise.

"While the chicks are away I'll run back to the library and gather up the litter," laughed Molly, "for they have left paper and strings from one end of it to the other."

"Can't I help too?" asked Uncle Bert. "I am great at a round-up." And he started after her.

The library looked as though a tornado had struck it when Molly began work, for papers, twine, bits of cotton and excelsior, lay scattered all about, just as they had fallen from fingers too eager to stop for trifles when serious matters needed attention.

But Molly was not easily daunted, and, taking command of operations, said: "I'll gather strings and bits, while you turn your attention to the papers, and we'll have things ship-shape in less than no time."

Uncle Bert bobbed hither and thither, gathering up the papers and neatly folding them for future use, while Molly, in the brisk, happy way which lent a charm to everything she did, however commonplace, soon brought the library back to its usual scrupulous order.

"There!" she exclaimed, when the last scrap had been consigned to the waste-basket, and the last bit of twine neatly rolled and so twisted together that even the most impatient fingers could not tangle it when it was again needed. "Who would suppose there had been such a Christmas gale in this room as we helped stir up an hour since? And what a contrast to last Christmas! You were not here then, Mr. Herbert, and can form no idea of the difference.

"Only think!" she continued, chatting on in her frank, outspoken way, "I have been in this dear home one year, one month, and one

day; for it was on the 24th of November, one year ago, that I came here and found that sweet child in such a condition that I shudder even now when I recall it."

Then, beginning with reminiscences of the sad or happy days of the past year, Molly and Uncle Herbert talked of the future. And before their interview was over, Molly had promised that she would some day be his wife. So Uncle Herbert's "Christmas gift" was, indeed, the most precious of all received that day.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CURTAIN DROPS.

NEVER in Polly's short life had she known such a happy day as this Christmas proved, for Bob and Ruth shared her joys, and had been very generously remembered by each member of Mr. Temple's family.

When Mrs. Temple learned of the little girl's work in order to earn money for her Christmas gifts, she was very deeply touched, and filled Polly's heart with joy by saying: "Your trying to be self-helpful makes your gifts doubly valuable, and I am very proud of you, my dear."

Dinner was served at two o'clock, and it was a merry party which gathered in the great dining-room; for Jamie, who happened to be visiting in New York just then, had been invited, and thus the Endmeadow party was nearly complete. It would be useless to try to describe the fun and frolic, for all entered heart and soul into the spirit of the season.

Just as they were about to leave the table, Mr. Temple arose from his chair and, taking up his cup of after-dinner coffee, said:

"Let us all drink to the health of Brother Herbert and Molly, and wish them joy and happiness with all our hearts; for we have learned to-day that he has won the priceless Christmas gift he hoped for, and in return has given to us a new and very sweet relative."

The children looked puzzled until Mabel cried out, as she ran to clasp her arms about Molly's neck: "Oh, Molly, Molly dear, is it *truly* true? And now we can have you with us always. I *am* so glad—oh, I *am* so glad!"

Molly held her close to her, for the child's very genuine joy was a sweet welcome into the family which henceforth was to be her own.

The children crowded about her, saying in their eager voices: "And we are glad, too, Miss Wheeler, for we want you near us always."

Before twelve had chimed out from old Trinity's bells, far away at the other end of the big city, five tired little heads were sound asleep upon their soft pillows, safe in the home of the kind friends who had brought so much happiness into their lives, and opened to their surprised eyes such undreamed-of delights. And within the sheltering care of a home whose whole atmosphere breathed "peace on earth, good will toward men," we will leave Polly and those who have helped to make this little story—leave them to dream of the wonderful things the future holds for them when years shall have made them men and women.

THE END.

A BOAT THAT PULLS ITSELF UPSTREAM.

BY FRANCIS ELLINGTON LEUPP.

DOUBTLESS nearly every boy with a taste for out-of-door sports has made a boat which the wind or the current would cause to float over the surface of a pond. I have seen some lads rig up rafts on which they could themselves ride down a swift-flowing creek; and I knew one, even, who was clever enough to build a complete little steamboat. He could light a lamp

under the little boiler, and the steam would form, and the piston would work, and the wheels would revolve, just as in a big vessel that carries passengers and freight. The trouble with all these toy boats, however, is that they will go only one way. Having made their trip, they have to be toilsomely dragged back by hand to be started again in the same direction.

While traveling in Oregon, some time ago, I discovered a boat which seemed to me the most ingenious thing of its kind I had ever seen. It was built by some stone-workers to convey their stone from the quarry, well up toward the head of a small river, down to the mouth. The stream is everywhere so shallow that it can be forded without danger; but it is broken at intervals by stretches of rapids, or "riffles," as they are called in that neighborhood, often extending as far as a hundred and fifty feet. The men built a flat-bottomed boat, which they loaded with stone, and it carried its cargo down the stream admirably. But then arose the problem, how to get it back when it had been emptied. It was too heavy to haul up the stream by hand. Where the water was comparatively smooth there was no trouble, because one man could ride on the scow and make his way along with a paddle and a pole; but the difficulty was to get it up the rapids. The best of boatmen could not hope to propel it against so powerful a current, and uphill at that.

How do you suppose they accomplished the task, finally?

By making the boat work its own passage.

They made two large paddle-wheels, which they placed one on each side of the scow, and joined them by a thin but strong piece of wood, in the shape of a cylinder. This turned with the wheels, and served the double purpose of an axle and a windlass. Each end of the cylinder, near where it joined the wheels, played in a socket somewhat like the row-lock used with an oar, only stationary, and mounted on the top of a triangular truss, as shown in Fig. 1. To the cylinder was fastened a rope about two hundred feet long. When the boat reached the bottom of a rapid, it would be made fast to the shore. Then the man in charge of the boat would ford the stream and mount the opposite bank, taking with him the rope in a coil, and paying it gradually out as he walked, so as to keep it always taut. At the head of the rapid, or a trifle beyond, he would fasten the further end of the rope to a tree. The moorings of the boat would be loosed, and the current left to

do the rest without assistance. (Fig. 2.) The paddle-wheels, unable to resist the force of the water flowing against their sunken blades, would slowly revolve, and, of course, every

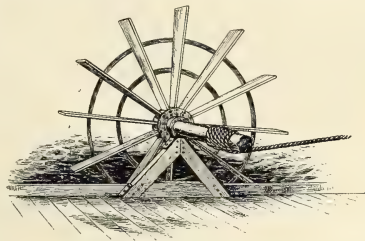


FIG. 1. "EVERY REVOLUTION OF THE WHEELS WOULD CAUSE THE ROPE TO WIND ITSELF AROUND THE AXLE."

revolution of the wheels would cause the rope to wind itself around the axle. With each turn of the rope the boat would necessarily be drawn forward and up the stream; so, by the effect of the continued winding, it would gradually rise and rise till it reached the place where the current ceased to exert so much power. There it would be made fast again, until the rope could be disengaged from the cylinder and coiled, ready for use when needed. Then the man would cut loose, seize his paddle or pole, and

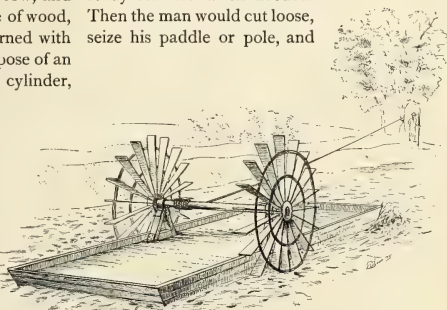
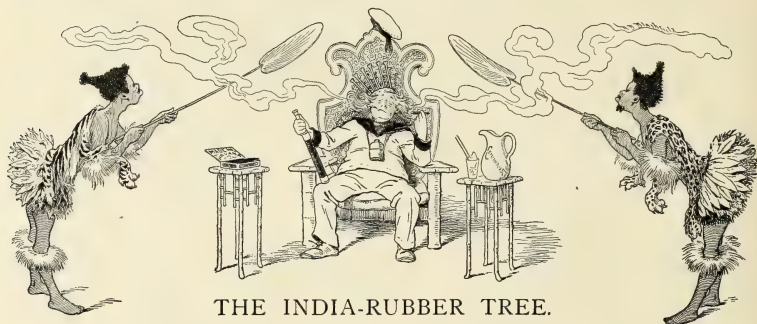


FIG. 2. THE BOAT PULLING ITSELF UPSTREAM.

work away till the next rapid was reached, when he would start off with his rope and repeat the operation described above.

This process is wearisome with a heavy stone-boat, but it struck me, as I watched it,

that a bright boy could adapt it to a toy scow and get a great deal of amusement out of it. If the experiment did nothing more, it would at least be a lesson in the art which every mechanic must learn — of making the forces of nature his servants, and compelling them to do for him what would otherwise require a good deal of labor at his hands.



THE INDIA-RUBBER TREE.

BY WILLIAM B. MACHARG.

THIS yarn was told to a pea-jacket boy,
On a wide breakwater walk,
By a short old salt with auburn hair,
And a most engaging, experienced air,
And a tendency to talk:

Now, a-settin' right here on this empty cask,
A-talkin' this way with you,
It 'd sound kind o' queer, it seems to me,
If you was to say, "Your Majestee,"
An' give me a bow or two.

Yet I oncet was a king (said the sailor-man);
I don't look it now (said he);
But I oncet was king of a savage race
In a sort of exceedin' bewilderin' place
In the middle of Afrikee.

I had hunderds of servants a-standin' around,
Withouten a thing to do

But just keep fandin' of me with fands,
An' just continual obey the commands
I continual told 'em to.

But I give 'em a too benif'cent rule,
Peace bein' my only port,
An' a enemy come when the night was dark,
A-sailin' along in their boats of bark,
An' a-cuttin' my kingdom short.

They walloped them peaceful soldiers of mine
Like they did n't amount to a thing;
An' when there were n't any more to be found,
Why, then they started a-lookin' around,
A-seekin' the peaceful king.

An' that peaceful king he was me, you know,
An' as scared as scared could be;
An' a single soldier of dusky 'ue,
As painted his features white an' blue,
Was all that was left with me.

An' together we flees through the forest thick,
 An' we flees 'crost the burnin' sand;
 But a-gainin' be'ind us all the w'ile,
 An' a-comin' closer with every mile,
 Is a blood-stained African band.



An' after a time we come to a place
 Where trees was a-growin' round,
 With their tops a-pointin' up to the sky
 Maybe several feet, maybe not so high,
 An' their roots stuck into the ground.

An' in one of them trees is a little hole,
 It might be as big as a pea;
 An' the soldier puts his finger inside,
 An' he stretches it out till it 's two foot wide—
 It 's a injia-rubber tree!



"IT 'S A INJIA-RUBBER TREE!"



"A-COMIN' CLOSER WITH EVERY MILE,
 IS A BLOOD-STAINED AFRICAN BAND."

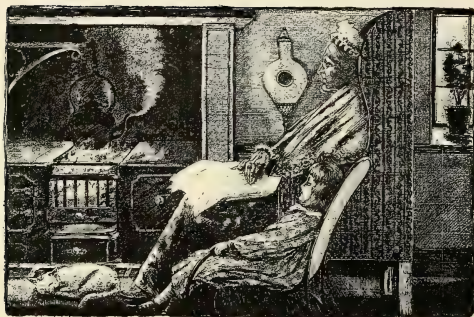
I could n't see no way out o' that mess,
 Not *one* way out could I see;
 But that peaceful soldier of dusky 'ue,
 Though there were n't much else he was fit to do,
 Knowed the country better 'n me,

An' in we climbs, an' the tree snaps shut,
 An' the heathens they rage an' shout;
 But there we 're as safe as a bug in a rug,
 An' just as contented, an' just as snug,
 With a little hole to look out.

An' so I escapes them savage troops
 In a way as I 'm proud to boast,
 An' comes back home in the "Adam M'Cue";
 But that peaceful soldier of dusky 'ue
 Keeps store on the Guinea Coast.

THE STEAM MAN.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.



And then I say, "Gran'ma, he's coming!"

And gran'ma she looks and says, "Oh, Sure enough, so he is! and directly

He'll do some gymnastics, I know!"

And while I keep rocking and watching,

The lid goes to jumping about;

For the little Steam Man in the kettle

Is trying his best to get out.

WHEN gran'mama puts on the kettle,
And fills it and stirs up the fire,
And reads while the water is heating,
And I'm in my rocking-chair by her,
I rock and I look and I listen,
Till right in the kettle I hear
The littlest, funniest singing,
And know that the Steam Man is near.

And once, when she put on the stew-pan,
And left off the cover, he came;
And I said, "Oh, come, gran'ma, we'll see him,
The Steam Man, and ask him his name."
But—was n't it funny?—we could n't,
Though I sat there for ever so long,
While the little Steam Man in the little stew-pan
Was dancing and singing his song.

FREDDY'S PROFESSIONS.

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES.

WHEN I'm a man I'd like to be
Something big and great:
An admiral who lives at sea,
Or governor of my State;
I'd like to be an engineer,
Who runs the State Express;
I'd like to be a brigadier,
And eat my meals at mess;
I'd like to keep a candy store,
Or write a book or two—
About the countries I explore
From here to Timbuktu;
And then I think it would be fine

If I could—by and by—
Be a captain on a baseball nine,
A Sampson, or a Schley.

So now I think I ought to grow
The quickest way I can;
For what I'd really like, you know,
Is first to be a man.

But when I ask my Uncle James
What he would most enjoy,
He laughs at me, and then exclaims:
"I'd like to be a boy!"

TWO DOGS I HAVE KNOWN.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

(Author of "Lady Jane," "Toinette's Philip," etc.)

I BRUNO.

I FIRST saw Bruno, a magnificent St. Bernard, in one of the corridors of the Villa Quisisana, at Capri. He was sitting at the foot of the stairs; his fine wide eyes, clear and luminous as agates, were fixed on the upper steps, where two women of mature years and affected youthfulness stood nervously hesitating as if they feared to descend.

His master, a young Scotchman, as I afterward learned, had gone to call on a friend on the floor above, and had requested Bruno to wait there until he returned, and Bruno never disobeyed orders.

The donkeys that were to carry the ladies on their daily excursion were waiting at the door with their impatient *padronas*, while Bruno guarded the stairs, as immovable as a sphinx.

To me the scene was rather amusing. The gentle, benevolent-looking animal with his noble face and honest eyes was anything but awesome, and I tried to reassure the timid, nervous women by patting and fondling the dog's silky head.

"I am sure you need not be afraid," I said, vainly trying, by tugging at his collar, to drag Bruno to one side. "You see how gentle he is. I am a stranger, and yet he allows me to put my hands on him. I am sure you can pass him safely."

"Oh, no, not for worlds!" they cried, in one voice, with shrugs and timid gestures. "He is so large and savage-looking! He is watching us, and if we go down he will attack us. We must return to our rooms and ring for the landlord. The dog must be sent out of the house. Either we or the dog must go."

At that moment two other figures appeared at the top of the stairs: a nurse-maid and a lovely little girl of four or five years, a darling little creature whom we all adored, the only child of her mother, who was a widow.

The moment little Rosalie saw the dog she

flew down the stairs with a cry of delight: "Prince, my Prince!"

"No, no; it's not Prince," said the nurse;



"COURAGE! COURAGE! BRUNO WILL SAVE HER!"

"but he's like Prince." Then in an explanatory tone to the ladies: "She has a large St. Bernard at home called Prince, and she's very fond of him. Be careful, Rosalie," as the child

fairly fell on the dog, hugging and caressing him lovingly.

Still Bruno did not budge; neither did he remove his agate eyes from the top of the stairs; but his great, generous mouth smiled pleasantly, and his beautiful feathery tail wagged with gentle appreciation.

"Now," I said invitingly to the two prisoners, "you surely are not afraid to come down; you see he is very friendly."

"Do you think we might venture, sister?" said one.

"If you are sure it's safe I will follow you," replied the other.

Hesitatingly, and with many furtive glances at the innocent Bruno, they stepped timidly half-way down the flight of stairs, when suddenly Bruno gave a sharp, loud bark. He heard his master's step in the corridor above, and wished to tell him that he was waiting for him. But the frightened women thought it an attack, and imagining that the dog was close upon them, they turned wildly for flight, with piercing shrieks that echoed to every corner of the villa.

In an instant the landlord, the guests, the servants, and Bruno's master were on the spot, to find Bruno calmly sitting in the midst, his neck encircled with little Rosalie's arms, while his great eyes, full of earnest inquiry, turned from one to the other as if asking what had happened.

As soon as the timid women found that nothing had really taken place, that they were alive and unharmed, they began with great volubility to demand of the landlord that the faithful and obedient Bruno should be expelled from the house.

"You see, dear sir, how it is. If the ladies object what can I do?" And the poor landlord shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"Certainly, my friend," said Bruno's master, good-humoredly. "But where Bruno goes I go. We will remove to the Hotel Tiberio at once. The ladies are needlessly alarmed. Bruno is the most gentlemanly dog I ever knew. He protects and defends women and children. He has a medal for bravery. He has saved five lives, three from the snow, and two from drowning. He is a hero; he is a prince of dogs. He has a pedigree as long as my arm.

There are many human beings who are less human than Bruno. Look at that little angel," he continued, glancing at Rosalie. "She recognizes the beautiful dumb soul. She does not fear him. They are alike in innocence, fearlessness, and affection. Come, my friend and companion, we will seek other quarters." And bowing pleasantly to the discomfited group, he walked off, followed by Bruno, while little Rosalie looked after them wistfully, and murmured to herself, "Prince, *my* Prince!"

And now for the sequel of this incident, of which I was not a witness, but I will tell it as it was told to me.

A few days after Bruno and his master had removed to the Hotel Tiberio, Rosalie, her mother, and her nurse were on an excursion to the Villa Tiberio, which is near a majestic cliff that rises hundreds of feet above the sea. Just how it happened neither the mother nor the nurse could tell. They were sitting not far from the edge of the cliff, the mother sketching, the maid sewing, and Rosalie was near them, gathering the pretty *campanellas* that bloom profusely amid the ruins. A moment after, when they looked, she was gone! With a cry of terror, the women sprang to the edge of the wall of rock, and there, fully ten feet below them, between the sea and the sky, hung Rosalie, caught by her muslin frock on a ragged point of rock.

Beside herself with fear, the nurse rushed away for aid, while the mother hung over the edge of the cliff in helpless agony, stretching her hands imploringly toward her child. Alas! Rosalie was far beyond her reach, and any moment the flimsy material of her frock might give way and plunge her into the depths beneath.

Far, far below, among the rocks near the sea, were two moving figures, and while the mother shrieked for help, there came a hopeful shout: "Courage! courage! Bruno will save her!"

It was Bruno's master, who was struggling up the face of the cliff, where there was scarce footing for man or beast. But Bruno was far in advance, puffing, snorting, pawing, clinging to tufts of grass and slight projections, inserting his strong nails in crevices and fissures, leaping chasm after chasm, fighting every inch of the

way, his eyes blood-red, and his muzzle white with froth. On and on he came until at last he reached the child. Seizing her firmly at the waist, and holding his powerful head well up, he pawed and wormed himself to the top of the cliff, and laid her, half unconscious, beside her mother.

It seemed almost a miracle, but, beyond a few slight bruises, Rosalie was uninjured, and her first words were, "Prince, *my* Prince!"

After that Bruno was indeed a hero, and a prince to every one, and I, when I left him, felt like weeping. I have told you about him first because he is the only prince and the greatest hero I have ever known personally.

II. ROB ROY.

"Rob Roy" was a splendid hound. He had a registered pedigree, but I never knew of his doing anything particularly heroic. He was only an intelligent, good-tempered, polite dog, and his strong points were his size, his perfect figure, and his beautiful glossy coat.

His master was very careful about his food, and rarely allowed him anything besides dog-biscuit. But he dearly loved a bone; for the dear delight of a bone he would forget that he was a dog of high degree, and stoop to nosing about the litter-barrels in the back yard, where he found a great many savory morsels, which injured his figure as well as his fine, glossy coat.

At length his master was obliged to muzzle him. At this he rebelled fiercely, pawing and scratching, and shaking his handsome head persistently, until he found that it was impossible for him to remove the objectionable straps; then he stretched himself at full length, with his nose on his paws, and sulked for some time, refusing to notice any one who spoke to him.

After a while, growing tired of his own company, he went first to his mistress, who was very gentle to him, and leaning his beautiful head against her knee, looked into her face with his great limpid eyes, imploring her as earnestly as though he spoke in words to release his mouth from its bondage. His kind-hearted mistress was extremely sorry for him, but felt that she could not interfere with his master's discipline.

Then he tried by every roguish blandishment to influence Jack, the ten-year-old boy. But Jack could do nothing. His father carried the key of the muzzle, and he alone could unlock it.

When Rob Roy learned that neither entreaty nor blandishments could prevail, he sat for some time in serious thought. Then he arose, and looking defiantly at the helpless Jack, trotted off toward the garden with an air of resolution.

He was absent for some time, and his mistress had just decided to look him up when he came bounding across the lawn, wildly exultant, his head in the air, and every movement expressing insolent triumph. The muzzle was gone, and the most careful search failed to discover it.

While his mistress, Jack, and the servants were busily looking in every hole and corner, Rob Roy capered around them impudently, his eyes and wide mouth full of mirth and boundless satisfaction.

But alas! his triumph was short-lived, for the very next day his master brought a new muzzle, stronger, heavier, and tighter than the other, and fastened it securely around his powerful jaws. These were evil days for poor Rob Roy. Although he resorted to every means to rid himself of his torment, he was unable to do so. Several times he disappeared as he had on the first occasion; but he always returned with a hopeless, discouraged air, still wearing his muzzle.

For several days he moped sullenly; then he grew restless. The tight bands chafed and worried him. The new muzzle was not as light and easy as the first. At times he sighed heavily, with an air of hopeless resignation, or he would look reproachfully with wet, sad eyes at those around him, as though he would say: "How can you be so cruel when I love you so much?"

At last it seemed that Rob Roy could endure his discomfort no longer. One day he took a sudden resolution. He stood for some moments, looking into his master's face with a keenly reproachful expression. Then he turned away and walked dejectedly across the lawn toward the garden.

"How strangely he acts!" said his mistress, watching him. "I am afraid he will leave us one of these days and never come back."



ROB ROY BRINGS THE OLD MUZZLE TO HIS MASTER.

"It is not as bad as that, I hope," returned his master, laughing, "but he has thought of something. Let us follow him and see what he intends doing."

Very cautiously they crossed the lawn in Rob Roy's wake, and saw him hurry to a clump of bushes in a distant corner of the garden, where he began scratching the earth vigorously.

"He must not know that we are watching him," said his master. "Let us go back to our chairs, and wait for him to come to us."

Shortly after, they saw him crossing the lawn very leisurely, his ears and tail drooping in a spiritless way, while he carried, as well as he could in his muzzled mouth, a much-bedraggled object.

Without noticing his mistress or the curious Jack, he went straight to his master, and very humbly and gently laid at his feet his old muzzle, covered with dirt and mold, while his eyes, full of piteous entreaty, seemed to say: "I hate to wear a muzzle, but if I must I pre-

fer to wear the old one; the new one hurts me. I struggled until I pulled the old one off; I buried it, and now I have dug it up. Please put it on in place of the new one, and I will never try to pull it off again."

Of course, his master complied with his request, and when the old muzzle was cleaned and replaced Rob Roy lay down with a sigh of

satisfaction. I need only add that he was not obliged to endure his punishment long. As he grew older he became more fastidious in his tastes and more aristocratic in his habits, scorning alike the back yard and the litter-barrels; and for this good behavior he was rewarded with occasional bones, as well as with the freedom of his jaws.

A DAILY CALLER.

ALL the good wives in the neighborhood say
Dear little Dimplekins rings every day.
Smiling, he greets them with, "How do you do?
I 'm pretty well, and my mama 's well, too."
Laughing and whistling, he 's off with a bound;
So they have named him their "merry-go-round."

Clara D. Cowell.



VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

ONE OF THE CHORUS.

BY WILLIAM E. D. SCOTT.

THERE is a plaintive and curiously quavering cry, that is heard at dusk, in the early hours of the night, and again before dawn. It has been likened to the neighing of some spectral horse, or to the cadences of some natural æolian harp, the dying away of a mighty gust of wind through the tree-tops. This melancholy cry has a peculiar quality: it fails to indicate the direction whence it comes, or of its distance from the hearer.

I have heard the querulous, shivering voice close to the great city, in and about the suburban town, in the "piny woods" and palmetto groves of the South, just outside the New England shuttle-humming village, in the solitudes of the vast forests of the mighty Rockies, and mingled with the howl of the coyote on the plains and deserts of Arizona and New Mexico.

About our Northern homes we know it as the call of the screech-owl; but the name given it in the South is much more in keeping with its ghostly sound. There it is called the cry of the "shivering-owl."

The bird is to be found in most localities, and is by no means unusual; yet, true to its spectral character, our little ghost is seldom seen by the uninitiated.

These owls are not all alike in appearance, some being of a bright reddish color, and others of silver-gray. Both colors may occur in the same brood, and though the parent birds are more often alike in color, yet not unfrequently one is red and the other gray. Then, too, there are individuals that are more or less intermediate in color, it being difficult to say which hue predominates. But it is safe to assume, if you meet a small owl of any of these shades of color, having pronounced "ear-tufts" or "horns," so-called, that it is a screech-owl, the owner of the wailing, quavering voice.

In all my wood-wanderings by day, far and wide, I have rarely seen this ghostly minstrel

without patient and careful search. Its methods of hiding and concealment are singularly effective. The first may be noted in almost every old apple orchard. Here the broken or pruned limb has set up a slow decay, and thus provided a fitting covert in the resulting hollow. Those not very deep, and with a single opening large enough to admit a small hand, are generally chosen by the bird. Then, too, this aperture must be so located as to be protected from driving storm. Whether for hiding- or nesting-place, it must be dry and comfortable. The bottom of the hollow is soft with the rotten sawdust of time, and affords a safe bed for eggs or owl, as the case may be. The abandoned homes of the larger woodpeckers, be they in chestnut, oak, birch, pine cottonwood, palmetto, or in the giant cactus of the southwestern desert, furnish day resorts alike acceptable to this night wanderer.

Concealment outside of these hiding-places is effected by that peculiar adaptation to environment which we term "mimicry," and which the evolution of centuries has developed for the protection of this kind of owl in the struggle for survival in a relentless conflict. In the half-light of a shady wood the shivering owl is inconspicuous against a background of lichen-covered bark, and the fact that it sits as still as a statue aids the deception. The body is drawn to its full height, the eyes are almost closed, and the very feathering of form and face takes on a changed aspect.

Thus the long summer days are drowsed away. Even the sharp-eyed jays and smaller denizens of the wood fail to recognize their enemy, and pass it by. It seems in the dim light but a broken, lichen-covered projection of the limb on which it sits.

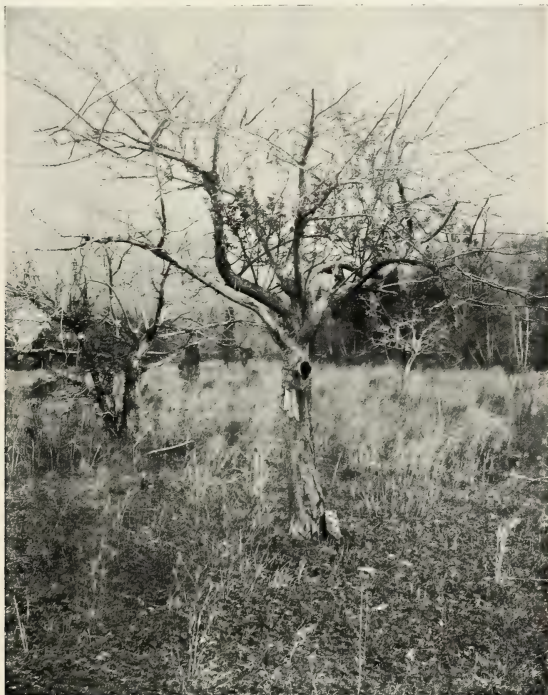
On bitter winter days the mossy face may fill the opening to the cranny, and thus effect a double disguise. So, with the wind shut out

and the cold winter sunshine directly on its face, again mimicry aids in the twofold concealment of this bird.

In the early spring such nooks often become nesting-places. On the soft bed at the bottom of the cavity the mother bird lays from four to six eggs. These are white and almost round, with a texture like the finest china. When first hatched the young are queer-looking

peep" in response to the mother's call, no scratch for worm or grub; but, helpless, these weaklings wait on their dry, soft bed, to be fed and hovered by the old birds. During the first week they are covered with a white, curly down, and, like kittens and puppies, their eyes are not yet open.

These owls are good friends to the farmer and housekeeper, to the vine- and fruit-grower,



A HOLE IN THE OLD TREE IN WHICH A SCREECH-OWL'S NEST WAS HIDDEN.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

chicks. Except that they are evidently birds, they bear no resemblance to their parents. Somewhat smaller than a common chicken, they show none of the sagacity or activity so characteristic of the first hours of those precocious babies. There is no quick "peep-

for their food is largely insects and mice, devastators alike of house and field.

You are sitting in the moonlight, perhaps on the veranda of your summer home outside the city, mayhap by a camp-fire in the Adirondacks,

or under a majestic live-oak, the pride of your Florida camping-ground. Is there not something perched on the farther railing, on that dead limb standing out against the sky, just where the gnarled branch of the live-oak is touched by the moonlight? Surely there is a shape. Yes! No! For it is gone, as it came,

in absolute silence. No rustle of feather! No flap of wing! It seems almost uncanny with its total lack of sound.

But you have seen the screech-owl; and presently, when from out the nowhere of space, in the night and the moonlight, you hear a ghostly, weird quavering, you know it.



A GLIMPSE OF SATURN.

BY IRENE BROWN.

EXACTLY at noon, in the land of the yellow poppy, one Saturday in June, several grown people and a little brown-faced, brown-haired, brown-eyed girl sat down to lunch in a big hotel in the city of San José, California.

Every one seemed in a desperate hurry; and half-past twelve found them gathered around three large, four-seated stages, each drawn by four horses. A little lady, whose young face and white hair told a story of past suffering or sorrow which had caused her timidity, anxiously inspected the horses and the carryall.

Two young ladies in stylish traveling-suits climbed to the high seat of the driver. Isabel would have liked to sit there, but she quietly took her place between her father and the nervous lady.

Behind the driver were two elderly gentlemen clad in long dusters, while opposite them sat their wives, also in dusters, their heads wrapped in heavy veils. Isabel carried a fur cape, and her father had his overcoat.

Even from San José could be seen the white dome of the observatory to which they were bound, twenty-eight miles distant by the road, but only thirteen in a straight line. It was like a bit of snow on the very top of Mount Hamilton.

First, they drove five miles through fine orchards and past beautiful homes. Then began their long hard climb. The mountain road cost nearly one hundred thousand dollars, and was an excellent one.

Winding slowly up the hillsides, every foot of which seemed covered with stacks of grain, vineyards, or orchards, Isabel was soon quite alarmed to find herself looking down from a great height upon the lovely Santa Clara Valley. Its yellow expanse of grain was broken only by patches of green orchards, while in the distance glistened the lower end of San Francisco Bay.

"I do hope the horses are reliable," said the timid little lady by her side. "I am sorry the driver is so young."

"Is there any danger, papa?" whispered Isabel, when she found an opportunity.

"I think not, my dear," he replied.

So Isabel trustingly gave herself up to the pleasures of the drive, and listened eagerly to the tales told by the older people.

She enjoyed especially this anecdote about James Lick, the rich Californian, who gave to the world the great telescope:

James Lick once-loved a miller's daughter; but the miller said, "Young man, when you own a mill as fine as mine, it will be time enough to ask for my daughter's hand."

Mr. Lick said, "I'll own a finer one some day." When he became rich enough, he built, four miles from San José, a paper-mill which was so fine that people called it "Lick's folly."

The doors and other woodwork were of mahogany and other costly timber, and the hinges and door-knobs of solid silver. Isabel did not wonder that he sent a photograph of the mill back to the old miller in Pennsylvania. She was sorry to hear that the beautiful mill was afterward burned.

After driving eleven miles, they reached Grand View, and it *was* a grand view, for San José lay fourteen hundred feet below.

Here they changed horses, and then on again.

Up, up, up they climbed, then down, down, down into a valley, still through beautiful orchards of apples, plums, prunes, and pears. Then came another climb to a point thirteen hundred feet above the valley. Everywhere were spreading old oaks. How Isabel longed to climb the low-twisted branches! As the orchards and vineyards disappeared, she stretched out her hands wistfully toward the countless wild flowers—delicate white flowers with deep cups, bluebells, scarlet columbines, flaming "paint-brush," and masses of yellow poppies.

Many a sharp curve they made, where it seemed to her that the leaders must plunge over the edge of the road into the ravine hundreds of feet below. The lady so full of fears was delighted when their young driver changed

places with an older man who was returning after taking a stage-load up the mountain.

The old driver's weather-beaten face inspired all with confidence, and the young ladies hailed

Then came the descent to Smith's Creek, where the passengers rested and ate their supper at a long table under a shed.

Four fresh horses were ready for the hardest



"THE STAGE WAITED A FEW MINUTES FOR ONE OF THE YOUNG LADIES TO MAKE A LITTLE WATER-COLOR SKETCH, WHILE ISABEL SECURED A FEW OF THE COVETED FLOWERS."

him as an old friend, for they had made the ascent with him before, and knew that they were safe in his care.

Once, after passing a sharp curve, the stage waited a few minutes for one of the young ladies to make a little water-color sketch, while Isabel secured a few of the coveted flowers.

part of the ascent, for which only old and well-tried animals are used.

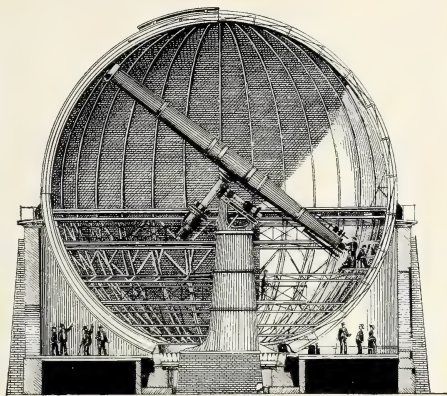
The observatory was only two miles away by trail, but seven by stage; and a melancholy gentleman assured them that they would find just three hundred and sixty-five dreadful curves in the climb of two miles. They found them.

The upward journey seemed dangerous enough, but the thought of plunging down, at night, with four horses, around those curves, where the least mistake of driver or horse would mean death, made the timid little woman exclaim, "My kingdom for a tent!" There were no accommodations on the mountain-top for tourists, and all stages returned by night.

On reaching the summit, they entered the observatory and found a professor explaining the uses of some astronomical instruments. Isabel was interested in the recording of earthquakes in this land of earthquakes. No matter if the weary professors sleep on a stormy night, the story of the earthquake will be told in the morning by the faithful instruments. When there is a shock, an electric circuit is broken, clock pendulums are started, a smoked-glass plate revolves, and pens trace on it the movements of the earthquake.

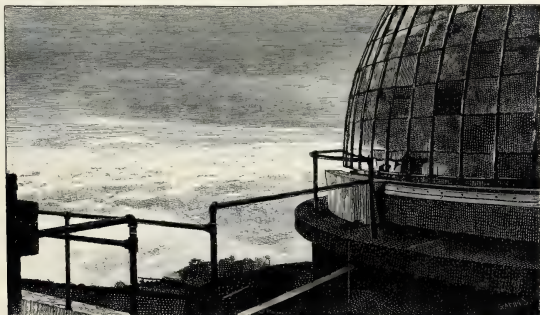
No mere surface shaking is recorded, because the instrument is placed on a pier which rests on bed-rock and touches nothing else.

Isabel was too young to understand much



THE GREAT DOME AND TELESCOPE (FROM A DESIGN DRAWN BY CAPTAIN THOMAS E. FRASER)

As Isabel stood with one foot on a stone curb which seemed to prevent one's sliding down the mountain-side, she screamed aloud in fright, as the great sun suddenly appeared to be coming swiftly toward her. Even her father could scarcely persuade her that it was only an illusion. Soon the sun looked wider from right to left than from top to bottom, then a notch was



A SEA OF FOG, LOOKING WEST FROM OBSERVATORY PEAK. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LORVEA & MACAULAY.)

about astronomical apparatus, so she was glad when all went out to see the sun set. From an elevation of over four thousand feet they saw the blue and hazy Santa Clara Valley.

seen in the lower part, then the bottom flattened out, then it took the form of a mushroom.

The sun sank rapidly into the fog overhanging the Pacific; but Isabel and her father stood

watching the glow on the distant hills until the shadows of the valley had crept to their feet on the mountain-top. People now began to go upstairs into the great dome. They passed to the left and took their places in order, as they came up, outside a railing. Isabel became separated from her father and was much distressed. Indeed, it was a serious matter, for people passed through an opening in the railing to the movable floor inside in groups of about fifteen; and if Isabel had not been in the same group as her father, she might have waited for him a long time. A lady next to Isabel said, "I am going to stay till early morning, and can look at Saturn later; so your father may have my place, and go with you."

The immense steel dome was opened, and Isabel was surprised to see the great telescope, whose lens is thirty-six inches in diameter, moved with such ease. As soon as it was dark enough, groups of people passed through the railing to the movable floor. This was lowered once in a while, that observers might be in position to use the telescope as it was moved to keep the planet in range.

Isabel whispered to her father, "Don't you think we ought to be patient?" "Yes," he replied; "these people have come a long distance for a moment's glimpse of Saturn through this great telescope." Finally, it was Isabel's turn to look through the "four-inch finder," as a smaller telescope is called.

The kind professor lifted her in his arms and held her at just the right height. She knew that Saturn, like the earth, was a planet revolving around the sun. When she looked through the small telescope, Saturn did not seem round, but elliptical. That was because she saw him and his rings as one mass.

But through the great telescope, Saturn, with his bright rings around him, looked much as she had seen him in a picture.

The professor seemed to think it worth while to explain things to a little girl, and kindly said: "The distance through Saturn is about seventy-two thousand miles, or nine times the distance through the earth. Can you see three rings? It is about one hundred and seventy-three thousand miles across the whole system

of rings. These rings are neither solid, liquid, nor gaseous. We think that they are composed of millions of little moons."

"Millions?" exclaimed the astonished Isabel, who had always thought *one* moon lovely.

"These rings," he went on, "are about one hundred miles thick, and when the edge of the rings get toward us, we cannot see it at a distance of so many millions of miles. So, sometimes, we cannot see Saturn's rings; but now the rings are tilted, so that we see them clearly. Now, can you see the large moons? Saturn has eight, and I think, if you look a moment, you can see six." At first Isabel could see but four moons. "Look close to the upper edge of the rings," said the professor. Then she saw two more little shining moons which she had not noticed.

"I think I have seen enough, and I thank you ever so much," she said, for many people were waiting.

They next went to see the tomb of James Lick beneath the great telescope.

By half-past ten they were again packed in the stage. San José, with its electric lights, four thousand feet beneath them, and twenty-eight miles away, seemed like a fairy city twinkling in the distance.

They drove off swiftly down the steep grade. They kept to the mountain-side, while below them on the other hand was an awful blackness, for there was no moon.

Isabel, wrapped in the fur cape, nestled in her father's arms. No stories were now told. Only the rattling of the stage, the grating of the brake, and the occasional "Git!" of the driver broke the stillness.

"Papa," whispered Isabel, "I can't see the road."

"The horses can, my child," he said.

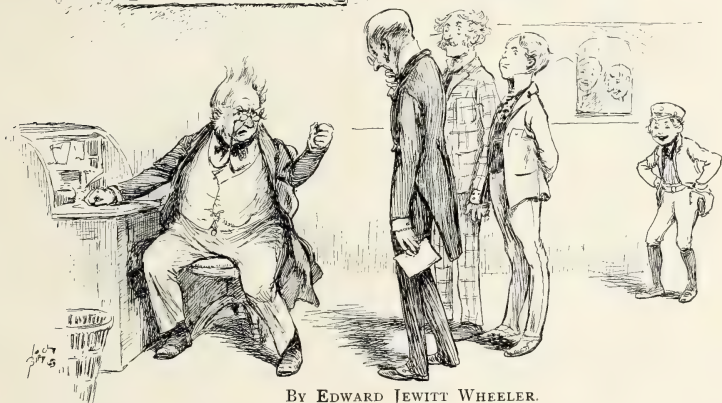
At Smith's Creek they changed horses, for the difficult descent of seven miles soon wearies the faithful creatures.

Here they ate lunch.

At two o'clock they reached the hotel at San José, and the sleepy little girl whispered in her father's ear:

"I shall never forget our midnight ride to see Saturn and his rings."

Nibblekin's Nest.



BY EDWARD JEWITT WHEELER.



I.
UR, wool, or cotton,
which is best,"
Said Nibblekin, "to
line my nest,
And give my little
mouse-wife rest ?

"I 'll not have cotton
—that's too cheap;
Fur tickles when you
wish to sleep;
And wool is sure to
smell of sheep.

"But I know what! I saw a score
Of fine mouse-blankets—maybe more—
In merchant Hagglewel's new store.

"'Greenbacks,' he called them, if I 'm right,
And in a drawer he locked them tight.
I think I 'll gnaw it through to-night."

You see, this mousie could not go
To church or Sunday-school, and so
What stealing meant he did not know.

II.

Now when the morrow came, good lack!
But merchant Hagglewel looked black,
And every clerk was on the rack.

With solemn voice and visage grim,
He called the frightened clerks to him,
One after one, with trembling limb.

He queried, threatened—all in vain,
For when the morn was come again,
Lo! there were missing greenbacks twain.

Old Hagglewel he rubbed his hair,
And like a lion in his lair
He walked the floor, with angry glare.



Came a detective, looking
wise,
Who screwed up both his
little eyes,
And many plans did soon devise.

One after one, each plan did fail;
His questions proved of no avail.
Still whispered he: "I 'm on the trail!"

Came a big watchman, wondrous strong,
Who watched and waited all night long,
And said, next morning, "Nothing wrong."

But when they came to turn the key,
Oh, they were mad as mad could be,
For gone was greenback number three!

Cried Hagglewel: "I vow that he
Who doth unlock this mystery
Shall twenty dollars richer be!"

They searched the store on every side,
And people marveled far and wide;
Yet none the mouse's nest espied.

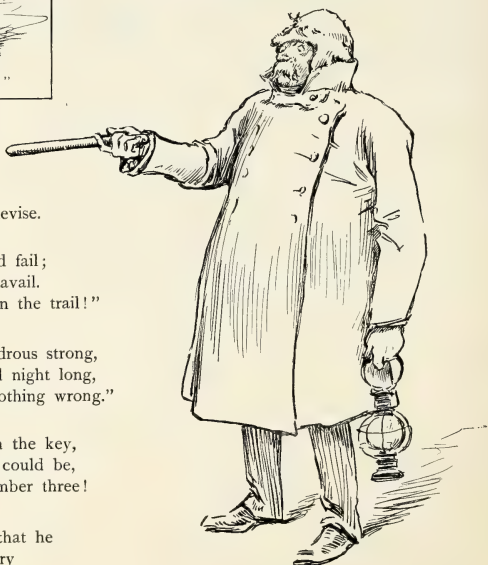
III.

The plumber came, as plumbers must,
Unruly pipes to readjust;
Tore up the floor with din and dust.

The nest of Nibblekin he spied,
And, glancing at it careless-eyed,
Tossed on the ash-bin at one side.

That very night, beneath the stair,
Behind the bulky ash-bin there,
Bright-eyed Pietro crawled with care.

A homeless little waif was he,
Who thought, "All night right cozily
I can sleep here where none will see."





And how he danced a hornpipe fine,
And, with his round black eyes a-shine,
Cried, "That reward, I think, is mine!"

But Nibblekin he racked his brain,
And hunted long, but all in vain;
He never saw his nest again.



So sleep he did the whole long night,
And when the morn was shining bright
His eyes did on the nest alight.

I am sure your quick wits tell the rest:
How bright Pietro quickly guessed
Whence came the lining to that nest;

Once more he ponders: "Which is best,
Fur, wool, or cotton, for my nest,
To give my little mouse-wife rest?"

IT DOES NOT ALWAYS FOLLOW.

BY GRACE FRASER.

WHEN Big-Word Willie read the phrase, "the Stygian darkness drear,"
He fixed me with his studious eye until I made it clear.

With "Styx" explained, again he read, but soon, with eager glance,
"I've found another word," said he,—"their Phrygian ignorance."

"I s'pose if Stygian darkness means it's just as dark as Styx,
Why, then, this Phrygian ignorance means 'as ignorant as Phryx.'"



ILLUSTRATING YOUR OWN BOOKS. THE work of the young artists who assist every month to make the pages of the St. Nicholas League department so attractive proves that many American children can do excellent work in illustration. If you are one of the young illustrators, you will find it a delightful task to illustrate your favorite book. Prepare some sheets of thin drawing-paper of the size of the pages, and upon these make the illustrations, so that the finished drawings can be put in place. It is well to lay each one aside for a time, so that you may be sure it is the best you can do before it is inserted. If your book is not too valuable, you may make drawings upon the margins or blank spaces. Outline drawings, colored with flat, simple washes, go especially well with printed pages.

SKILFUL READING. WHETHER one reads for pleasure or for profit, the best result will be secured by avoiding sameness. Read books when the mind welcomes them. After a course of adventures, change to something of another kind. After one author, try another. Let brightness and humor give place to force and dignity; poetry may often come after prose, and essays after plays. This does not mean that one book is to be at once replaced by another, for the value of any good reading is increased by listening awhile to its echoes in the memory.

HANS ANDERSEN AND THE BROTHERS GRIMM. Do the boys and girls of to-day read Andersen, and the Grimms' "Household Tales"? Sometimes the grown-ups do not know when the reading fashions change among their juniors. No doubt there are a few stories—the "Ugly Duckling," for instance—

that will always be remembered, even if many of Andersen's are forgotten; but is Andersen a popular author among the young folk now beginning their hours with books? Are the Grimm brothers still nursery favorites? We should be glad to know your opinions.

WHO WROTE IT? WHO DREW IT? YOUNG readers are usually free from a fault common among their elders. The boys and girls care much more about the book or the picture than about the author or artist. But, like other virtues, this good quality may grow into a defect. A reader who forgets that a book is something "made up" has a wrong idea of its value, and may attach too much or too little importance to a statement because of its being printed instead of spoken. "You will go safest in the middle way" is an excellent Latin proverb, and may be applied to this subject. It is well to know enough about authors and artists to understand their work and its worth; but to be intensely interested in personal gossip about writers and painters is neither sensible nor useful. Young readers may profitably skip all such foolish items.

THE DOOR TO YOUR OLD-FASHIONED MIND. traps had an entrance so made of wires that Mr. Rat found it easy to get in, impossible to get out. The door to your mind is not unlike the door to the old traps. It is easy to put things in, hard to get them out. A moment's glance of the eye may take upon the sensitive surface of the brain a picture that will trouble you for many a long day. Avoid, therefore, turning your mental snap-shot camera toward subjects that will only spoil plates that might receive delightful pictures. Read only such books, papers, and magazines

as are decent and wholesome; and if you *do* take a picture that is not worth keeping, do not develop it, but let it fade away.

HOW SHE READS. ONE little girl has **ST. NICHOLAS.** found a way to increase her pleasure in every number of **ST. NICHOLAS.** She reads the pieces in regular order, and reads only one a day. She says: "It is hard to keep to the rule sometimes; but I find if I do keep it that I enjoy most some of the stories that look less interesting than others. And, besides, the number lasts till the next one comes." It may be doubted whether she will keep to her plan, but it is an excellent idea to read thoroughly what is worth reading, and not to be influenced entirely by the mere first glance when deciding upon what is most interesting. **ST. NICHOLAS** intends to print only what it is worth your time to read.

THOROUGH READING. AN old teacher in a celebrated school once wrote one hundred questions about the first ten lines of Vergil's *Æneid*. Without going quite so far, young readers may find pleasure and gain knowledge by making a careful inquiry into the subjects suggested by some piece of good writing. Take, for instance, Longfellow's "Robert of Sicily," the first six lines:

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Appareled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat,
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.

Let us see what we can find out about the references in these lines.

I. How did it happen that three brothers became (1) King of Sicily, (2) Pope, and (3) Emperor? Whose sons were they? When was it they lived? Where and what was Allemaine? What was a knight? a squire? Who could confer knighthood? When is St. John's eve? How was it kept or celebrated? What are vespers? What is chanting? What is the Magnificat? What is the meaning of the name Robert? What oranges come from Sicily? What noted siege occurred in the history of Sicily? What American city is named for a Sicilian city? Who ran through this Sicilian city crying out, "I have found it"? What had he found?

BOYS' AND GIRLS' BOOK CLUBS. A SENSIBLE book club has been started among a set of girls and boys, which has certainly stimulated their reading to a wonderful

extent, besides spreading the good in other directions. They were all within easy reach of one another, and they met every month to consult about the purchase of certain books. There were a dozen members, each one of whom had the choice of a book and permission to buy and read it, after which it was circulated through the club just as in a library. Of course there were a dozen different tastes in these selections, but a healthy spirit of competition among them made each eager to read what the other had laid down, absorbing in this way a store of information, besides poetry and good fiction; for the titles of the books were always submitted to an advisory committee of older heads before any purchase was made.

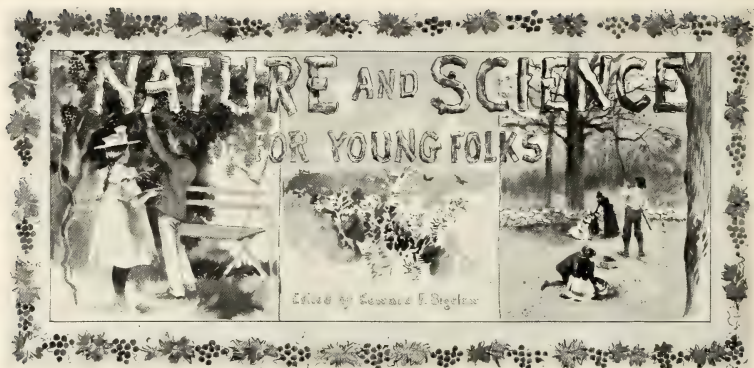
At the end of a year this enterprising club had accumulated one hundred and forty-four volumes of excellent books, and then they felt justified in adding to their membership, for the little library was self-supporting. As the books increased in number, the members took turns in playing librarian, but after a while it ceased to be play, and required study and energy to keep the circulation in proper shape.

A library begun in this way by a set of eager young readers must, if it be continued, grow in maturity and usefulness as they grow older and wiser.

THE AMPERSAND. Boys and girls who were learning their letters some seventy-five years ago used to have at the end of the alphabet in their little primers the character &, just as you may have had in your books. The little scholars of those days were taught to call the sign & "and" or "ampersand." I wonder if any of you know what that means?

Ampersand was a corruption of the expression "and, *per se* and"—that is to say, "and, by itself, means and." When the children said this they meant that & stood for nothing more than the word "and," and so distinguished it from the other character &c., which stood also at the end of the alphabet, and which meant "and so forth," or "et cetera."

The Latin word *et* means "and," as you know, and the sign was originally written &, that is, *z-t*, or the two letters of the word. This was simplified to its present form; and so you see how &, really the word *et*, means "and."



A golden haze conceals the horizon,
 A golden sunshine slants across the meadows;
 The pride and prime of summertime is gone,
 But beauty lingers in these autumn shadows.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

PROTECTION BY DECEIVING.

INSECTS, like many of the higher and larger forms of life, have various methods of protecting themselves from their enemies, and many of these methods are extremely interesting.



THE CATOCALA MOTH RESTING ON BARK, WHICH ITS UPPER WINGS CLOSELY RESEMBLE.

We noted in St. NICHOLAS for last January how the little caddis insects, in the brook, then ice-covered, had little forts of logs or stones, that is, of tiny twigs and bits of gravel, around them to protect them from the fishes. From these houses they ex-

tended only their heads, and were thus protected by keeping chiefly indoors. In May we observed the honey-bees, and in July the hornets. We all know that both these insects have stings, and that those of the hornets are especially to be dreaded. In the same number

we pictured the "firecracker butterfly," that is harmless, but evidently its noise is useful in frightening away its bird enemies who seek it for food.

Here, then, are three forms of protection—a strong house, dreaded weapons, and a frightening noise.

But perhaps more interesting than any of these methods is the method of deception—a sort of "April fool" on their enemies, as the young folks would call it—or hiding from ene-



THE CATOCALA MOTH IN FLIGHT, SHOWING ITS BEAUTIFUL PINK LOWER WINGS.

mies; a "hide-and-seek," as one grown-up naturalist calls it. "Mimicry" in natural-science use denotes the permanent taking on of the appearance or character of another animal or plant, for generation after generation. It does not

mean a transient mimicry, nor is it used quite in the sense that we use the word when we say a boy or girl "mimics" some one.

We mean by mimicry, in the naturalist's sense of the word, the advantageous resemblance which one kind of plant or animal often shows to another. A certain species of plant or animal may possess some means of defense or protection from its enemies. Some other species, perhaps not at all related, but inhabiting the same part of the country, and not itself provided with protection, closely resembles the protected kind in some form or color, though it may be different in structure or habits.

For example, there is in South America a



THE BRIGHTLY COLORED UPPER SIDES OF WINGS OF THE LEAF (KALLIMA) BUTTERFLY THAT SHOW IN FLIGHT.

butterfly (the *Caligo*) having spots on its wings that, at a distance, look something like the eyes of a big owl that is found in the same country. Many small birds eat butterflies, but no small bird singly attacks an owl, for the owl would get the best of it. These spots are on the rear pair of wings, and, to further carry out the resemblance, the butterfly often perches head downward, the spots seeming to peer over the branch, so that in the dim forests the butterfly looks like an owl's head.

In India there is a remarkable butterfly (*Kallima inachis*), for the under sides of its wings resemble leaves. In alighting the wings are closed, and the position taken makes the butterfly appear to be a leaf growing from the branch.

In various parts of the United States we

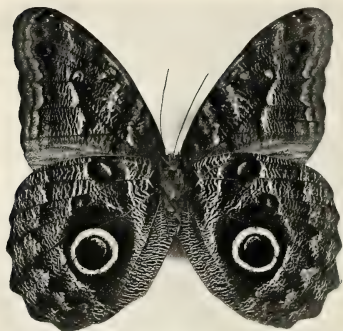


THE UNDER SIDES OF THE WINGS OF THE KALLIMA BUTTERFLY THAT RESEMBLE DEAD LEAVES, WITH TWO MINUTE HOLES AS IF EATEN BY A SMALL INSECT.

find a moth (*Catocala*) whose front wings fold closely over the bright hind wings. The color and markings of these front wings, as well as the other exposed parts of the body, closely resemble the surface of the bark on which the insect rests. This moth flies only at night, and during the day it is exposed to the attack of its enemies, chiefly birds; but it requires a very



THE LEAF BUTTERFLY ALIGHTED ON A TWIG, WITH WINGS CLOSED.



THE OWL BUTTERFLY, WITH MARKINGS ON LOWER WINGS THAT AT A DISTANCE LOOK LIKE THE EYES OF AN OWL.

(Invert and place four or five feet away, and see how much the spots look like an owl's eyes. The first six illustrations are photographed from specimens kindly lent by Denton Bros.)

sharp eye to find the moth on the bark. In a cabinet its bright rear wings and the soft and blended colors of the front wings make this a very beautiful specimen.

It will be noted that the India butterfly and the United States moth are inconspicuous when at rest, but of bright, attractive color in flight. This is true also of many kinds of grasshoppers that take to flight suddenly as we walk along roads or in the sandy pastures. When they alight their bright wings are covered by the dull front wings, so that they closely resemble the ground, and it is difficult to see them.

Our thoughtful young folks will at once say: "If Nature has provided the mimicry of the dull color at rest, why did n't she give the greater advantage of a dull color all the time?" And, indeed, the question would appear to us, upon first thought, to be well put; and it was asked by older naturalists. But more careful consideration shows us the reasonableness of the theory that the sudden change makes it more difficult for the eye of the enemy to follow the fleeing prey. The sudden change makes it appear that the insect that was pursued has entirely disappeared, which would not be so strongly the impression if the flight color had also been dull.

Notice these "flying grasshoppers." Do you think such a sudden change in color is an ad-

vantage, or would it be better to be dull-colored all the time? Notice exactly where it alights and try to see it before it flies again.

Protective resemblances and mimicry are not limited to insects, although among this great class of animal life such curious conditions are especially common.

An excellent example of bird mimicry is to be noted in the night-hawk, which was pictured on page 935 of the August number, the color of the eggs and of the bird so harmonizing with the gray lichen-covered rock or branch as to be a good hiding device. Certain fish resemble the weeds among which they swim.

Let all the boys and girls watch sharply for such examples. Naturalists tell us that probably we yet know only a few comparatively of the many cases of this wonderful protection.



THE OWL BUTTERFLY ALIGHTED IN A FOREST.

THE SEED TRAVELERS.

EVEN a little attention to the seeds of the commonest weeds by the roadside will reveal

the annoyance of the spear and hook varieties. Of the wind-distributed seeds none are prettier than those of the milkweed, which we admired earlier in the season on account of the peculiar



THE MILKWEED SEEDS IN FLUFFY, BEAUTIFUL MASSES, FROM THE BURSTING BROWN PODS.

many interesting facts. Perhaps the most enjoyable are the seeds that are distributed by the wind, even in a gentle breeze, and without

flower clusters, and later for the graceful green pods. During the last part of summer the pods turn brown, gradually drying, and then split-

ting on the side, showing the flattened brown seeds that are arranged in a manner to remind one of the shingles on a house or like scales on a fish, as claimed by some of the young folks. The silky tufts of delicate white hairs curl, forming a fluffy mass, each carrying away a seed like a fairy balloon. In the seed is the precious miniature plant that next year will grow into a beautiful milkweed.

DID THE RAINDROPS TEACH THEM?

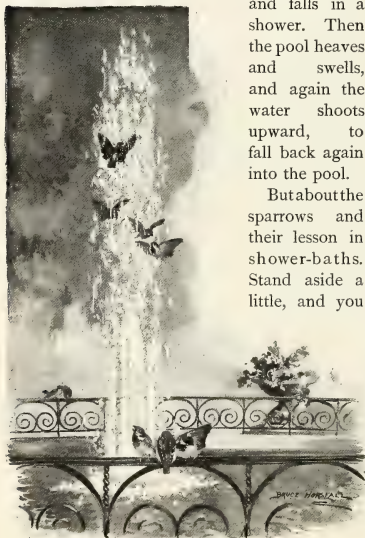
THE children in New York who attend the public schools where there are to be shower-baths should go to Madison Square some bright, sunny morning and watch the sparrows at the fountain there, to "see how *they* do it." At this particular fountain the bosom of the pool rises and falls as if struggling with an uncontrollable inward emotion (one wonders what causes it). Suddenly it is relieved by a solid stream from the very center, shooting upward twenty feet, then a pause of an instant, and then it breaks

and falls in a shower. Then the pool heaves and swells, and again the water shoots upward, to fall back again into the pool.

But about the sparrows and their lesson in shower-baths. Stand aside a little, and you



DASHING IN, AND SAFE HOME.



"PLUCKY LITTLE BROWN FELLOWS PERCHED ON THE RAILING."

will see a group of three or four of the plucky little brown fellows perched together on the railing which surrounds the pool. Observe carefully and you will see them make their calculation, watching the solid stream of water as it shoots upward, darting swiftly forward as it pauses, and then fluttering underneath as it breaks in a million harmless, delicious drops. Then another dash, and they are safe on the railing directly across the pool from where they started. They will do it again. Watch them! Can you doubt that these little birds, who can take care of themselves in this great city, really "thought" it out, and knew by experience to avoid the heavy stream from below, and to get their shower of drops from above? Or do you think it was just the rain that told them?

ANDREW BURLEIGH CLAYTON.

THE YOUNG FOLKS WHO LOVE AND STUDY NATURE.

TAKE NATURE AS YOU FIND HER.

MANY young observers, like older students and lovers of nature, are often disappointed in a day's outing in fields, or forests, or swamps, simply because they expect everything to be in accord with a program. Perhaps on the previous evening they have read a delightful chapter entitled "An Autumn Day's Outing," and have, almost without knowing it, made up a mental program of all that will be seen the next day, forgetting that the author put into that chapter selected experiences of many days in other localities, and in the whole chapter did not tell one hundredth of the interests to eye and ear of even an hour in any locality.

I once knew a little girl with a big imagination. When playing "visiting," "taking tea," or other matters imitating grown-up people, she wanted to do all the talking—not only as hostess, but for the others, insisting "you must say so-and-so." This method did not produce the most enjoyment to any member of the company.

So when we go to visit nature in her home, don't expect her to show us exactly what we have in mind that she ought to show, but go out with a loving, cordial spirit, and let *her* do the day's talking and exhibiting in her way.

The chief charm and enjoyments of the ramble will be the pleasant surprises.

REGARDING A PET CHIPMUNK.

PITTSBURG, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We once had a chipmunk, and I used to have many happy hours with him, and we called him "Frisky"; and when we went to school Frisky got wild, and when we went to play with him he would run about after us, and bite whoever he would catch, and then in the summer-time we kept him out in the yard; and one morning when we went to see him, to our disappointment he



A PET CHIPMUNK.

had got out of his cage and run away, and afterward we used to see him running about the yard.

We fed him on nuts, and when he would get them he would put them in his jaws, and look very funny with his pushed-out cheeks. Chipmunks have little holes in the ground, and when they build them they always have a little bank of sand by their homes.

MARGARET CURRY.

The chipmunk has "pockets" in his cheeks for carrying nuts and seeds. Do other squirrels have these pockets? Are you sure about that "little bank of sand by their homes"? What do our other young observers think about this? Look for the holes, and let them, not books, decide the question.

HOW ONE INSECT MOTHER MANAGES HER CHILDREN.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The most interesting things I have found are the eggs of the lace-wing fly. They



THE LACE-WING FLY.

a, eggs; b, larva; c, cocoons; d, imago with left wings omitted. (All natural size.)

were on the gladiolus-leaf. I did not know what they were, and mama had never seen any, but knew what they were from seeing pictures of them. None of the Agassiz members had seen any, either. We put fine netting over a box, so we could watch the very small larvae when they came out.

I have tried to make a picture of them for you.

Your little friend,

(Aged 9½ years.)

M. ELAINE FLITNER.

All wise and loving mothers desire that their children be good. Here is one insect mother whose principal method of fulfilling this desire is to remove temptation. She knows that every one of her children is very greedy as soon as hatched from the egg, and will eat any small insect, not even excepting its own brothers and sisters. The little lace-wing in its larval state has two strong jaws and is especially fond of a plant-louse (aphis), and hence has been called the aphis-lion. To prevent this little lion from

eating the unhatched members of its own family, the mother places each egg on the top of a stiff stalk of silk about half an inch high. Then, as each one is hatched, he scrambles down as best he can from his egg-perch to the surface of the leaf, unconscious that the rest of the family are safe above him. Thus each is saved by the wise action of the mother, who acts as if she knew the fratricidal disposition of each of her children.

After a season of feasting on plant-lice, each lace-wing child rolls itself up into a tiny ball and weaves around itself a thick coating of glistening white silk, thus making a cocoon that looks like a pearl fastened to the leaf. After a time a little lid opens, and there emerges the dainty adult fly, with delicate veined green wings, a pale green body, brown antennæ, and golden eyes. So delicate and beautiful is this insect that we may easily imagine that she is the tiny attendant of a fairy queen. No lady ever dressed for a ball in a prettier combination of gauze, lace, and jewels than is our little friend's every-day costume. We know her as the "lace-wing fly"; another name is "golden eyes"; and the scientist calls her *Chrysopa*, which is Greek for the same thing.

The groups of eggs are very pretty, looking like a miniature forest of delicate stems, each having a glistening white ball at its tip for fruit.

THE SONG-SPARROW NOT ALWAYS GENTLE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I recently saw two song-sparrows fighting in the road regarding a crumb. They



THE SONG-SPARROW.

regarding a crumb. They were pulling each other's feathers with their bills. As they happened to get away from the crumb, an English sparrow (who was eying them closely) hopped down and taking the crumb in its bill flew off. The song-sparrows, when they saw this, chirped loudly and flew away.

SARAH FRANK.

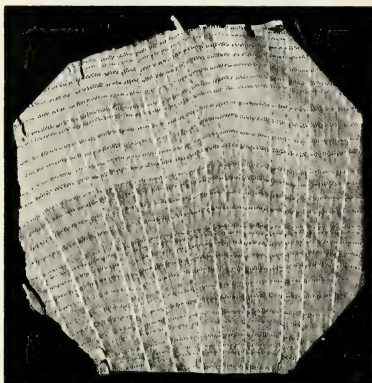
Ordinarily the song-sparrow is one of our gentlest of birds, with disposition as sweet as its song — which has been said to be modulated as softly as the lining of its own nest.

This little disagreement over the crumb shows that the song-sparrow *can* fight when forced to it in vindication of rights, and calls to mind the exciting attack of two song-sparrows on a snake that was robbing their nest, as told by John Burroughs in "Bird Enemies," a chapter of his book, "Signs and Seasons."

ANNUAL RINGS OF AN OAK.

GREENWOOD, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As you have asked your readers to write you about some of the interesting things



THE ANNUAL RINGS AND RAYS OF AN OAK. (A PIECE OF OAK FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.)

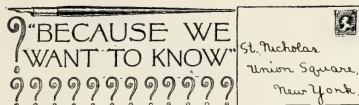
they see in nature, I will tell you of a great oak which I saw cut down at a mill in a forest near this town. My father counted the rings in the trunk that show how many years the tree has been growing, one ring for each year, and found that the tree was two hundred and four years old.

ALFRED ALDRICH.

The accompanying illustration was made directly from a piece of the oak, and shows the annual rings and the thin lines, which are whitish and extend from within outward. Some of these lines begin in the center of the tree, and others in each one of the annual rings, and are known as medullary rays. The lines make the silver grain seen in oak and other woods when "quartered."

PLEASE REMEMBER:

To read the prize offers for observations and drawings previous to October 1. Re-read "Sharp Eyes and Skilful Pens," on page 550 of the April Nature and Science.



PLEASE inclose stamped and self-addressed envelope when reply is desired by mail.

Please state post-office, street, and number. Several letters have been returned to the editor for lack of full address.

STOPPING A RABBIT BY WHISTLING.

WAGNER, INDIAN TERRITORY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a question to ask that I have often wondered about. Why will a rabbit stop when you whistle? I have heard about this before, but I never believed it till I tried it and was very much surprised at the result.

JOHN NICHOLSON.

The rabbit, like many other wild animals, has a large amount of curiosity, which is useful in learning new things, but sometimes leads into danger.

The rabbit must investigate a new sound, such as a whistle. If the whistle is followed by a chase, as when he hears the bark of a dog, very soon the rabbit will not stop when you whistle; but if the whistling is found by the rabbit to be harmless, after many repetitions no more attention will be paid to it than to the singing of the wood-thrush in a tree. Wild animals have to learn all their life, and must keep investigating new things. "Taming" is



THE JACK-RABBIT LISTENING.

merely teaching animals that we will not harm them. The cattle, sheep, and song-birds have "tamed" the rabbit, but the dogs, foxes, and birds of prey have proved to be enemies.

SPARROW-HAWK'S LENGTH OF LIFE.

137 WEST MAIN STREET, MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have in my home a sparrow-hawk named "Lizzie," which will be four years old this summer. She eats raw meat, mice, sparrows, cooked egg, and potatoes. When we have our meals and don't give her anything, she flies about and chirps till we give



THE SPARROW-HAWK.

her something. Then when we tell her to say "Thank you," she will give a little chirp. As I am interested in sparrow-hawks, I would like to know the average length of their lives. In a manual I have at home it says the average length of their lives is about forty years.

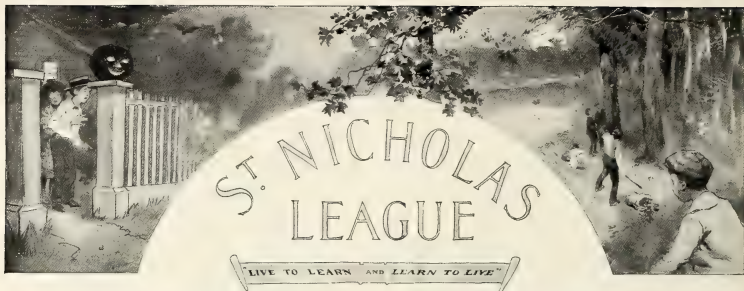
Yours truly, STANLEY SHIMER.

It is not probable that the average length of the lives of sparrow-hawks is forty years, but some may reach that age. It is stated on good authority that the sparrow-hawk probably reaches from twenty to forty years of age, so that with good care you may enjoy Lizzie's chirping for at least a quarter of a century more.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU TO ANSWER.

A LARGE number of very interesting answers to the questions asked on page 459 of the March number were received, and the editor is thus encouraged to call for more volunteer answers. Please write replies to any or all of the following. Some of the most interesting answers will be published.

1. Many people speak of any insect as a "bug." Is that correct? What is a bug? What is the difference between a bug and a beetle?
2. What bird is sometimes called the "preacher," and why?
3. What bird says "teacher"? Who first thus interpreted its call? What other common names has it, and why?
4. What do you think is the most beautiful constellation?
5. What is the last flower of the year?



No breath upon the fields astir,
 Adream the mellow landscape lies,
 An insect voice with rhythmic whir
 Keeps time for dancing butterflies.

The apple reddens on the wall,
 The goldenrod uplifts its plume,
 While peering through the gates of fall
 A few belated daisies bloom.

And near the marshes dim and damp,
 Where softly slips the brook away,
 The salvia trims her scarlet lamp
 And burns a star upon the day.

With the October number ends the first year of the St. Nicholas League. This is not quite true, either, in the matter of time, for the first League announcement was made in the November number of last year, and as the Novem-

ber number is issued on the 22d of October, there will be still another month in which ST. NICHOLAS readers may send in their names and become members during the first League year.

But with October our department has appeared twelve times in the magazine, and if there are any who have any lingering doubts of its success, they need only to compare these issues from month to month to confess their mistake, and join the great procession of boys and girls who are working and winning through conscientious effort and praiseworthy achievement.

"The St. Nicholas League stands for intellectual advancement and for higher ideals of life." This is what we said in our first announcement, and to this we added "intelligent patriotism, and protection of the oppressed, whether human beings, dumb animals, or birds." We cannot know, of course, to just what extent our members have assisted in protecting those in need of human sympathy and strength, but of patriotism our boys and girls have shown no lack, while their intellectual advancement, as indicated by the contributions received, has been so marked that instructors



"IN WALES," BY GORDON BARNESLEY, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

everywhere have turned each month more eagerly to the work of the young writers and artists who contribute to the St. Nicholas League.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 10.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are taken into consideration.



"HIS OWN ENEMY." BY ARTHUR BARRETT, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)
(Two views of the same boy made by exposing half the plate each time.)

There are many thousands of us now, and our work is growing better and better. Some of those who did not even get on the roll of honor at the start are winning prizes to-day; and some of those who are winning prizes, as well as many of those who are not, are going to be heard from by and by in the grown-up magazines and picture-galleries of the world. For the most talented and intelligent children in the world belong to the St. Nicholas League, and they, as well as their parents and teachers, appreciate the fact that, as a great competitive school, the League has no equal, and that from its classes will graduate those whose names shall not be quickly forgotten by men.

Those who do not win prizes at once are not to feel discouraged. The best and surest success often comes to those who progress slowly and surely, trying conscientiously to make each piece of work better than the one preceding, and striving to build faithfully and honestly, regardless of gold and silver badges. To these reward will come. It comes with every finished effort, whether it obtains the added reward of editorial recognition or brings only disappointment that is the true spur to renewed and ever more persistent undertaking.

POEM (to relate in some manner to the autumn season). Gold badge, Thomas S. McAllister (age 14), West Derry, New Hampshire.

Silver badges, Helen Cowles (age 14), Algona, Iowa; and Harriet A. Ives (age 11), East Townsend, Huron County, Ohio.

PROSE (to relate in some manner to the vacation just passed). Gold badge, Belle W. Stork (age 11), Chattolancee, Maryland.

Silver badges, Ethel L. Rourke (age 13), Eagle Mills, New York; and Gretchen Nye (age 13), Keene and Thirteenth streets, Fairmount, Neb.

DRAWING. Gold badges, Mildred Wheat (age 13), Geneva, New York; and Catherine Stearns (age 12), 511 West Fourth Street, Williamsport, Pa.

Silver badges, J. Ernest Bechdolt (age 15), 741 Bellevue Avenue, Seattle, Washington; and Lorena E. Freeman (age 13), 118 Center Street, Bradford, Pennsylvania.

PHOTOGRAPH. Gold badge, Gordon Barnsley (age 16), Rydal Mount, Colwyn Bay, North Wales, England.

Silver badges, Arthur Barrett (age 14), 52 Orchard Avenue, Bellevue, Pennsylvania; and Pleasants Pennington (age 12), 1119 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

PUZZLES. Gold badge, Pleasance Baker (age 13), Grasmere, Florida.

Silver badge, Dorothy Kenyon, 321 West Eighty-second Street, New York City.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badge, Helen Tredway (age 9), 45 Fenelon Place, Dubuque, Iowa.

Silver badge, Sara Lawrence Kellogg (age 13), Ridley Park, Pennsylvania.

WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH. First, "Moose," by Thomas MacIver, Jr. (age 17), 27 Duane Street, Ger-



"HARVEST TIME," BY PLEASANTS PENNINGTON, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

mantown, Pennsylvania; Second, "Chicken-hawk," by J. Bradford Wardwell (age 12), 94 Elm Street, Stamford, Connecticut; Third, "Turtle," by Carl S. Tiemann (age 16), Leonia, Bergen County, New Jersey.

Prize badges are usually sent about ten days following the published announcement of the winners. October prize-winners will receive their badges about the first of the month, or very soon thereafter.

THE WATERSPOUT.

BY BELLE W. STORK (AGE 11).

(Gold Badge.)

AFTER school closed I left my home in Baltimore to spend the summer at Marthas Vineyard, an island off the coast of Massachusetts.

I lived, with my mother and sisters, in a cottage that is situated on a high bluff overlooking the ocean.

One day late in July my mother went to spend the day with some friends in Edgartown. It was a beautiful day when she started; the sun shone bright, and the sea was blue and calm. I played about all morning in the open air, and ended the morning with a bath in the ocean.

After lunch we were playing croquet, when suddenly we noticed it was getting dark. We went hurriedly to the edge of the bluff, our mallets still in our hands, to see what was the matter.

We saw, away out at sea, a great black cloud extending from the sky to the water. It looked like a tall black column, which widened at the top and bottom.

We were not the only people looking at it, for a crowd had gathered to watch it.

The people said it was a waterspout, and that it was the first one in ten years.

I was so glad the ships were a safe distance from the spout, because the people said otherwise they would have been torn to pieces and whirled up into the sky.

After this cloud went gradually into a sky-cloud, another came down and formed just like the first, and after this, still another.

The last only came down half-way, and then went up into the sky again.

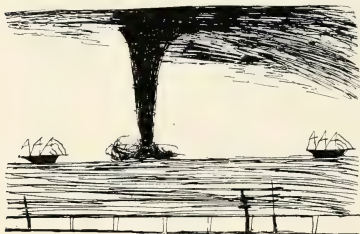
The waterspouts took up a great deal of salt-water.

After them all a terrible rain-storm came, and it rained and rained all afternoon, so that I was beginning to get worried about mama, fearing that something might have happened to the train because of the storm.

At last she arrived, and I was so glad to see her!

She told us what she had seen while she and her friends were having dinner at the hotel.

They were astonished, too, at the darkness, and they left the table to see what had caused the sudden change.



THE WATERSPOUT.

They saw the same sight we did.

When the storm came mama was on the train. It rained so hard that it delayed the train for a long time, and nearly washed out the tracks.

Mama told us that it had rained salt-water all over the island.

While the waterspouts were happening, a little boy was thoughtful enough to take a picture of one, which he sold to a photographer for a great deal of money.



"TOURISTS." BY CONRAD LAMBERT.

AUTUMN.

BY THOMAS S. McALLISTER (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

THE autumn days have come at last;

The year is growing old.

The fruit is dropping from the trees,

The leaves are falling in the breeze,

And from the distant rolling leas

The wind comes sharp and cold.

I wander in the meadows green;

I wander through the dew.

I pick the yellow goldenrod;

I see the aster shake and nod;
And, springing from the grassy sod,
I find the gentian blue.

I wander through the fields again,
And by the brooklet's side;
I watch the whirling flakes of snow,
I hear the north wind roar and blow,
And on the icy lake below
I see the skaters glide.

VACATION IN THE COUNTRY.

BY ETHEL L. ROURKE (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

OUR past vacation was the pleasantest in every way that we have spent for many years.

When the last day of school arrived, I flung my books aside, and gave myself wholly up to the delights of vacation.

The hay crop was good, and we children liked nothing better than to ride on the high, sweet-smelling loads. When we passed under the black-cherry tree we never failed to bring down some of the delicious fruit.

On hot, sultry days we took our lunches to a small, shady grove, where we played hide-and-go-seek and many other games. Once we saw a family of squirrels playing near the ground. My brother, who is a fast runner, gave chase; but he fell and cut his face. Later on we saw Mr. Squirrel gazing on us triumphantly from the topmost branches of a large maple-tree.

There was a meadow near by, thickly dotted with fine, large daisies, and we liked to tell each other our "fortunes" for the fiftieth time.

To be sure, we had our tasks to perform, but even work was a delight, on account of anticipations of some pleasure when it was done. "Work while you work, and play while you play" was our favorite adage.

But, like everything else, vacation had an end; but, to my surprise, I enjoy my books better for having had a long rest than I ever did before.

Although I regretted to say "good-by" to vacation, school is exactly — or almost — as pleasant.

OUR VACATION.

BY PEARL CAMMACK (AGE 12).

WELL, to begin with, Susie and Tommie and me were great friends, and so were our papas and mamas.

Our parents all wanted to go to the same place, but Susie's mama and papa wanted to go to the sea-shore, Tommie's to the woods, and mine to Paris. They could n't decide which place to go, although they had been trying to since early in March.

We children got so tired of living in hot flats, and hearing the big folks talk and tell how much better their choice place was than any other, that we would run off to a small park, not far away, and stay for hours.

Oh, how we wanted to go some place away from the sultry city!

Finally, after much talking, they all decided to rent a cottage and go to the country; but the day before we were to start, Susie's mama happened to think that it was only a week till school began. We had to give up going to the country and get ready for school.

Next year we're going to start the very day school is out.

IN THE AUTUMN.

BY HELEN COWLES (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

THE cool winds blow o'er the silent beach,

Where once the children played;

And sigh to think of the days gone by,

When each little man and maid,

With shovel and pail filled with shining sand,

Awaited the coming tide;

Or was it a dream of the summer scene

By the beautiful ocean side?

For the trees are turning yellow and red,

And the days are growing cool,

And with satchels, and books, and mournful looks,

The children are trudging to school.

THE PASSING OF SUMMER.

BY GRETCHEN NYE (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

THE skies were dusky golden with the afterglow as the little school-girl wandered through the fast-yellowing woods, listening for the song of the nightingale.

It was for the last time, for vacation was past. Tomorrow began the dull routine of school and duties at home.

Fondly she touched the dying violets, and gathered the sun-touched goldenrod and pressed it close to her little face, breathing in its fragrance, and drinking in the gorgeous sight about her.

There, by that little brooklet, had she woven her violet garlands. Here on this bank of velvet moss had been her rustic couch in the Sleeping Beauty's bedroom. This rock had been the one on which the valiant prince had bravely slain the dragon, and this little mossy nook with a pool within had been Titania's fairy palace. That little

flowery mound was her couch, and the hollow of the "Great Oak-tree" was her royal throne.

This was Paradise, and yet she must leave, for tomorrow was September and school began.

"Dear little birds," she whispered, "dear little fairies, I must go. But, trust me, I will come back again. Wait for me till then.

"Good-by!" And the little school-girl wept as she passed out of Paradise.

A soft, scented, fleeting breath fanned her cheek. She knew it not, but it was the passing of summer.

THE FROG.

BY DOROTHEA HARTUNG (AGE 10).

How I love to hear the frogs singing in the bottom of the pond!

The frog has a glossy, green coat, light vest and trousers.

He dives into the mud at the bottom of the pond, but he is always clean.

When the frog is small, he lives in the water and is called the tadpole.

He goes to bed in the mud at the bottom of the pond, and is just as warm as if he was under a blanket.

Every summer evening the frogs have a concert which will last for hours.

The frog is a great leaper and swimmer; he loves the sunshine, and sits for hours basking in the sun.

He has a smooth back, but he has no feathers, wool, or hair.

I have seen small frogs hop about in the marshes; some of them were not half as large as my little finger.

I have sat out at Reservoir Park and listened to the frogs saying "Quawk, quawk, quawk."

I have seen the sun go down, and the reflection in the lake was beautiful, and I felt like staying there all night.

The common frog is the most plentiful in Great Britain. It has short arms, with four fingers on each, and long legs with five webbed toes. The young ones are produced from eggs.

There are a great many kinds of frogs: the common



"A FRENCH CHATEAU." BY FRANCIS G. FABIAN, AGE 16.



"THE MOONLIT SKY." BY HENRY E. BIRKENBINE, AGE 16.

A SAVAGE ANIMAL.

BY FRIDA SEMLER (AGE 13).

ST. NICHOLAS wants photographs of animals so rare:
The rabbit in his burrow or the lion in his lair;
The wolf upon the prairies or the sly fox near his den.
But I say that wild animals are only seen by men.

I could n't call our kitten such a savage beast,
I know,
Nor speak so of our dachshunds, so solemn and so slow;
And Billy 's very gentle—he does n't even buck.
Oh, dear me, was there e'er a girl who had such awful luck?

But there is Polly, just as wild and wicked as can be,
And that would do for any one, it really seems to me;
I feed him and then wait a moment, but to linger

And watch him eat, the naughty bird will always bite my finger.

When pussy passes by his cage he tweaks her wavy tail

Until the poor, maltreated dear sets up an awful wail.

He spills the water o'er the floor and makes an awful mess.

Yes, naughty Poll is wild enough to photograph, I guess!



"MOOSE." BY THOMAS MACIVER, JR., AGE 17. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL" PHOTOGRAPH.)

frog, the edible frog, the leopard-frog, the wood-frog, and the bull-frog. There are also many other kinds.

The leopard-frog is so called because he is spotted like the leopard.

AUTUMN-TIME.

BY HARRIET A. IVES
(AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

SEPTEMBER has gone,
and October is here;

With a soft, gurgling
sigh flows the
brooklet so clear;

And one lonely bee o'er the last grape is drooning,

While mother to baby so softly is crooning.

Oh! the autumn, blessed autumn,

Brings the glad Thanksgiving day,

And the autumn, happy autumn,

Takes the summer charms away.

The men in the corn-field are husking the corn,

The golden ears glow in the sun of the morn;

The children now gather the nuts brown and sweet,

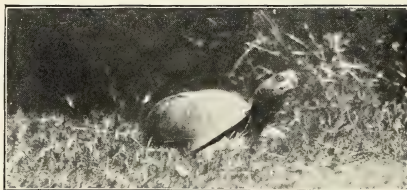
And a brisk, cooling breeze blows relief from the heat.

All our sorrow and our sadness

Flee with light wings away,

And bright beauty and sweet gladness

Reign upon an autumn day.



"TURTLE." BY CARL S. TIEMANN, AGE 16. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL" PHOTOGRAPH.)

TO NEW READERS.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS magazine.

To any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, or to any one *desiring to become a reader* of the magazine, the club membership badge will be mailed free upon receipt of written request, *accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope.*



"CHICKEN-HAWK." BY J. BRADFORD WARDWELL, AGE 12. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL" PHOTOGRAPH.)

NICE LETTERS FROM LEAGUE MEMBERS.

A LETTER AND PHOTOGRAPHS FROM MEXICO.



DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Mexican girl. I was born in Mexico; my parents are Americans. I have a sister ten years old.

My father has given us each a beautiful deer. I like deer better than all wild animals, they are so graceful and so delicate.

Now I will tell you something about Mexico. The pictures are Mexican views. The one with the oxen is "A Mexican Ox-cart," the other is "A Fruit Market." The people have all kinds of markets; one is the fruit market, others, meat, beans, and many other kinds.

The Mexican men wear white cotton trousers and jackets. Their hats have broad brims, and long, narrow crowns; they are called "sombrosos." The people that wear these clothes are ordinary. The fashionable dress like the Americans. The women dress with a skirt and a loose waist, with a mantle called a "rebozo."

We live in Mexico City, and can see the beautiful volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl; they have snow on them all the time.

Mexico has a very beautiful climate, and lots of wild flowers.

Some of the streets are paved with stones. The houses are built flat on the tops, and in the windows are iron bars.

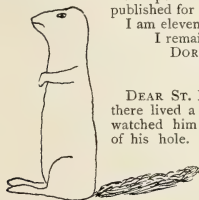
The next letter I write to you I will tell you about the jumping-bean.

I hope the ST. NICHOLAS will be published for ever and ever. I am eleven years old.

I remain your faithful reader,
DOROTHY ALMA BARRON.

ATLANTIC, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In our yard there lived a little prairie-squirrel. I watched him every time he was out of his hole. His head and back are grayish brown in color and the under parts are light. He is not as large as other kinds of squir-



rels. His tail is not very bushy. He is very fond of dandelion and plantain leaves. He holds a leaf like the other squirrels hold nuts. He sits up as straight as a poker, and folds his fore paws in front of him. He switches his tail about him when he is scared. He stops up his hole with earth from the inside about five o'clock in the evening, and opens it about nine or ten o'clock in the morning. Perhaps he does it to preserve himself through the night. I will send you a picture of him.

ELSIE MOORE.

(Age 10.)

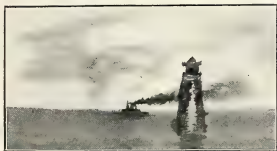
88 UPLAND ROAD,

EAST DULWICH, LONDON, S. E.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister Dorothy and I like the St. Nicholas League very much, and wish to become members, so will you please enroll us as such, and send us two badges? We are English girls, living near London, and have taken your magazine for seven years and a half; we both think that it is the best in the world. I think that the chapters must be very nice, but we do not

know any one here that takes ST. NICHOLAS, so we have to do without one.

Yours sincerely,
MARY A. SANDERS.



BY SIDNEY DICKENSON, AGE 9.

Many appreciative letters come from prize-winners, of which the two following are enough to show what these fortunate ones think of the rewards of success.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just received by mail the beautiful gold badge which I won in the last League competition, and I write to thank you very much for it. I think that it is beautiful, and shall always value it very much. The League, I think, is perfectly splendid, and I wish it and the whole magazine endless prosperity.

Very sincerely,
ROSE WILDER TERRY.

15 WASHINGTON
SQUARE,
NEW YORK.

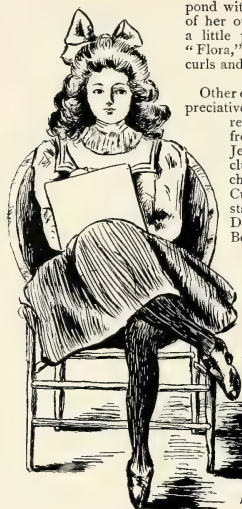
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you very much for the badge you sent me. I shall prize it all my life. Your magazine is a very old friend of mine, and since the League has been established I can hardly wait for it to come out every month.

Your faithful reader,
DORIS FRANKLYN.

Alta M. Chappell, who lives at 42 Diversey Court, Chicago, would like to corres-



"NOT A WILD ANIMAL." BY
ADELAIDE JACKSON, AGE 12.



"MYSELF—AS SEEN IN A MIRROR." BY MILDRED WHEAT,
AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

Skillings, Robert B. King, George Fitts, Irma Gladys Drury, Elsie Moore, Jessie Day, Evelyn L. Chamberlain, Robert Bentley Hoerber, Carrie Eugenia Dickenson, Alma C. Ashman, Gertrude Baxter, John Jeffries, David M. Cheney, Warren J. Willis, Rida Powell, Helen G. Baldwin, Marjorie Hamilton Warner, Margaret Tibbits, Helen Louise Rood, Dorothy Eyre Robinson, Ruth Allaire, Carrie S. Orth, Rachel Russell, Muriel Murray, Rosa Rees, and Alfred W. Wotkins.

ELIZABETH'S EXPERIENCE.

BY FANNY R. HILL (AGE 12).

MINNIE and Elizabeth were good friends. To be sure, Elizabeth was only a doll and could not talk, but she was Minnie's friend, and they played together most of the time.

One day, last vacation, Minnie took Elizabeth out in the meadow by the brook. There they found Minnie's brother fishing. As soon as he caught sight of them, he called out, "Oh, Minnie, your baby needs a bath! Let me put her on my fish-hook, and I'll wash her for you. Come, now! or I'll duck you, too!"

Now Minnie was afraid of Jack, and she was obliged to give Elizabeth up, for his threats frightened her. She was horrified as

pond with League members of her own age. Alta has a little poodle dog named "Flora," snow-white, with curls and big black eyes.

Other entertaining and appreciative letters have been received this month from Raymond O. Jeroy, who suggests club caps for the chapters, Mary S. Cummings, Constance Madeleine Dewey, Marjorie Beebe, Margaret

she saw him jab the fish-hook into her body and let her down into the water.

When he drew her up, the paint was running off her face, her dress spoiled, and the sawdust coming out of her body.

But Minnie and Elizabeth are good friends yet.

A FEW POETIC GEMS.

SELECTED from good poems, not quite available for use in full.

MY LITTLE SISTER.

BY RUTH ELIZA PETT (AGE 7).

I HAVE a little sister
That is almost two years old;
She is very sweet and cunning,
And just as good as gold.
Sometimes I take her out
The little chicks to see;
I have so much fun with her,
And she has fun with me.

WHEN THE YEAR GOES OUT.

BY DOROTHY BLISS USHER (AGE 7).

WHEN the Old Year goes out
The New Year comes in.
The New Year is joyful;
The Old Year has been.

A SOLDIER BOY.

BY HENRY REGINALD CAREY (AGE 9).

I 'M a little soldier boy,
Marching on and on,
Kicking dust at every step
Which sails and then is gone.

Now I rest under a tree,
Then go on again,
Marching to the enemy,
In snow or hail or rain.

THE FUNNY LITTLE BEAR.

BY MARIE J. HAPGOOD (AGE 10).

HE rolled the rocks
down the cliffs,
And made a mighty
noise;
He said: "I'm going
to have some fun,
And be like other
boys."

AN EPITAPH FOR TOWSER'S TOMB.



"IN PENNSYLVANIA." BY ISADORE
DOUGLAS, AGE 12.

BY GRACE FETLOW
(AGE 10).

SWEET as honey, more like a rose,
At fighting he was a rouser;
Kind and gentle as a lamb—
All this and more was Towser.

MY DOLLS.

BY ALICE BARBER POTTER (AGE 11).

THE first that I remember
Was pretty Hazel Fay;
I got her just a little bit
Before a Christmas Day.



"A NAP." BY HENRY G. ADLER,
AGE 15.

And on that very Christmas
Came Rufus, Rufie King,
And also small Alphonso,
An Eskimo, dear thing!

And next came fair Louisa,
And Edith, rather tall;
But Rufus still is living,
The best beloved of all.

THE FLIGHT OF THE WORM.

BY CORINNE JONES (AGE 11).

I SAW a little worm —
He was crawling along,
And singing a queer
But sweet little song.

That same little worm
Took the shape of a fly,
And sailed the heavens
So very, very high.

When autumn came,
And it was very cold,
His house he to a neighbor sold,
And that is all that we are told.

GRANDMA'S CLOSET.

BY HARRIET A. IVES (AGE 11).

AH! there is grandma's closet
With the things all stowed away;
It is a place of wonderment
To children of to-day.

And grandma says when *she* was young,
Her grandma's closet used to be
As much a place of wonderment
To *her* as *hers* to *me*.

THE COW-BIRD.

BY HELEN KUHN JACKSON (AGE 11).

THE buffalo-bird, as the cow-bird was once called, is found with the cattle, sitting on their backs and hunting for bugs. The bird follows the plow and picks up worms. The cow-bird is about seven inches long. It is found in North America.

The cow-bird has no beauty of voice. The male bird's feathers are a glossy black in the spring, but when they have finished moulting it is changed to the duller gray of the female and young. They do not pair, although a man who has studied them once saw a pair of cow-birds driving another bird from its nest, where a young cow-bird occupied most of the nest, while under him there was a little red-eyed bird.

The cow-bird never has a nest; it always lays its eggs in other birds' nests. The female creeps along in the underbrush until she finds a nest; then she silently awaits the absence of the parents. It is hard to tell the eggs of the cow-bird from many other eggs. Probably this is the reason the birds very seldom recognize the eggs; but if they do the eggs are thrown out. Quite often the cow-bird throws the eggs of the owner out to make room for her own, in this way fooling the owner by leaving the same number of eggs as there were before her visit. The eggs vary from sixty-four hundredths to eighty-four hundredths of an inch.



"DOROTHEA." STUDY FROM LIFE. BY J. ERNEST BECHDOLT, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

A HIGHWAY RIDE.

BY LORRAINE ANDREWS
(AGE 11).

ALL on a fair spring morning
In the month of May,
Sweet Alice thought a ride she 'd
take
On the good highway.

She had her palfrey saddled
That was so gay,
And started out to take a ride
On the fair highway.

As good Alice rode along
She sang herself a lay,
Which a minstrel taught to her
On this same highway.

The road which Alice's palfrey
trod
Wound round about a bay,
And she could see the water
dance
From the smooth highway.

As she turned her palfrey home-
ward
She smelt new-mown hay,
Where the reapers were a-mow-
ing it,
Near the great highway.

All on a fair spring morning
In the month of May,
Sweet Alice returned from a
pleasant ride
On the good highway.

To League members who have lost or mislaid their badges or instruction leaflets new ones will be mailed on application. No member should be without a badge and a copy of the printed rules.



"A STUDY." BY LORFNA E. FREEMAN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE AMERICAN FLAGS.

BY EDMUND CARRINGTON
(AGE 14).



A FLAG is a cloth of light material capable of being extended by the wind, and shows nationality, party, or to give or ask information.

Every nation and nearly every club or society has some kind of flag.

Since our country has been a republic we have had six different flags. The first flag was red with a white field

with a large red cross in it, and in the upper left-hand corner there was a globe of the world. This was at first a flag of the federal colonies and afterward of the United States. The second flag was something like our first flag.

It was blue with a white field with a large red cross in it, and in the upper left-hand corner there was a pine-tree. This flag was used at Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775. The third flag was yellow, with a

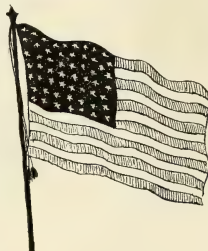


rattlesnake in the center, and was used in the Revolutionary War. The fourth flag was called the "Pine-tree Flag." It was white, with a pine-tree in the center, and was used in our navy from 1776 to 1781. The fifth flag had thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, with a blue field with a red and white cross in it, as in the British flag. In 1777 Congress

changed the crosses in the blue field to thirteen white stars, and in 1794, after Vermont and Kentucky were admitted to the Union, changed the flag to fifteen stars

and stripes, but, at the suggestion of Samuel Reid, changed the flag to the thirteen original stripes, and also passed a law adding a new star on the Fourth of July following the admission of a new State.

The first flag like our present flag was made by Mrs. Betsy Ross of Philadelphia, on June 14, 1776. I always hope that this beautiful flag will forever wave over a happy, prosperous, and undivided nation.



AUTUMN-TIME.

BY ELEANOR HOLLIS MURDOCK (AGE 13).



APPLES, and chestnuts, and falling leaves,
And farmers binding their wheat in sheaves;
Grape-vines bending with luscious fruit,
And the hunter's horn with its merry toot!

All these belong to the autumn-time,
For the year is now in its ruddy prime.

In the evening a glowing fire is good,
When you've been all day in the frosty wood;
And across the bracing atmosphere
You hear the church bells ringing clear.

Heigh-ho! 't is the autumn-time,
With its music, and nuts, and church-bell chime.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

BY LUCIUS A. BIGELOW, JR. (AGE 8).

WHEN the autumn leaves do fall,
Then the trees stand bare and tall;
Deep beneath lies sweetest spring,
Therefore I 'm not sorrowing.

BABY RINGS THE DINNER-BELL.

BY EMILY COLQUHOUN (AGE 17).

WHEN the baby woke this morning, Sister Mary was not there,
And he really could not find her, though he hunted everywhere;
Though he searched within the nursery, loudly called her in the hall,
Though he looked all round the garden, Mary was not there at all.

Mother told the puzzled baby
Mary would be home at noon;
When he heard the bells he 'd see her—they would summon sissy soon.

By and by she missed the baby. From the garden came a clang.

With the dinner-bell uplifted, he for Mary loudly rang.

At the gate stood Sister Mary;
baby hailed her with a yell.

Now whenever he wants Mary, baby rings the dinner-bell.



THINGS.

BY LETITIA VIELE (AGE 9).

THE sea is made of water,
The land is made of earth,
I am made of skin and bones,
And joy is made of mirth.

A SUMMER IDYL.

BY GEORGE ELLISTON (AGE 17).

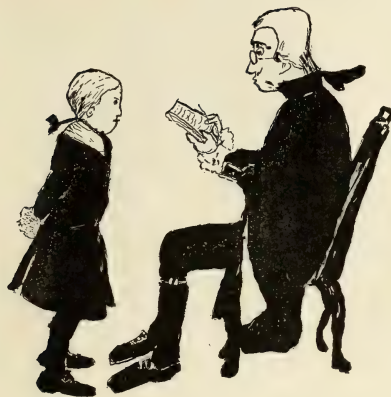
THE dreamy air of the summer-tide
Came trembling in each wayward breeze,
And laughing rustled through the trees,
And in the lonesome distance died.

The silvery tinkle of a brook,
That trickled slowly drop by drop
O'er many a little ledge's top,
Made music through a shade-clad nook.

The far-off hum of restless bees,
That wandering breezes, flitting by,
Left with a half-reluctant sigh,
Brought to the place a restful ease.

The faint, low song of timid leaves,
Like echoes of a whispered word,
So faint it seems, half dreamed, half heard,
Round all a magic music weaves.

The vast blue dome of summer sky,
That held no cloud upon its breast,
Inspired a wondrous, perfect rest,
Profound as all eternity.



"WASHINGTON AT SCHOOL." BY CATHERINE STEARNS, AGE 12.
(GOLD BADGE.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, either wholly or in part, has yet been found well worthy of honorable mention.

POEMS.

Lillian Cotton
Alice C. J. Mills
C. D. S. Wuppermann
Madeline Dixon
Hattie Pupke
Risa Lowie
Percy W. Reynolds
Mildred Wurth Remare
Emma L. Brock
Berta Hart Nance
Marion O. Chapin
George Elliston
Katherine T. Bastedo
Marguerite Aspinwall
Ethel Wood
Wilnot S. Close
Pauline Angell
Maysie Leonard
Floy De Grove Baker
Anna M. McKechnie
Linda G. McAllister
Elinor Kaskel
Hester Rolfe
Joseph Wells
Gertrude Kaufman
Olive Farwell
Anna Benton
Mary K. Harris
Mabel Grace Heine
Eliza B. Barbour
William Carey Hood
Mae Hewes
Caroline Clinton Everett

Elsie Roberts
Helen Janet Ripley
Claire Honeywill
Anna Hollenback Taylor
Mary Worthen Appleton
Julia W. Williamson
J. Raglan Glascock
Dorothy Brooks
Angus M. Berry
Ethel Chamberlain
Mabel Frank
Alice May Fuller
E. Mabel Strang
Dorothea Davis
Nina Starkweather
Ina M. Ufford
Antoinette Greene
Charlotte Farrington Babcock
Dorothea Posegate
Carl Frederic Graff
Eleanor Lewis
Constance Fuller
Kate Colquhoun
Christine Payson
William A. Jones, Jr.
Rena Kellner
Elinor Kreer
Bessie Alter
Harry Smith
Charlotte N. McKinney
Grace Eaton Hollick
John M. Stuart-Young
Edwine Behre

Beatrice E. Baisden
Mab W. Blake Stone
Marjorie Mears
Bessie Greene
Margaret M. Segar
Elsie E. Flower
Alphonsus Corcoran
George A. Bonnet
Elinor Hollis Murdock
Emmie Hartung
Gladys Endicott
Ruth L. Gamble
Bessie Frazee
Amy Starbuck
Elsie West
Mary Davis

Eunice Fuller
Kenneth B. Pryor
Robert Hammatt
Virginia Thomas
Thomas Browne
Marguerite Stuart
Beulah Frank
Florrie A. Lawrence
Eleanor Adler
Esther Perutz
Nicholas C. Bleeker
William Bradford
Catherine Lee Carter
C. V. Furguson
Elfor Eddy
Annie Olivia Hawkins
R. Aline Chowen
Ruth Eunice Woodbury
Minnie Reese Richard-
son
Edwin Kalin
Herbert Allan Boas
Lillian Hendrix
Shirley Willis
C. T. Brady, Jr.
Raymond Ransom
Jacobs
Myrtle Jamison
Virginia Graves
Marion Davis
Mary B. Camp
Emery Sherwood
Joe B. Cumming



"COLUMBINE." BY EDITH
MEARKLE, AGE 9.

PROSE.

Grace Brown
Max Goodsil

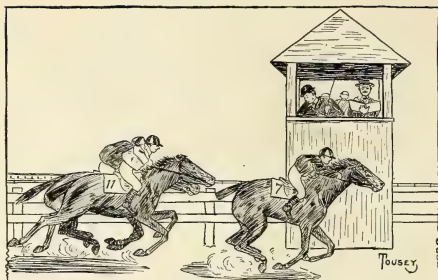
Philip Whalley Allison
Genivieve Cipperly

DRAWINGS.

Thomas Buel
Ellen Du Pont
F. Roscoe Webber
Frances Amelia Cutler
Ruth A. Sherrill
Hélène E. Thill
Elisabeth Deprez

Carol Bradley
William Shaw
Edna M. Hoffman
Tina Gray
Helène King Stock-
ton
Arline D. Tainton
Dorothy Coit
Eva A. Pierce
Louise Morgan
Calvin Favorite
Ruth Osgood
Donald Prather
Edward K. Merrihew
Hallowell V. Morgan
Josiah Royce
Mary R. Adam
Helen A. Scribner
Coralie S. Richar-
son

Edward Mower
Katheryn Johnstone
Charles Townsend Miller
Leonora Denniston
William Perry Dudley
Donald Beck
Margaret Kephart
Robert Mathis
Howard R. Patch
Kenneth Harris
James Dike
Theodore B. Parker
Don King
Catherine M. Neil
Elizabeth Coolidge



"AT THE RACES." BY SANFORD TOUSEY, AGE 17.

Elizabeth W. Phillips
Richard de Charms
Margaret Denniston
M. L. Hamlin
Gertrude L. Cannon
Mabel Carr Samuel
Louis Doring
Besse Jenkins
Margie C. Wurtzburg
William Dingman
O. Rau
Charlotte S. Crossman
Madeleine Isabella Neil

Jean MacDuffie

Walter M. Sternberger
Marie H. Whitman
John MacBean Neil

Alice S. Hibbard
Ethel Buchenberger
Lewis King Underhill
Rachel Rhoades

The prize puzzles and others selected for publication, as well as the list of puzzle-answers, will be found in the regular Riddle-box.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Ethel Adams
Mary Badger
May Weil
Maximilienne Deprez
W. B. Bay
Amelie Sydney Lions
Marion Faulkner
Ben Hodges, Jr.
John A. Hall
Clive W. Kernan
Alex Atworth
Carl C. Tallman
Elisa B. Agan
Janet Smith
Rachel Phipps

Madge Craven
Julia B. Collier
Margaret P. Wotkyns
Marion Mitchell
Philip H. Suter
Helen Dutton Bogart
Ellen H. Skinner
Thomas A. Cox, Jr.
Jo Hill Allibone
Mary F. Watkins
Edward Davis
Rachel L. Manners
Priscilla Mitchell
Nellie McGough
Helen Avery Robinson, Jr.



"BATTLE OF SAN JUAN HILL." BY HAROLD S. BARBOUR, AGE 11.

PUZZLES.

E. P. Guerard, Jr.
Bryan McCormick
Ruth Allaire
John Rid Miner
John H. Morgan
Leo Epstein
Dorothy Kenyon
Philip Roberts
T. J. Dynan
Gretchen Franke
Zane Pyles
John Brazer Babcock
James K. Neill
Lucy M. Romer
Alice F. Rupp
Mira H. Rastall
Louis Siebenmorgan
Raymond D. Roe
Helen H. Aldrich
Olive Bachelder

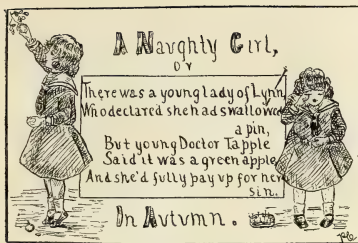


"THE LAND OF THE SABOT." BY RUTH B. HAND, AGE 14.

NATURE'S VOICES.

BY MARJORIE MCIVER (AGE 12).

THERE is music in the greenwood, there is music by
the sea,
And a weird, uncertain cadence by the lake;
And a kind of sighing treble from the daisies on the lea,
And a ditty in the bracken and the brake.
There's a timid little chorus from the flowers and the
bees,
And a merry, dancing rondo from the rill,
And a sob of disappointment from the winter-stricken
trees,
And a sweet, harmonious murmur on the hill.
There's a tender little love-song from the ferns beside
the mere,
And a melody of gladness from the fall;
Oh, there's music all around us if we'd only stop to
hear!
In God's world there's ever music for us all!



BY PAULINE CROLL, AGE 14.

CHAPTERS.

Now is the time to form new chapters. Most members will have returned to their homes and schools by October, and League chapters will be just the thing for the autumn and long winter months. Members forming chapters may have their buttons all come together in one large envelope, postage paid, and as many buttons will be sent as desired for actual use.

In many schools teachers have assisted in organizing chapters, and such efforts are always appreciated by the editors as well as by League members. We will be glad to send to teachers, post-paid, any number of buttons and information leaflets needed by their pupils.

Remember there are no League rules and regulations governing chapters, each chapter being free to adopt its own ideas in these matters.

No. 135 will take a tramp once a week to study nature, and will have a meeting once in two weeks to read ST. NICHOLAS and examine specimens.

No. 136. Helen Spear, President; Grace Vary, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, 12 Williams Street, Newark, New Jersey.

No. 136 was organized as a Band of Mercy. We are happy to welcome them as a Chapter, as kindness to animals is one of the chief aims of the League. Their original rules and program will be just the thing for a League chapter.

No. 137. "Pansy Chapter." Margaret Child, President; Elizabeth Barnes, Secretary; seven members. Address, 31 River Street, Ontario, New York.

No. 138. Signey Larsen, President; Linka Preus, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, Decorah, Iowa.

No. 139. The "Brandywine." Alice Worth, President; William W. Kurtz, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Coatesville, Pennsylvania.

No. 140. "Busy Bee." Cornelia Kephart, President; Katherine Hutchinson, Secretary; five members. Address, 1902 Louisiana Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

No. 141. Rachel Dowd, President; Georgia Burroughs, Secretary; seven members. Address, Madison, Connecticut.

No. 142. "Flower City Chapter." Paul V. Quick, President; Harold E. Akerley, Secretary; ten members. Address, 13 Amherst Street, Rochester, New York. No. 142 will meet every week at the houses of members.

No. 143. Gabrielle Elliot, President; "Sylvia," Secretary; ten members. Address, Dale Cottage, Arverne, Long Island. No. 143 is to have an overlooking officer

who goes to see what is the matter when members do not attend. This chapter also has fines—ten cents for tardiness, and three cents for disorder. Dues, five cents.

No. 144. "Orange Blossoms." Margaret Wotkyns, President; Louise D. Putnam, Secretary; twenty-three members. Address, 43 North Euclid Avenue, Pasadena, California. The members of 144 will each contribute ten cents monthly to give yearly subscriptions of ST. NICHOLAS to children whose parents cannot afford to subscribe.

No. 145. The "Quinque." Grace A. Fisher, President; Lois Angell, Secretary; five members. Address, 30 Vernon Street, Hartford, Connecticut.

No. 146. Max Shoemaker, President; Pauline Angell, Secretary; eighteen members. Address, 414 Chemung Street, Waverly, New York. No. 146 began with the performance of a home dramatization of "How Titania was Outwitted" (June ST. NICHOLAS), and will have athletic games, a tennis court, and try to follow some of the suggestions in the Nature and Science department.

No. 147. Jennie Morgan, President; Bertha Goldsmith, Secretary; six members. Address, President, Franklin House, Saranac Lake, New York.

No. 148. Elizabeth B. Lloyd, President; Carolyn Cobb, Secretary; six members. Address, 5 Prospect Terrace, East Orange, New Jersey. No. 148 will adopt the program of No. 37.

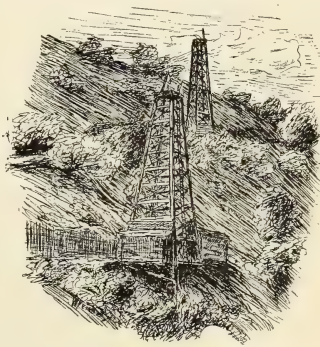
The president of Chapter No. 1 complains that the members do not take enough interest in the League meetings. Perhaps cold weather and long evenings will remedy this. If not, why not get up a little play and devote the proceeds to some worthy purpose? About Christmas time there will be plenty interest in an entertainment, and no end of places to do good with the money.

Chapter 50 reports that they are getting along well. A military company has been organized, with a tent in Willie Ballou's yard, swords, guns, toy pistols, belts, caps, and, of course, an American flag. "Can we write stories and illustrate them with drawings?" Why, yes, of course; why not?

The secretary of Chapter 91 reports that they have made an honorary member of Robert Taft, son of William H. Taft of Cincinnati.



"FIRST LESSON IN DANCING."
BY LOIS WILCOX, AGE 11.



"OIL WELLS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA." BY
W. C. FENNELL, AGE 16.

nati. Robert is a great friend of Ninety-one's members, and they are sorry to see him go to the Philippines. We shall be glad to hear from him while there.

Chapter No. 96 reports that now when ST. NICHOLAS comes, instead of turning to the stories, there is a desire to look at the League Department.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 13.

The St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who during the first year has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge.*

Competition No. 13 will close October 22. The award will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for January.

POEM. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject, "Good-bye to Nineteen Hundred."

PROSE. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and the title must contain the word "Christmas."

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints. Subject, "October Days." May be interior or exterior, with or without figures.

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "Winter Sport." May be interior or exterior, with children, birds, or animals.

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word relating to the New Year.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun.

For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

Every contribution of whatever kind *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.*

A NEW COMPETITION FOR LEAGUE MEMBERS.

CASH PRIZES FOR THE BEST ADVERTISING FEATURES.

The work of the successful competitors in the St. Nicholas League, as shown from month to month in this department, has appealed to readers of all ages, and the suggestion has been made by the publishers that to enlist boys and girls in the work of making the advertising pages more attractive would be entertaining and profitable to the young folks themselves, irrespective of the value to our advertisers.

Members of the St. Nicholas League are, therefore, offered the opportunity to prepare advertising features for any one of the list of firms named on advertising page 13 of this issue, and to submit them in competition for the following cash prizes:

Five Dollars each for the twenty most attractive advertisements for the firms named on page 13.

Three Dollars each for any other features accepted for use by any one of these firms.

The rules controlling this competition are the same as those governing the other regular League contests. Writings and drawings for this special contest, however, must not bear the author's or artist's name and address. These must be given on a separate slip accompanying each contribution—not for publication, but for the proper filing and reference by the editor of the League. Any member of the St. Nicholas League may compete (and any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, not over eighteen years of age, may become a member of the League upon application for a League badge and instruction leaflet). These are sent upon application accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

Any feature may be introduced—drawings, poems, puzzles, photographs, reading matter of any description—anything that will attract and hold the reader's attention and help the sale of wares offered by any firm named on the list. Suppose you had goods to sell, how would you go to work to tell about them in such a way that every reader of ST. NICHOLAS would stop and look and listen? Read the list of firms over carefully, and decide what you think about it.

Some of the cleverest writers and artists of the day have contributed witty rhymes and sentences, or striking illustrations, to the advertising pages of the magazines. Some of the brightest advertisements have been suggested by boys and girls. And as this competition is open to those who have won badges or honorable mention in the League, they still will have an opportunity to show what they can do in the commercial field. It is safe to predict that a very interesting series of advertisements will be developed by this competition.

The advertising competition for October will close October 22, and all communications intended for it must be marked "Advertising Contest," and addressed to the Editor of the St. Nicholas League, The Century Co., Union Square, New York.



"COMRADES." BY HARRIET BOND SKID-MORE, AGE 4.



BY GOODWIN HOBBS, AGE 16.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

DIAMOND. 1. D. 2. Had. 3. Lunar. 4. Hundred. 5. Dandelion. 6. Darling. 7. Reins. 8. Dog. 9. N.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Roberts. Cross-words: 1. Rock. 2. Officer. 3. Bomb. 4. Eagle. 5. Revolver. 6. Telescope. 7. Spear.

EMBEDDED SQUARE. I. 1. Also. 2. Leap. 3. Sara. 4. Opal. II. 1. Crib. 2. Ring. 3. Inns. 4. Best. III. 1. Rain. 2. Albe. 3. Ibis. 4. Nest. IV. 1. Snib. 2. Nine. 3. Inde. 4. Bees. V. 1. Isle. 2. Stay. 3. Late. 4. Eyes.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS. I. Primals, Clive; finals, Adams (Samuel). Cross-words: 1. Canvas. 2. Loam. 3. Iowa. 4. Vagabond. 5. Enigma. II. Primals, Elizabeth; finals, Lafayette. Cross-words: 1. Hill. 2. Toga. 3. Elf. 4. Banana. 5. Albany. 6. Zone. 7. Instruct. 8. Lament. 9. Enrage.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Uncle Ned and "The Child" — M. McG. — Joe Carlada — Etta and Betty — D. O. N. — Esther, Clare, and Constance — Ruth W. Gilmore — Helen Tredway — Pleasant Pennington — Alice Karr — Sara Lawrence Kellogg — Ruth Atkins and Bessie Whitman — Doris Webb — E. Kaskel — Mabel M. Johns — Allil and Adi.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Ethel Luster, 3 — A. M. Rogers, 1 — T. G. White, 1 — E. H. Dean, 1 — Beatrice Reynolds, 3 — A. J., 2 — Florence Foster, 2 — H. Manton, 1 — C. V. Ferguson, 5 — E. D. Rider, 1 — A. Dickson, 1 — Dorothy Hurry, 1 — Fannie E. Youngblood, 2 — Florelle Youngblood, 2 — W. R. Burlingame, 2 — E. Wertheimer, 1 — H. L. Dowd, 2 — Minnie R. Richardson, 4 — J. Wassermann, 1 — Philip Beebe, 4 — Ruby Benjamin, 2 — Helen H. Videto, 8 — Frances T. Dwyer, 3 — Gertrude Johnstone, 3 — Annie Edwin Danziger, 8 — Frederic C. F. Randolph, 6 — Ethel Cooke, 1 — J. B. Turner, Jr., 1 — Oscar H. Doring, 4 — Helen Dudley, 6 — Winifred M. Williams, 5 — No Name, 4 — Edwin Guthrie, 5 — Max Shoemaker, 6 — Marjorie R., 7 — Mike and Beppo, 4 — Emily S. Peck, 7 — Hallowell V. Morgan, 7 — Harold C. Stephens, 4 — M. T. and P., 8 — Stuart Templeton, 5 — Marion S. Comly, 5 — Thomas H. McKittridge, Jr., 3 — Hattie S. Russell, 7 — D'une Amie, 4 — S. R. Wing, 3 — G. L. Craven, 1 — A. L. Halligan, 1 — S. Kirschner, 1 — Florence and Edna, 3 — J. B. Merrill and M. Payson, 1 — K. O. Wardwell, 1 — Bourdon and Ruth, 4 — E. E. Wilson, 1 — Gertrude L. Cannon, 3 — George Tilden Colman, 7 — H. W. Lawrence, 1 — A. C. MacIndoe, 2 — Pauline Coppée Duncan, 8.

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD wide, and leave a highway. 2. Behead angry, and leave value. 3. Behead stingy, and leave imp-like. 4. Behead a ship's officer, and leave consumed. 5. Behead wrong, and leave to fail. 6. Behead to tell, and leave exultant. 7. Behead to mount, and leave a part of the body. 8. Behead to be assured of, and leave at the present time.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a famous statesman.

HELEN DUDLEY.

CHARADE.

My *first* you would get if my *third* you should hear
Come buzzing around quite close to your ear;
My *second*'s an article used every day;
And my *whole* was held sacred in Egypt, they say.

M. E. FLOYD.

A MUSICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(Second Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I AM composed of sixty-eight letters and form a quotation from a play by William Congreve.

My 43-67-2-15-44 is an opera by Gounod. My 22-2-31-2-54-46-17-63-27 is an opera by Meyerbeer. My 10-58-34-1-45-60 is an opera by Bizet. My 14-55-4-51-16-35-53-3-4-56-31-23-47 is an opera by Wagner. My 8-47-19-29-58-24-66-13-55 is an opera by Verdi. My 33-26-49-68-1-32-37-41-23-13 is a character in one of Wag-

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Pindar. 1. Parcel. 2. Hinges. 3. Condon. 4. Bridle. 5. Pillar. 6. Collar.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Gospel. 2. Octave. 3. Stolid. 4. Paling. 5. Evince. 6. Ledger.

MUSICAL CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Chopin. 1. Crescendo. 2. Beethoven. 3. Mnemosyne. 4. Melopoeia. 5. Clarinet. 6. Polonaise. — CHARADE. Adder's tongue.

FAMOUS BATTLES. 1. Waterloo. 2. Bannockburn. 3. Paris. 4. Sedan. 5. Bull Run. 6. Ladysmith.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Chant. 2. Humor. 3. Amuse. 4. Noses. 5. Tress. II. 1. State. 2. Tutor. 3. Atone. 4. Tonic. 5. Erect. III. 1. Scare. 2. Carol. 3. Arise. 4. Rosin. 5. Elena. IV. 1. Chose. 2. Haven. 3. Overt. 4. Serve. 5. Enter. V. 1. Abbot. 2. Blame. 3. Baser. 4. Omens. 5. Terse.

ner's operas. My 14-4-59-12-65-20 is an opera by Gilbert and Sullivan. My 57-40-60-31-4-61-29-36-46-56-4 is an opera by Mozart. My 21-7-46-60-6-30-2-18-64-53 is an opera by Wagner. My 34-52-54-4-60-9-48-42-65 is an operetta by De Koven. My 11-67-56-3 51-30-5-25-41 is the hero of one of Wagner's operas. My 62-13-28-29-4-7-39-67 is an opera by Verdi. My 43-34-4-5-50-28 is a character in Wagner's "Walküre." MY 1-67-13-38-6-58 is an opera by Flotow.

DOROTHY KENYON.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.

1. IN vacation. 2. A covering for the head. 3. A song. 4. Long, slender sticks. 5. A river of Hades. 6. To clip. 7. Parts of the roof. 8. A province. 9. Smooth. 10. A play by Euripides. 11. A small cask. 12. In vacation.

FLORENCE AND EDNA.

SYLLABIC PUZZLE.

(First Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EVERY word containing two or more syllables is accented on one of its syllables. Thus, the word "peculiar" is accented on its second syllable, "cu," while the word "melody" is accented on its first syllable, "mel." When the following words have been rightly guessed, select the accented syllable of the first word for the first syllable of the answer, the accented syllable of the second word for the second syllable of the answer, and so on.

I.

1. A common tropical fruit. 2. A bird resembling the ostrich. 3. A boat peculiar to a certain city of Europe. Add the accented syllables together, and form the name of an American war-vessel.

II.

1. Jolly. 2. Eagerness to surpass another. 3. Stainless. Add the accented syllables together, and form the name of another American war-vessel.

III.

1. Egg-shaped. 2. A historic mount in Greece. 3. Sanctity. 4. The seed of the oak. Add the accented syllables together, and form the name of a third American war-vessel.

PLEASANCE BAKER.



IN the above picture find one word to describe picture No. 1. By rearranging the letters and adding one more letter, form a word which will describe picture No. 5. In this way change No. 2 to No. 6, and No. 3 to No. 7. The three added letters will spell the central picture—No. 4. F. H. W.

CONCEALED INSECTS.

THE names of thirty-six insects (or creatures closely allied to insects) are concealed in the following verses:

The day is pleasant, warm, and bright;
Come, boys and girls, we'll scale the height;
Run, get my walking-stick.
The birds are singing nature's praise;
Time flies; we'll pardon no delays.
Take up your baskets quick.

The view was perfect on that ridge;
Hark! As we cross the rustic bridge
The brook is murmuring low;
Wormwood is growing all around
This lovely purple violet mound
I'm glad this place we know.

Though steep and steeper grows the grade,
We'll rest 'mid generous oak-trees' shade;
Our weary limbs we drag;
On flying wings we fain would soar;
Courage, my friends, one effort more,
We reach the topmost crag.

The dinner! Who's to be chief cook?
Ask Chrys. Al is—I saw his look
At mention of a fire;
Fly, then, and pile the wood up here;
We'll play we have discovered near
Wigwams that fear inspire.

They chatter while I, resting, sit;
"Is this a truffle? Amos, quit!
O, what a graceful tumble."
"Bugler, please blow the call for tea;
He'll play the horn ethereally;
It makes me feel quite humble."

"Be Ethel's champion in the class."
"Too damp to sit there on the grass—
Hop, Persis, to the rock."
"Look—is n't that the spraying-man?
'Tis—there's his cap, his big tin can,
And funny farmer's frock."

"This term I tested George's grasp;
I erred—it fairly made me gasp—
We evil tales might make.
But I forgave when somewhat later
He to our needs did kindly cater;
Pill, Arthur, you must take."

"Now, Nell, how did your mother know
Our tastes? Sandwiches, rolls, and lo!
Custards! I'm in a flutter!"
"Who packed this basket?" "Katy did";
"Well, she's a lady! Birds amid
Such stacks of bread and butter."

"Fly-leaves for napkins! Water, Vic;
Advice." "No—wait! I'll snap you quick!
Look pleasant, Lionel!
Such beetle brows would spoil the plate.
Be quiet, now—don't laugh so, Kate."
Clicic! "Adair, that's well!"

"This rock a pedestal would make;
Approach! a classic group we'll take."
Inglorious my descent;
I, pedestal and all, fell quick;
I laughed until I had a crick—
Ethel her pity lent.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A famous French marquis. 2. The son of Dædalus. 3. A man who changed the map of Europe. 4. The surname of a celebrated English navigator. 5. A Canadian province. 6. The surname of an English explorer. 7. A celebrated English admiral.

When rightly guessed the initial letters will spell the name of a famous American. K. MORSE.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. APPROACH. 2. A cupboard. 3. A cottager. 4. Landed property. 5. To boil. 6. A paved road.

MARIE B. REICHENHART.

